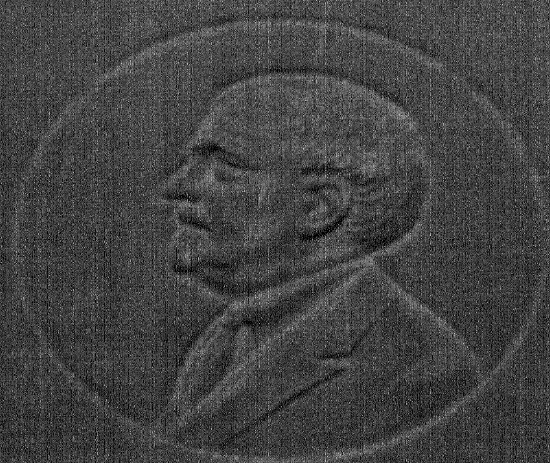




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Chronicles of Barabbas



W. B. Jones
Kurt, W. Jones

Chronicles of Barabbas

1884-1934

BY GEORGE H. DORAN

"Now Barabbas was a publisher"



HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY
NEW YORK

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TO

Messmore Kendall, Esquire,

Patron of the Arts

Dear Messmore:

As you know, during the war years I crossed from New York to various ports in England every few months and always under rather unusual and thrilling circumstances. One particular voyage on *S.S. Rotterdam* of the Holland-America Line in the winter of 1916 was especially interesting. In the late evening of a December day we came out into the Atlantic at Ambrose lightship. The Dutch flag was flying from our mainmast. As it unfurled into the breeze there played upon it from a powerful cluster of electric bulbs a very brilliant light giving to all of us a complete sense of security. The passenger list was a notable one. Among the most distinguished were Colonel Edward M. House, Inspecting Ambassador Extraordinary for the President of the United States, Brand Whitlock, the United States Ambassador to Belgium, and Captain Boy-Ed, Naval Attaché to the German Embassy at Washington who by the grace of the United States Government was being returned to Berlin under safe-conduct. There were others, too, but their names have escaped me.

Throughout the voyage I had most interesting talks with all these three particular people. Colonel House, the very soul of expert discretion and inordinate calm, was for ever seeking rather than disclosing information. His refuge then and ever afterward as I met him was the curiously disarming, non-committal, and utterly meaningless phrase, "Yes, yes, I know." Brand Whitlock maintained then as always, as I recall him, that rather perfect Lincolnian pose which he had so long assumed that it seemed to be quite native to him. We chatted together chiefly, almost entirely, as author and publisher, and our intercourse was untrammelled by the tragic state of the world at large.

Boy-Ed, of course, had nothing to say of the war or world-conditions. He, poor soul, was a demoted man, for whether judged from the American or the German point of view he was a failure and the world is little concerned with failures. His principal regret was that he had to take leave of American women.

Whether this meant one woman or our marvellous women as a class I could not discover, nor if there existed a Madam Boy-Ed in the offing, but I most distinctly gained the impression that he rebelled intensely that he must return to the Hausfrau.

Our port of landing was not disclosed to us, but one early morning we found ourselves at anchor in the quaint little harbour of Falmouth on the English Channel. My last sight of Boy-Ed was as he stood on the bridge of the *Rotterdam* on the extreme port side, arms folded in true Napoleonic fashion, gazing down upon the activities of the port. I wondered what his reflections must be, for there was every evidence that "business as usual" was not merely a phrase but a fact, and he could not fail to be impressed that up to that time the German U-boat campaign had failed seriously to disturb or interrupt British commerce. At that moment at least he was in an exile as complete as Elba or Doorn.

The landing facilities at Falmouth were most primitive and seemed to be of the famous "muddling through" variety. The entire landing-operation was delayed twenty or thirty minutes while a car of grain was being unloaded into a tiny elevator by means of a crane and pulley operated by one man and a horse. But at that time food was more important to Britain than people or potentates. In the customs shed the inspectors seemed to be guileless and naïve, for my luggage, consisting of three heavy trunks and several bags, was checked through unopened, by the simple magic of a couple of half-crowns. What sedition my luggage may have contained! beside which, the little document later found in Von Papen's sword-cane might easily have been a mere bagatelle.

At last all formalities were over. We were all landed. The *Rotterdam* and Boy-Ed had departed for Amsterdam and we entrained upon a special—but specially slow—train for London. Arriving at the Savoy, I found my never-failing note of welcome from Arnold Bennett, to tell me that he had reserved that evening for our meeting.

We dined together at the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and over our cigars I recounted to him some of the events and adventures

of the voyage I had just concluded. I expressed my great regret that I did not feel I had the gift or the power to put my experiences into written form, for I had at least a score of incidents which easily could be resolved into related little panels of interest to American readers notwithstanding the great avalanche of the war literature of those days. His counsel was succinct and conclusive, as was ever his habit. He merely said: "George, you have the material. Sit you down and write exactly as you feel, focussing your mind and attention upon some particular friend as the objective of your writing."

This is a long preliminary to the point towards which I strive. For years we have freely interchanged our views and experiences of life, and each of us has insisted to the other that we make some permanent record of those things in our lives which seemed to have rather more than mere personal interest. We have each quite genuinely protested that we feared we lacked facility to enter the ranks of autobiographers. I still protest, but now as I have concluded my fiftieth year of active publishing and have for the moment retired to the quiet backwaters of life, your insistence to me may no longer be denied and, as your senior by several years, I assent to the making of the effort. So I am choosing the method suggested by Arnold and have elected you, my very dear friend, as the objective of my observations on life and publishing, but I am deeply conscious of the fear that I may fall far short of Arnold's standard and his expectations of me. Yet I have this defence: I may talk to you intimately, as I dare not do to even a small circle of friends. For many years from our first meeting in mid-Atlantic on the old *Baltic* you have had my complete and unreserved confidence. My life in all its detail has been an open book to you, as yours has been to me. Our friendships have developed in common, especially in the field of publishing. We have visited and dined with the great and the near-great on both sides of the Atlantic—and, rather better, we have been privileged to know and to encourage many who, then laying no claim to distinction, have since made for themselves name and fame. So I bethought me if I yielded to your importunities and attempt a

record of some of the high spots of my publishing life I would call upon you to share some part of the responsibility of imposing yet another book upon a patient and long-suffering Public—if a Public any effort of mine should ever attain.

At the outset you must realize that I have never kept even the semblance of a diary; that I do not have readily accessible any letters or documents and that such as I may chronicle will be a simple feat of memory. Because of this I may possibly err in exactitude of time, but so faithful and retentive has been my memory that I can completely vouch for the accuracy of facts related.

There is a limitation to be faced at the very beginning. A publisher's relation to his author is as confidential—almost sacred—as a doctor's relation to his patient or a priest's to his parishioner. True, priests, doctors, and publishers have not always observed the complete sanctity of reposed confidence, but I am going to rely upon your sound judicial mind that you do not permit me to transgress and yet you will stimulate me to a certain frankness and fulness of expression that will save our book from the merely banal.

You recall we published the life of George Frederick Watt, the great painter. It was written by his wife and appeared in three sumptuous octavo volumes, very fully illustrated by reproductions of his work and portraits of his contemporaries and friends. To a limited artistic and literary following the biography made instant appeal. The critics were enthusiastic and gave it due and proper praise as a document of permanent interest. When the knowing Mrs. and Mr. Public became interested and looked it over, they turned to the copious index and sought the name of Ellen Terry. When they found the indicated page, they discovered this great romantic episode disposed of in a few lines, and they concluded, properly, that failing in this one respect, the biography might suffer from the very natural prejudices of a devoted wife's interpretation of a great man's life. So it came about that from a popular point of view that book was a dismal failure.

My title I have chosen with some deliberation. The legend runs

that at one time Lord Byron had done some especial favour for his publisher, the second John Murray. In acknowledgment and recognition of this favour Mr. Murray sent to Lord Byron a very handsomely bound copy of the Holy Bible. Repelled by this, under the circumstances, highly irrelevant if not completely hypocritical expression, Lord Byron returned the gift, making but one brief but significant comment. In the chapter in the Gospel by St. Matthew which reads: "Now Barabbas was a robber," Byron altered that one word which made the sentence to read: "Now Barabbas was a publisher." Withering but justifiable rebuke. Yet I must confess that the first twenty-five years of my publishing was after the manner of Barabbas, and because of environment I myself became one of the Barabbases, for in the eighties and the nineties of the last century the poor author suffered at the hands of his publisher, not because the publisher was necessarily consciously unscrupulous, but rather because there were so many more authors than publishers that the author in humility and gratitude accepted the publisher's terms. Conditions have been reversed since those days—the downtrodden author has become the dictator. Competition among publishers has fringed the scarlet robes of authors with ermine and gold, and in the publishing world the peerage is now the Society of Authors and not the Association of Publishers.

So, Messmore, I address my book to you, and if you find it at all worthy I dedicate it to our abiding friendship.

G. H. D.

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PART ONE

Which Is Rather Personal

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

THIS is not in any sense an autobiography. Heaven forbid! Rather it is an effort to make some simple records of an active publishing life extending over exactly half a century, beginning with a conventional and somewhat uninspiring period in the eighties of the last century, passing through the Golden Age of publishing of the late nineties and the first fifteen years of the nineteen-hundreds, coming up to the present time, when the great profession of publishing has measurably degenerated into a business of mass production where each highly enterprising publisher of the new era seeks by advertisement and other ultra-modern methods to outyell his contemporaries of this new dispensation.

Without labouring through the pangs of childbirth, the fatuous years of school, high school, and college, or the growing-pains of adolescence, a little touch of personal background may illuminate the picture as a whole. My antecedents, as far back as the records go, were all Irish—Dorans, Olivers, Drennans, Kennedys, Kidds, Gilmours, Cookes, Wilsons—all North of Ireland people whose forbears either came from Scotland at the time of the persecution of the Covenanters in their search for freedom of worship or, as my remote ancestors came, as exiled Huguenots from the Latin countries of Europe. These all became a part of that great zealous religious movement which made the county of Ulster the home of the most militant Presbyterianism in the history of religion the world over, accepting with complacency the damnation of infants and all other of the Calvin dogmas. So I was brought up in the tradition of the Battle of the Boyne (1690), to the strident airs of the fife-and-drum bands of the Loyal Order of Orange-

men, whose favourite battle-anthem was: "Teeter totter, holy water, sprinkle the dougans [Roman Catholics] every one. If that will not do, we will cut them in two, and lay them under the orange and blue."

In 1846 my father's family came to the New World and settled in Toronto, Canada. There I arrived in 1869, when Toronto, with 30,000 inhabitants, was a little city in a great country. The community was made up largely of Scottish and Irish, with just enough English to establish a sense of class distinction expressed by the established Church of England, for in those days Toronto and all Canada—in fact, the world at large—was intensely religious, probably because of the very limited number of outlets for enthusiasm and partisanship. Some came as immigrants, but many were the appointed representatives of British enterprise who foresaw a great future for the city and the marvellous country surrounding and tributary to it. So it came about that Toronto always did assume, and justly, a definite metropolitan air—at least, such has ever been my apprehension of my valiant native city.

The adopted coat of arms of the municipality interwove into its design these three cardinal principles: Industry, Intelligence, and Integrity: and fidelity to these has been the secret of the enterprise of Toronto, for these three words ceased to be mere words but vital and directing slogans of progress.

From its inception and later as a city, first importance was given to education and intellectual development, until Toronto by reason of the number and quality of its educational and fine-arts institutions had justly earned its title as the Athens of Canada. The ordinary day-school educational system was as painstakingly organized as the collegiate systems of today. It was presided over by the Board of Public School Trustees, men of quality and position who counted it rare distinction to be elected to that body. The head-masters and teachers were for the most part university graduates with distinguished degrees.

Into this system of intensive training I emerged at the mature age of five years. In those days life began early in the day and early in the years, for everyone laboured with great industry and

zest. Nine years of this splendid organized training brought me to the age of fourteen, well equipped in the foundations of knowledge, too young for college, too active for idleness or mere marking time.

My mother had her heart set upon my following a professional career. As I knew her real religion and deep-rooted piety, the ministry was her first choice, the law her second, but my extreme youth and restless energy intervened, and I was not only ready but most eager to "go to work." Reluctantly my mother gave up her cherished ambitions for me and I was permitted to seek an outlet for my energies.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST ADVENTURE

ONE Saturday morning as I was walking up Yonge Street, the principal north and south artery of Toronto, I passed an imposing-looking publishing house and book-store. I discovered at its door a placard reading "Smart Boy Wanted." Undaunted, I dared the challenge and presented myself as a potential candidate for the vacancy. I met a slender, harsh-faced, old-looking young man of nineteen or twenty, S. Edgar Briggs, who later became partner and manager of the New York headquarters of the Fleming H. Revell Company. He took of me that which in business corresponds to Bertillon measurements in police headquarters.

Upon returning to my home I reported the event of the day to my mother. She was most sympathetic and greatly relieved that my first contact in business promised to be rather closely allied to the professional. The position for which I had applied was in a company bearing the formidable name of the Toronto Willard Tract Depository Limited. In reality, it was the business

of one S. R. Briggs, a forceful man in his early forties who had made and lost one or two fortunes in the wholesale lumber business. Whether he turned to religion for solace because his newly acquired deep religious convictions interfered with his lumber business, or because of distress at failure, I never could discover. But the fact remained that he had become a religious zealot, almost a fanatic.

My mother's brother, Joseph Oliver, with his partners, succeeded to the wholesale lumber business of S. R. Briggs. Immediately there was established a contact, and armed with an imposing letter of introduction, on the Monday morning following I presented myself, this time to the attention of the formidable S.R.B. himself, who, upon my credentials, immediately engaged me, and thereupon on the 28th day of April, 1884, I entered upon my life as a publisher.

S. R. Briggs undoubtedly was a devoted religionist, but never for one moment did he cease to be the martinet of a great business, for he brought to the comparatively small sphere of religious publishing all the qualities of a great merchant, dominating and severely disciplining. I always thought that he constantly sought outlet for remnants of his purely mundane qualities, for—except in a purely academic fashion—his religion did not extend itself to a Christlike interest in his employees.

The hours of work were from eight in the morning until six in the evening, or as much later as it was necessary to speed the Gospel message to all parts of the world, for no part of the day's business could be permitted to remain unfinished. There were no Saturday afternoons off; indeed, the closing of the week's business frequently kept us until eight o'clock Saturday evening. There were no summer vacations. There were many nights when we worked until ten o'clock, and for all this my remuneration was \$2 weekly. But I was inordinately proud of my job. I was at work and had an outlet for my energy and enthusiasm.

In those days religious publishing was of considerable importance, for everybody was religious. On Sunday mornings and evenings the streets of Toronto were crowded by thousands of our

ultimate consumers, wending their respective ways cheerfully and devotedly to their several churches armed with Bibles, prayer-books, and hymn-books, to the ringing of church bells and the music of chimes. It was essential that every man and woman and child should be an adherent of some church or denominational body. A business man, especially a retail merchant, did not dare not to be a church member. There was rivalry, doctrinal, social, and statistical, among the sects—more especially among Nonconformists. The Roman Catholic and Anglican churches stood aloof in their splendid isolations—the Roman Catholic Church then, as always, silently, subtly, but most effectively, proselyting and adding largely to its numbers. The Anglicans had their High Church and their Low, or Evangelical, branch, each with its own colleges. Broadly speaking, there were only Protestants and (Roman) Catholics. The Roman Catholic Church was the Scarlet Woman of the Bible, according to zealous Protestants, luring innocents to worse than vice. The real battle was staged among the Nonconformists: Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Wesleyan Methodists, Primitive Methodists, Campbellites. There were Christadelphians and Unitarians, but these were beyond the pale, too few and too heterodox for consideration. Doctrinally and even racially, the lines were sharply drawn: the Methodists aligned on their Arminian belief and teaching, which permitted numerous fallings from grace and reconversions; all other denominations, followers of the teachings of John Calvin, taught that once a son of God, always a son of God. Methodism was strictly an English (*i.e.*, not Irish or Scottish) institution founded by the Wesleys, John and Charles. The Calvinists hesitated to trade with the Methodists, for there was always the sinister doubt as to whether on that particular day, or in that particular week or month, the Methodist was or was not fallen from grace; they were for ever suspect.

Presbyterianism, the principal stronghold of anti-Methodism, was made up of the Scottish, who would have none of the Sassenach, and the Irish, with their traditional animosity towards all things English. In my boyhood I was not permitted to associate

with Roman Catholic children—and two things with equal vehemence were forbidden in my home, playing-cards and Methodist hymn-books.

These rivalries made religion, except when politics was quadrennially active, the most vital issue of the day. There were no automobiles, no Sunday newspapers, no Sunday street-cars. Saloons closed from seven o'clock Saturday evening until six o'clock Monday morning. And they were closed. So Sundays, or Sabbaths in the nomenclature of Nonconformity, were days of rest—so restful and so dull that in sheer desperation and quest for some sign of activity everyone went to church.

The lines of conduct were sharply drawn: the Anglicans and some Presbyterians played cards, danced, and went to the theatre. Sellers of liquor and keepers of hotels found sanctuary in the Anglican and more fashionable Presbyterian churches. Their contributions were liberal. So highly controversial an atmosphere demanded literature and propaganda, and there were numerous religious publishing houses: the Presbyterian Board of Publication, the Baptist Publication Society, the Methodist Book and Publishing House, the Primitive Methodist Book Room, the Evangelical Churchman Company, and a branch of the English Society for Promotion of Christian Knowledge—a purely Anglican or Episcopalian enterprise. From out of these rivalries there emerged a body of the holy discontents, something like the Fundamentalists of our day, who assumed for themselves a patent right to divine favour, and relegated all others to a more or less dubious state of mundane existence with grave questions of their immortal state.

To cater to this body of zealots, to furnish the munitions of war upon the forces of evil, religious or civil, this Arsenal of Truth, the Toronto Willard Tract Depository, was founded in the year 1881. By 1884 it was thriving. Its actuating head was the regenerate lumberman; his cabinet of directors was made up of two Doctors of Divinity—also an astute criminal lawyer, merchants and financiers, one capitalist retired, because of personal convictions, from a great distillery company, all distinguished and

zealous laymen. Regularly each month they would meet. They would be greeted by the benign smile of the tractarian, a short prayer invoking the blessing of God on the work of the organization, a brief survey of the business statement, felicitations and assurances of abiding brotherly love—and the ordeal was over for thirty days. Stimulated to a greater zeal and effort, the lumberman would emerge. Gone all traces of benignancy—this was God's work and it must be prosecuted resolutely and fearlessly. And it was.

Apart from the books, Bibles, and tracts which we handled, there was no visible sign of Divine Guidance. We handled only religious books. Novels were anathema, but the pornographic H.D., which crucified a modern Mary Magdalene, was prominently displayed and avidly purchased, for did it not teach the necessity of repentance and the punishment of sin? We sold Christmas cards, New-Year's cards, and birthday cards only if they had Scripture texts as messages. To our emporium of Faith came the zealots, fanatics, and ascetics, the Plymouth Brethren with beards simulating Hofmann. One of these, John Grimason, was a model of emasculated piety. He was buying wall-texts. One read "Jesus Only." He folded it across, gently tore it in two, and bought "Jesus" only. John Solomon, Anglicized Hebrew, man of all work, salvaged the "Only," added "15 cents" to it, and utilized it for window display of a bargain in New Testaments.

That the heathen might be saved, and that there should be available dividends devoted to the free distribution of tracts among the unregenerate at home, all employees were paid just enough to keep body and soul together. As a measure of economy and mercy, we drew upon the Prisoner's Aid Society for our male help. These men were reformed just long enough to find themselves employed. Freed from the surveillance of the head of the house, their normal instincts emerged and they became their true selves: vile, blasphemous, immoral. But they were cheap. That is, their weekly wage was small. But one enterprising cashier restored the equilibrium of payment. In one year he robbed the company of enough cash to have paid decent wages to the rest

of us for years. In fact, he almost wrecked the company. But still it was God's work.

Monday morning was the most trying time of the week. Spiritually exhausted by his devotional labours of Sunday, S.R.B. would descend upon us like an avenging spirit and vent his pent-up, worldly energies on his obeisant staff. Poor Jessie MacGregor, who supported herself and widowed mother on her hard-earned \$8 a week, arrived one cold blustering December morning at eight-thirty instead of eight. She was greeted by S.R.B. with cold disciplining eye. Why was she late? Her mother was critically ill. "A very inconvenient time to be ill," said the tractarian lumber merchant.

The second floor of our commodious premises had been made into a meeting-hall where each week the members of the Berean Circle gathered for prayer and meditation. They passed out through the salesroom—they bought of material for the furbishing of their own souls and the admonition of sinners. Later on, the mere retailing of the Gospel and its interpretations palled on the energetic spirit of the merchant. He embarked on more vigorous publishing and wholesaling. The upper room was no longer used for the meeting-place of disciples but for an expanding wholesale department, and the booksellers of the country became branch depositories for our wares. With the going of the weekly meetings came a more wholesome atmosphere—much less sanctimonious hypocrisy and more interesting business. The lumberman was more in his element, although in the presence of the elect, his directors, shareholders, and patrons, he continued to be the smug hand-rubbing evangelist.

The enlarging activities called for occasional trips by S.R.B. to Great Britain—the source of much of our supplies. It was more of an adventure in the eighteen-eighties than it is today, which may have occasioned the nature of his cables advising his safe crossing. Or it may have been the dictation of his well-developed economic sense, for these messages simply read, "Willard Toronto Hallelujah"—laconic, informing, thankful, triumphant.

To meet this business growth the staff was not greatly in-

creased. Our working-hours were, but our pay envelopes gave no evidence of undue inflation. We had a very prominent location on the busiest street in the city and at an intersection of two thoroughfares. On this corner there came in the evenings soldiers of the Salvation Army, or Peter Bilhorn with his portable organ, or some other evangelist. They would make music and sing hymns; so for hours we would work, as Southern slaves used to toil, to the lilt of airs and melodies.

One of the chief tenets of the believers to whom our organization made appeal, and from whom we gathered our sustenance, was premillenarianism: the notion that the Second Advent of Jesus Christ was imminent and that the millennium of peace and sinlessness was about to usher itself upon a sin-worn and weary world. How often as we struggled wearily homeward we would fervently wish and hope for this promised early release from labour and strife. We were not especially spiritual-minded—just exhausted and tired.

These were the days before the great department-stores, so individual shops were numerous and relatively prosperous. Good book-shops were to be found in every town of more than one thousand inhabitants. Toronto, with a population of about 150,000, had at least a score of real book-stores owned and operated by highly intelligent booksellers. Toronto was the headquarters of book distribution of the entire Dominion, hence it was the greatest publishing centre in Canada. Thus it attracted representatives from the leading publishing houses of Great Britain and the United States. As I grew older I was enabled to make contacts with these ambassadors from greater courts; to get an enlarged vision of the potentialities of publishing. However, the atmosphere of a big little city in an enormously great but thinly populated country was really metropolitan. We seemed to touch the world at many angles. As individuals we could not be specialists; we were obliged to learn every part of a business. If the retail store was busy, we did our part there and acquired a real knowledge of the reactions of the consumer. If the accounting was congested, we were impressed for minor services. If receiving and shipping were

congested, we buckled in. In this way we became familiar with, if not entirely proficient in, all branches of bookselling and publishing. The lumberman was really a great merchant. He brought to the minutiae of a business of comparatively small units a breadth of view and the scope of a large industry. So we never thought of ourselves as small or insignificant. We developed commercial precocity and courage.

One of our best outlets for sales, and a means of contact for new customers, was the Believers' Conference, an annual gathering of the specially elect at Niagara-on-the-Lake, a beautiful spot adjacent to Buffalo on the Niagara River just before it reaches Lake Ontario—very convenient for travellers from the United States. The meetings were held in July, in the dog-days, between tennis and polo tournaments, in a pavilion on the grounds of the Queen's Royal Hotel on the high cliffs overlooking the river and the lake. To this conference came the great fathers of Fundamentalism from all over the world. J. H. Brookes, D.D., from St. Louis was the presiding genius. There were divines and college professors, laymen, and others from the United States, Great Britain, and Canada, missionaries on furlough from their stations in foreign and heathen lands. They were all devout, reverent, zealous premillenarians. So ardent were their beliefs and supplications that at times it seemed almost as though the compassionate Jesus would appear and relieve the straining souls.

A much smaller pavilion was temporarily made into a Bible Book and Tract Depository. Over this shop, when he was not at the meetings, presided the Great Chief himself. I was his lieutenant and chief aide. Here I came into contact with many Americans who bought liberally of our best Bibles and books, frequently paying for them in currency of twenty-, fifty-, and even one-hundred dollar bills—evidence of an affluence almost unknown to Canadians. Here, too, upon occasion came the predatory Fleming H. Revell, intent upon ascertaining at first hand just what literature was most in demand for the satisfying of evangelical craving. As he was not a continuous attendant at the meetings, I had opportunity to meet him and superficially at least to know him.

Under the dynamic influence of its founder the business prospered and grew. It was important in its field. From one of the Niagara meetings Mr. Briggs returned a stricken man; his malady was diagnosed as typhoid, but it turned out to be meningitis, to which he quickly succumbed. With all his smugness, his severity, and his discipline, he was a magnetic personality, and we genuinely mourned his passing. This absence of the founder and the main-spring soon made its impression on a business which so greatly depended upon his energy and his consecrated devotion to a cause.

870063 The English tradition, that in business there were proprietors, chairmen, and managing directors, and all other associates were juniors, obtained with the august board of directors; so they again followed tradition and lured a man from a rival institution. This man lacked both religious fervour and commercial acumen, so we drifted. Even a round robin to the directors from a number of us failed to arouse them to the gravity of our situation, daily becoming intolerable.

693 At the end of two years I realized that if I did not make escape, my energy and enthusiasm would evaporate and my future would mean a mere clerkship. Publishing, the real objective of my life, was too limited in Canada. Beyond school-books and church hymn-books, there were no publications of quality or quantity. The United States offered great opportunity, so I arranged an appointment at Chicago with Fleming H. Revell. This was in late 1891, 2 just as I had attained twenty-one years. In January, 1892, I took up my life in Chicago and eagerly entered upon my second phase of publishing.

CHAPTER III

FROM MONARCHY TO DEMOCRACY

THE mere going from Toronto to Chicago was a very simple matter, just a repetition of my several earlier visits to New York, Detroit, and Buffalo. But to go from the Dominion of Canada to the United States of America, to forsake a Queen for a Flag, that was quite another and more serious affair.

In Toronto there were ever-present manifestations of royalty. There was Government House, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the direct representative of the Crown; there was Parliament with its pomp and ceremony on the day of its convening; there was a Premier and his cabinet. For many years the Premier had been a Liberal, Sir Oliver Mowat, a real Gladstonian in his policies, his wisdom, and his devout piety. There were soldiers galore: the Queen's Own Rifles, the crack regiment of Toronto drawn from the higher social levels; the Tenth Royal Grenadiers in their brilliant scarlet tunics and busbies; and a cavalry regiment, the Governor-General's Body-Guard, not unlike, in appearance and quality, the Horse Guards of Britain. All these were volunteer militia, but they were drilled and trained as meticulously as though they were a part of the British regular army. Each week some one or other of these regiments had drill and parade. In addition there was "C" School of Infantry, an actual branch of the regular army of Great Britain. At Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, there was even greater evidence of royalty. The opening of the Houses of Parliament was second only to the scenes at Westminster when the Queen in person delivered the speech from the throne. In Canada it was the Governor-General, the direct appointee of the Crown, who through the Gentleman of the Black Rod summoned the members of the

Canadian House of Commons to the bar of the Senate to hear the speech from the Throne delivered, first in English and then in French, conforming to the terms of the Treaty of Paris of 1815. All prosecutions were in the name of the Crown. The Crown *vs.* Wilson, The Crown *vs.* O'Malley, and so on. Every Canadian had the right of final appeal to the English House of Lords and the Privy Council. The Irish were those who took greatest advantage of this source of redress—if for no other reason than to protest against established authority, even though it entailed recognition of the hated English dominance. Even the police, the “peelers,” were dignified and military in their bearing, and the postmen wore a semi-military uniform with V.R. emblazoned on the visors of their helmets. Notwithstanding all these imposing manifestations of royalty and authority, it always gave me a great thrill to see the Stars and Stripes in parade when visiting United States organizations joined in some celebration or convention. The Knights Templars; the I.O.O.F.; the Knights of Pythias; and other societies. The Stars and Stripes never even so much as suggested liberty to me, for there could not be a finer or freer democracy than that of Canada, but it did connote expansion and greater freedom of movement among a much larger public. It was inevitable that one should compare Windsor, Ontario, with Detroit, Michigan, and Fort Erie or Welland, Ontario, with Buffalo, New York. Visiting Americans would spend much more lavishly than Canadians would or could. The United States had a population fifteen times that of Canada. Canada was in the industrial sense an importing country. The United States was a producing country. This was peculiarly true of publishing; no country of less than 5,000,000 inhabitants could support a substantial publishing industry, although the book consumption was higher per capita than in any other country of the world, with the possible exception of Australia. It was not merely materialistic considerations that motivated me; it was a great sense of restriction of effort—a denial of opportunity. I did not want to be simply a bookseller or an importer. My objective was publishing, with all its romance and visions of creation and influence. It was a part of my duties

to interview the representatives of British and American publishing houses. While by far the greater part of our business was done with British publishers, I could not but be struck by the great difference between the British and the American representatives; the British were ambassadors, discreet, polished, affable, but for ever bound by home-office instructions from managing directors of old established publishing houses. On the other hand, with a few notable exceptions, the Americans were individuals, merchants in embryo, alert, eager, and clothed with authority to make special arrangements to secure an added share of Canada's business. It was this sense of individualism rather than service which attracted and intrigued me. So my whole trend and ambition was to become associated with American publishing. Hence my emigration to Chicago.

It was not exactly easy to adapt myself to the great change in business and social life. For many months I suffered from nostalgia. But there was this great advantage in publishing as contrasted with other industries: we were dealing in the products of the English language. The United States and Canada had a common heritage in English literature—this last word used in its broad sense of books and writing and the merchandising of them. I found many of my old friends among books in rather finer raiment and at much higher prices. I found too a close association with many of the British houses with whom I had been accustomed to deal. So the sense of strangeness passed, and I found myself happily integrated into American publishing and all of its infinite possibilities and allurements. There could be no looking back, for that would be acknowledgment of defeat and a return to the continuing limitation of Canadian publishing. Looking forward meant permanent residence in the United States; residence involved a sense of obligation to the state and a right to participate in local state and national affairs. I had no thought or intention of a return to Canada. I felt an increasing sense of obligation to the country which gave me my bread and butter and opportunity. So after the required two years I formally registered my intention of becoming a citizen of the United States. At the ex-

piration of my four years' residence, on the 17th day of October, 1896, I appeared before Judge Charles G. Neely in the Circuit Court of Cook County in Chicago and duly became a naturalized citizen of the United States, free to exercise my franchise, to follow my conscience, and to vote in the November following for William McKinley as President of the United States—my first vote in any election in any country. I was extremely proud. I confess that there was a thickening in my throat when I subscribed to the oath to "renounce and objure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state, or sovereignty whatever and more particularly all allegiance which he may in any wise owe to Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland of whom he was heretofore a subject." Such qualms of renunciation as I may have felt were more than amply compensated for by the fact that I had once again become a man with a country, with all the rights, privileges, and responsibilities of citizenship. True, I was a hyphenate, a sort of hybrid, and had to be shaken down to a proper appraisal of my new allegiance. My conception of a naturalized citizen's obligation has ever been that the hyphen should always be used to attract the land of one's birth to the better understanding of the United States rather than that one should attempt to Canadianize or Anglicize or Torontoize one's environment in the United States. To the best of my knowledge and ability I have most faithfully observed and fulfilled my oath of allegiance. However, there did come one day of soul-searching strain, to be followed by some years of perplexity—never doubt.

I was among the great throng in front of Buckingham Palace, London, on the night when England's ultimatum to Germany expired and England automatically became at war with the Central Powers. There were four of us in my party, all Americans, three native-born and I a documented citizen. I could discover amongst us no difference in favour or enthusiasm—possibly because we were in England we all felt as England felt—but deep down within me I felt the assertion of my birth and blood. I was essentially British. I could no more deny my national blood than I could deny my mother or my father or my kin, yet I felt the

same obligation to the United States that I felt towards the American girl whom I had married. All oaths and assumed obligations to the contrary, I shall for ever be grateful that I was not called upon to make the decision as to where I would stand in the event of the unthinkable—a war between the United States and Great Britain. From that moment onward I had the greatest possible sympathy with and understanding of the naturalized citizens of the United States of Teutonic origin. Theirs was a most difficult and trying situation, mitigated, however, by the fact that they originally came to the enjoyment of the liberties of the United States for the express purpose of escaping the very thing which Germany was now seeking to impose upon the world.

Back in the United States I found it utterly impossible to follow with any degree of fidelity the President's mandate for the observance of neutrality. In this I am happy to say I was in the goodly company of thousands of native-born loyal Americans, who heard the call of the blood of their forefathers and were jealous for the rights and privileges of the Anglo-Saxon race and stirred by Whittier's great and inspiring phrase, "We too are heirs of Runnymede." What happened to me was that I became more and more of a vital American citizen dedicated to the building up and the maintaining of a fellowship and understanding among all nations and peoples using the English language and enjoying the blessings, benefits, and privileges which the English-speaking peoples had given to the world.

It was an inexpressible relief to me when we came to the end of neutrality and joined the Allies in the struggle for the principles of liberty. In the light of the economic disaster that has followed the war, our ardour for these principles may have cooled, but I think our decision even now would still be the same if any arrogant monarch should tell us on which side to part our hair, dictate the colour of our garments, or tell us how we might sail our ships or conduct our national and political life. Some day, I am certain, we shall reap to the full a just reward for our sacrifices during the war and our travail following it. The generation of which I am one has paid the price, whether measured in dollars

or in tribulation. The generations to come have their own responsibility to see to it that the heritage of their American fathers and their Anglo-Saxon forefathers is not lost to them and to the world.

CHAPTER IV

CHICAGO

FIRST PHASE: RELIGION

NO young man could possibly have been given a reception more graceful and cordial than the one I received from Fleming H. Revell when I joined his organization in 1892. I was twenty-two. He was forty-two. I was a very mature twenty-two. Old man Atlas had nothing on me, for I had been carrying my world on my shoulders for at least five years. He was a young, alert, shrewd forty-two. His executive associates were all older than he. They were rather a stodgy lot. I was surprised to find so enterprising a man surrounding himself with such unprogressive men—but I was quickly to discover the reason. With all his shrewdness Mr. Revell had not the courage to pay adequately for expert service. He was plausible, persuasive, and convincing. In my negotiations with him he gave me the impression that compensation for service was a matter of slight consideration. Results were what mattered and counted. I really felt that undue emphasis on the matter of salary would be offensive to this good man and great publisher. Hence I had agreed to a trial year at a salary of \$1,000; in the matter of dollars five hundred less than my Toronto income, in the matter of spending power not more than one-half of my Canadian earning. I was on my way; the immediate financial return was of no great moment—opportunity was the thing. And here it was. Mr. Revell—suppose we call him F.H.R., for so he was

known and addressed by all who knew him at all well—made it clear to me at the outset that he did not want me to fall into the rut of these older associates of his; that I was to be assistant to the president. He gave me a desk and office space adjoining his own. Like many other canny merchants and proprietors, he did not establish me as such in the minds of his old-time associates. He left it to me to establish myself. This proved to be no simple matter, for I encountered the jealous obstruction of these underpaid old-fashioned fellows. However, a little tact would go a long way. In religious publishing, as in all businesses, sales of product was a first consideration. This problem was to be for the time being my first responsibility. F.H.R. himself was a superb salesman. In fact, he had to be, for he had no one around him with energy and selling genius. He was a born financier; certainly he had every instinct of the merchant. At the age of twenty he had begun his publishing enterprise. This was in 1869, four short years following the close of the Civil War—two years before the Chicago Fire. There grew out of this war a great religious revival into which the young Revell was swept. His first adventure in the evangelical cause was the publication of highly evangelical non-denominational Sunday-school papers. Two of these were *Words of Life* and the *Dayspring*. They were very successful. Captured by the redemptive quality of these monthly messages to the children, the famous evangelistic singer P. P. Bliss wrote the words and music to that well-known Gospel Hymn, "Wonderful Words of Life":

*Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life,
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life.
Words of life and beauty
Teach me love and duty;
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life.*

And this long before the days of the advance agent and the publicity manager!

D. L. Moody had been active as an evangelist among the Northern soldiers during the latter part of the Civil War. At its close he came to Chicago and continued and extended his labours. It was while in Chicago he met and married F.H.R.'s older sister. This brought F.H.R. into still closer contact with the leading religious movement of the day. He became a publisher of evangelical literature. That he should have seen and foreseen the great possibilities of that movement is a tribute to his prescience and acumen. That he should have applied strict commercial principles to the conduct of an evangelical publishing house was not only wise but entirely justifiable. This he did.

At this time there were several publishers producing exclusively religious books, and practically all of the leading publishers of the day had important religious-book departments. However, one broad field had been neglected by them. There were in the North four major denominational publishing houses: Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational; but these confined themselves largely to denominational books. In addition to these four, there were at least thirty other and minor denominations and sects, and as most of these had their beginnings in evangelical zeal and were relatively small and struggling, they could not produce their own literature. Here was a fertile and fruitful field for the independent evangelical publisher. To be ambassador from the house of Revell to all of these denominational houses west of the Alleghenies was my first real opportunity. While I suppose I was in reality a travelling salesman, I always took the importance of my job so seriously that I did feel more of an ambassador than a mere salesman. In any event, I had success in my commercial missionary tours. Not only did I interest these denominational houses in the Revell books but also made joint publishing arrangements with them for the works of their leaders. This sort of work took me into strange situations. The Seventh Day Adventists had headquarters at Battle Creek in 1854 when, as the Millerites, the forbears of the present generation had assembled for the promised return of Jesus Christ and the end of the world. Since our Saturday was their Sabbath and our Sunday was legally protected by

Blue Laws and Sunday Observance acts, these ascetic zealots were driven to extreme measures to find suitable vocations which would not come into conflict with their own beliefs or the laws of the state. The Review and Herald publishing house was formed, a thorough-going printing and publishing plant for the publication of their denominational papers and supplies, and for the selling of books by subscription. The parent house had a branch in the capital city of each state. A branch would be known as the Illinois Tract Society, located at Springfield, Illinois; the Iowa Tract Society of Des Moines, and so on. Each one of these Tract Societies was a branch headquarters for proselyting and sales. In all, they engaged a small army of men and women book-agents. They held their annual conferences at their tabernacle at the Battle Creek headquarters. Here was a golden field for operation. If one could just break down prejudice and gain access to this market! Knowing the date of their annual conference in one particular year, I advanced upon their citadel. I had a most satisfactory meeting with the general manager of the publishing house, a retired sea-captain, who because he was not permitted to dock his ship from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday was driven to find occupation ashore. He was a forceful man with a rich sailing-ship megaphonous voice. I had him fairly well convinced that an intimate trading agreement with Revell Company would be highly beneficial to the members of the Church of the Seventh Day Adventists. All that was now necessary was the approval of the assembled members of the conference. We would make immediate pilgrimage to the tabernacle. We did. He led me to one of the front rows of seats. At the opportune moment he arose and with great resonance presented his case—now become our case. Seemingly he was not making the desired headway, for suddenly without slightest warning he announced that Brother Doran of Revell Company was present in person and would make his own statement and appeal. My knees shook and my teeth chattered. I had never before said twenty words on my feet in public. But here was challenge, and a great interest at stake. I arose in my seat and began faintly, "Dear friends"—cries of "Louder! Louder!" from all

parts of the tabernacle. I was taken to the altar-rail raised slightly above the floor level. I started all over with "My dear friends." Again the thunderous "Louder!"—whereupon I was escorted to the old-fashioned cupola pulpit. It was do or die. I raised my voice in frantic appeal; back came my words from the rafters to smite me between the eyes. What I said I never did know. We did get some satisfactory business as a result, and as I journeyed around to the various Tract Societies I was always remembered and welcomed warmly except once in Nashville, Tennessee. The Tract Society office was far on the outskirts of the city. There I arrived shortly after sundown one Friday evening. I was solemnly greeted by the wife of the superintendent. I stated my business. She was aggrieved and affronted. She said, "Do you not see that the sun is down? Oh! my brother, as you value your soul's salvation will you not worship the Lord on the Seventh day?" Nothing for me but ignominious retreat to the more profane associations of the Maxwell House.

All in all, I came to be fairly familiar with the doctrinal prejudices and beliefs of the various denominations, and avoided argument and conflict. We prospered—that is, the Revell Company did. I had my own little share, but it came about only as the result of strategy. When I had been just about a year with F.H.R. and was much more than earning my \$1,000, I was approached in Cincinnati by one of the publishers there and offered nearly three times the salary I was then getting if I would change to their organization. I was flattered. Of course I wanted the money, but it meant going into the limitations and restrictions of one denominational house. It meant, too, my severing connection with F.H.R., for whom I had conceived great admiration and affection.

I sat down and wrote him. Again I hesitated, but not quite so much, to bring the ugly matter of finance into my relations with so benignant a soul. I said in conclusion, using my acquaintance with Scripture as the basis of my statement, "I will think, 'Let no man think more highly of himself than he ought' and you think, 'A workman is worthy of his hire,' and surely somewhere between these two positions we can meet." I had made a mistake

in suggesting a plan of compromise, for F.H.R. stayed more closely to my first sentence than to my second, and in a very friendly letter he agreed to a considerable increase in my salary and held out such rich promises of further advance and of his great personal pride and interest in me that of course I had no choice but to continue with increasing diligence to serve the growing interests of F.H.R. Co.

Through the panic year of 1893 general business suffered—not so the business of religion in all its departments. The old-time revival spirit may have been waning a bit in its intensity, but it took on new zest in the face of commercial depression and material distress. Men and women were implored to look inward to their souls. The panic was an expression of divine displeasure with sin and worldliness. The demand for religious literature was so stimulated that F.H.R. Co. had the most prosperous year in its history.

About half my time was occupied “in the field”; the other half, or rather one-quarter, in close association with F.H.R. in the office and round about Chicago. The remaining three months of each year F.H.R. spent abroad and I was temporarily in charge of the Chicago office and publishing. Here I learned much—in the green-room of evangelicalism, as it were. Preachers, evangelists, and teachers brought the product of their minds and their souls. Some few were genuinely interested in the spiritual welfare of their fellows and thought not at all of financial results; indeed, they gave scarce a thought to percentages of return—nor did F.H.R. They were gladdened that their work was to have this wider publicity and influence. Others, by far the greater proportion, were shrewd and bargaining, more especially the traveling evangelist who took copies of his books with him for sale on his journeys to the members of his audiences—the profits to swell the income from collections and all to go to the purse of the evangelist, now a regular recognized and established merchant, or shall I say peddler. F.H.R. was a real Barabbas—one to be respected, for this must be said of him: In his business dealings there was no sign of pious palaver; he was direct and to the point. He could take a poor preacher’s hard-earned \$500 or a \$1,000 for

the publication at the preacher's own expense of a volume of sermons or Bible studies without the slightest compunction, even though he realized that the same poor person could not hope for any return—or at most for a very slight return—of his outlay. The operation was a painless one but many a poor patient suffered agonies afterwards.

But all visitors to the green-room did not have to remove make-up and disguise. Great and magnificent souls were the stars of evangelicalism: D. L. Moody, R. A. Torrey, Arthur T. Pierson, John McNeill, J. H. Brookes, W. E. Blackstone, and scores of others whose consecration and zeal never could be in slightest doubt.

Before I joined the Revell organization there had been established a New York branch of the company. In association with the old established publishing house of Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier of Edinburgh and London, Revell Company had branches in both these cities. In 1893 I returned to Toronto for a brief spell to conclude the purchase of my old house, the Toronto Willard Tract Depository, for F.H.R. Co. It was a fortunate and profitable deal. Now the F.H.R. Co. imprint proudly read:

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
Chicago *New York*
London *Edinburgh*
Toronto

Publishers of Evangelical Literature

And the business was expanding almost as rapidly as the imprint.

The vice-president of F.H.R. Co., a brother-in-law named Theodore Reese, having lived his more than three score years and ten, passed on. One of the surviving executives, a man more than old enough to be my father, with great grace and courtesy urged that I be appointed to the vacant office. At twenty-four I became vice-president of F.H.R. Co.; not quite so grand as it sounds, for F.H.R. was 80 per cent owner of the corporation. The office was measurably complimentary and titular, yet it did serve to give me position. But more than all else it was a most gratifying token

of appreciation and affection from my office associates, all of whom were small but interested shareholders in the company.

The panic had passed, but not the menace of Bryan and free silver. There was sufficient country-wide unrest to make the people mindful of things spiritual, for material things were in a state of flux and drift. This all made for our benefit and progress, and the years swept swiftly and profitably along. D. L. Moody of himself was a great publishing property, but so zealous was he for the spread of evangelical literature that he founded what he called the Colportage Library—10 cent reprints of his own books and those of other evangelical writers. Of this library literally millions were sold. F.H.R. Co. did all the publishing—in the aggregate a considerable item of turn-over and consequent profit.

About this time we all of us made an unusually bad guess in publishing. A preacher, by name Charles M. Sheldon, in Topeka, Kansas, conceived the idea of writing a story and reading it on Sunday evenings in weekly instalments to his congregation. The experiment was one of the most successful in American pulpit history. A little later the story was published in the *Advance*, the weekly church newspaper of Western Congregationalism. Sheldon brought the book, *In His Steps: What Would Jesus Do?* to us and literally begged us to issue it in book form. But no, it was too revolutionary, too intensely practical. Evangelical as was our effort, this did not extend to the point where we would present Jesus as Sheldon did, as the intimate and concerned personal friend of mankind. Thrice we declined the publication. I doubt if many religious books outside the Bible itself and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* have had a larger sale than Sheldon's *In His Steps*. For some reason the author forgot to secure copyright and there were many unauthorized reprints—but I never heard Sheldon complain at a loss of income. The greater the sale, the happier he was that his message was having such widening influence, for he was a simple Kansan, a Christlike, self-effacing man. The book rivalled in popularity its contemporary "Coin" Harvey's *Sixteen to One*. We had missed a golden opportunity. We were approach-

ing 1896, politics was seething, religion was pushed somewhat into the background. We were entering upon a new phase of social and religious life.

CHAPTER V

CHICAGO

SECOND PHASE: NOT SO RELIGIOUS

THEN came 1896. The Democratic National Convention in the Old Wigwam on the Lake Front. I was fortunate enough to be present on the day of Bryan's great Cross of Gold speech and his ensuing dramatic nomination. Into the discard went Grover Cleveland, David Bennett Hill, and all other conservatives. Bryan was the new Messiah, and he looked to be almost inspired as he rolled forth his carefully prepared spontaneous speech. If the preceding months had been disturbed and hectic, those to follow between July and November were tumultuous. From some viewpoints there always was doubt of the outcome, for Western influence was strong. Even though there had been no serious doubt in Chicago itself, the conservative element lashed themselves into a spirit of uncertainty that they might be the more certain. F.H.R. was a Republican, a conservative, a capitalist by instinct and desire, for whom the Messianic hope was no longer the original of Nazareth, certainly not Bryan of Nebraska, but assuredly McKinley of Ohio. As it turned out, the spirit of apprehension was fully justified, for eliminating the states of New York and Pennsylvania, Bryan had a majority of the popular and electoral vote. But that is politics. Nevertheless, it all had its important bearing on life and events which were immediately to follow. The Full Dinner Pail slogan of the Republicans was to be proved no empty boast. A wave of prosperity swept the country—in fact, it was the beginning of

America's becoming millionaire-minded. Being thus opulent-minded, the people became less and less spiritual-minded. Ergo, evangelical literature, pure and undefiled evangelical literature, came to be less and less in demand. The McKinley bull market followed on the stock exchanges of New York and Chicago; then the new flotations, National Steel, American Steel and Wire, many others, until along came National Linseed. Up to this time F.H.R. and I had been innocent bystanders while many of our friends were making their thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands. Promotions were coming out daily—it was possible for reputable citizens to subscribe for stocks W.I. (when issued) without putting up margins. F.H.R. and I decided on a joint purchase of Linseed; he subscribed for 500 shares and I for 100 shares. Almost overnight and before issue I had made \$550 on my 100 shares without investing a penny. More than a month's salary in forty-eight hours. Too easy. Publishing was much too laborious and exacting. A fellow churchman—an elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, where we lived—a Fundamentalist, a speculator to the point of magnificent gambling (he called it investing), was Newell Clark Knight. F.H.R. and I easily came under the spell of this enthusiastic stock-broker. We opened a joint account. It was much too simple and easy. Profits more than took care of margins—then only 10 per cent of purchases. We pyramided until our profits reached fantastic proportions for mere publishers. The speculative fever ran high, so high that at one mid-week service when the hymn number was announced and he failed to hear it the devoted and pious Newell Knight loudly called out the inquiry "How much?" The church was fashionable and wealthy; every man present quite understood and sympathized with Knight, for their minds were not at church but on the next morning's ticker. In two months I had made more than ten years' salary. Along came the Northern Pacific panic—ten years' salary and a lot more disappeared like snow in sunshine. Back to publishing and the simple life.

With prosperity came expansion everywhere, and it affected the business of F.H.R. Co., along with all others. It was difficult

to expand along purely evangelical lines, so quite naturally and automatically we reached out into a broader and more worldly field—not that I had not long before been nibbling in this pasture. Chicago possessed the finest and most complete book-store in the world, the pride of Chicago and especially of its owner, General A. C. McClurg. His great book-shop at Wabash Avenue and Madison Street was the Mecca of literary Chicago and of visitors to Chicago. The famous Amen Corner was the rendezvous for such glorious and gallant spirits as Eugene Field, Melville Stone, Frank Gunsaulus, Francis Wilson, and a kindred host. I was not of the elect but I felt the repercussions and longed for the type of publishing represented by these men and the McClurg shop as a whole. The nearest I could come to it was to form rather a close contact with a group somewhat younger than those of the Amen Corner—notably these two, Wallace Rice, the poet, and Roswell M. Field, brother of Eugene. If you have not read his exquisite story of a bibliophile, *The Bondage of Ballinger*, you can scarcely share with me the judgment that Roswell's prose was the equal of Eugene's. My first adventure into the higher brackets of publishing was to be with this book. Roswell had a fine following—so fine and loyal that it was an easy matter to dispose of 250 copies of a *de luxe* edition of any sizable book of his at \$10 a copy. In the first proofs of *The Bondage of Ballinger* we had our full imprint, Fleming H. Revell Company, Chicago, New York, London, Edinburgh, Toronto—but minus the Publishers of Evangelical Literature—on the title-page. When Roswell saw this, he burst into irritation approaching rage and exclaimed, to the consternation of F.H.R., "George, I do not want that God-damn gazetteer on my title-page—I am a Chicagoan—my book is of Chicago, and of Chicago it must be on my title-page." And so it was. That little book had an immediate sale of 10,000 copies—an extraordinary sale for so precious a book, a tribute alike to its author and its buyers.

I had made a fair start and gradually branched out into the more general field of publishing. It may have been this book or some other of its class that was responsible for a most extraor-

dinary manuscript coming to our office. I had a habit of cursorily looking over the manuscripts as they came in, and made selection for later reading at home. I was attracted to this one because of its meticulous preparation and arresting title. So I put it into my bag along with others for my week-end reading. The title was *I Await the Devil's Coming*. It was unusual but still might easily come within the range of a premillenarian's thought and expression. I thought no more about it until I sat down to read. The dedication was far from pious or prophetic. As I recall it ran, "To that devil with the steel-grey eyes who some day, who knows, will come to this weary wooden broken heart of mine, I dedicate this my book." I turned again to the title-page; it read simply: *I Await the Devil's Coming* by Mary MacLane. I read on into the book—done in most perfect and painstaking handwriting. I discovered the most astounding and revealing piece of realism I had ever read. Clearly we could not publish it, but Mary must have a publisher. The next day I sent it to dear old Ned Stone, of Stone & Kimball, publishers, and son of Melville. He arranged for its immediate publication but under the simple title *Mary MacLane*. Its success was so great that Ned invited Mary to come from the dunes of Butte, Montana, to visit Chicago. She came. At a luncheon at the Annex Hotel to meet Mary on her arrival were George Barr McCutcheon, Lucy Monroe, and myself. Mary was a lean, sad, heart-broken sort of a creature—but she had soul and spirit. I soon discovered she was a fellow Canadian, which established a bond between us. Ned Stone and the others were disposed to make sport of this bold realist, until she became visibly embarrassed. Taking one of the huge menu cards of the Annex restaurant, she pencilled a note, folded it, handed it to me with the counsel that I read it before meeting my wife. It was an astounding note. I preserve it among my curiosities packed away in some storage warehouse. I could not reproduce it in any book of my own.

At about this same time we made our star blunder of all our blunders and miscalculations. We were publishing some fiction. Our great success had been Ralph Connor and his *Black Rock* and

Sky Pilot. We had many manuscripts. One was brought to us by its author, a preacher in a Campbellite church in the Ozark Mountain district of Missouri. His name was Harold Bell Wright and his book was *That Printer of Udell's*. We all read it—we all declined it, despite its author's appeal that we give him a start. Other publishers must also have declined it, for finally it appeared over the imprint of the Book Supply Company, a mail-order concern presided over by Elsberry W. Reynolds, who then had no standing as a publisher. They did reasonably well with it, but the next book by Harold Bell Wright, *The Shepherd of the Hills*, sold over 250,000 copies. On went the author and his books until with his fourth or fifth novel he topped all previous and, up to the present time, all records of first printings of standard-priced novels. The edition printed, bound, and sold consisted of 500,000 copies, one wholesale house, the American News Company, purchasing 100,000 copies. Such is the gold-mine we failed properly to assay and appraise.

As we departed more and more from the publishing of purely evangelical literature and embarked more into the field of general publishing with a religious or highly moral flavour, we did a greatly increased volume of business but at a much higher cost of operation. As evangelical publishers we were specialists; we could reach our comparatively compact public at relatively low cost. All the national advertising we could do would not materially increase the sales of *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life*; *The Way to God*; *Jesus Is Coming*; *Grace and Truth*; and other deeply pious books which had sold in enormous quantities. Not so with fiction; a broad national public had to be created—authors expected it. We plunged into advertising expenditures not warranted by the quality of our fiction. We had convinced ourselves that we could discover and make a small race of Ralph Connors or Harold Bell Wrights—but alas! we reckoned without our public or our more practised and discriminating contemporaries among publishers. All of our geese refused to be swans. Meanwhile we had been building up two complete and parallel organizations at Chicago and New York. Just as Chicago was be-

coming increasingly the source of world-supply for meats, leather, hides, and for America for boots and shoes, so were the Eastern cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and especially New York, becoming the headquarters of publishing. It was becoming more and more difficult successfully to publish from Chicago. On the interchange of product between our New York and Chicago houses we paid huge unnecessary freight-bills. The duplication of overhead expense of editorial, manufacturing, and accounting departments amounted to a good profit of itself.

After one year of more than usually disappointing returns it became obvious to me that we were operating most uneconomically; so I drew up a plan for consolidation of our publishing business at New York, maintaining Chicago as a branch for retail and mail-order business. F.H.R., keen as he was to stop unnecessary losses, and interested in the idea of living in New York, was most unwilling to abandon Chicago as his company headquarters. Finally he yielded and we went into conference: F.H.R., S. Edgar Briggs, managing director of the New York house, and myself. Briggs was son of my first employer in Toronto—indeed, he had been my immediate boss. He never recovered from that relationship, nor had he ever quite survived the shock of my being appointed vice-president of F.H.R. Co. He was jealous, narrow-minded, and altogether intolerable. But on the surface we maintained every appearance of friendship. A part of my plan involved my withdrawal from the company, as a matter of expediency and economy. Really I wanted to escape from the evangelical publishing business, for do what we would, there was no escaping the classification. I had come to be quite out of step with the smugness and inescapable hypocrisies of it all. But no! I would not be permitted to escape—either I went on to New York as coordinate managing director with Briggs or we would continue on our present basis of operation—subtle and base flattery, especially from Briggs, who most unsuccessfully attempted to conceal his desire for the conclusion of the consolidation. Much against my will and judgment I conceded and agreed to go to New York. It was a stupid blunder of mine. To get into another man's bailiwick and

hope to be a coordinate was expecting too much of human nature, especially such human nature as that of Briggs. But after all I must make some concessions in the interest of sound and economic operation. My year in New York was hellish—F.H.R. stood on the side-lines and took no part in the battle between Briggs and myself. After all, Briggs was on his home ground; he was by nature and temperament a much better religious prig than I ever could hope to be—or hope not to be. F.H.R. himself had Chicago background and influence. I was the logical one to step aside—and how I longed to get away from it all and be free to be myself! I have often wondered what held me, what permitted me to accept a relationship which was at once humiliating and devastating. I can only explain it by my real devotion and affection for F.H.R. himself; he had been my fine and magnificent friend. When I was a mere lad of twenty-one he accepted me as of man's stature; when opportunity came he was willing and did his best to finance me to the making of a fortune in the stock-market—he had no part in the Morgan-Hill fight over Northern Pacific; he lost even as I had lost.

However, the breaking-point came and I escaped or was forced to run, but only after a nerve-shattering experience. I made plans for a business of my own founding and control. Without interruption, F.H.R. and I remained friends to the last of his days. Not only did his publishing business prosper enormously but, following his instinct for real money-making, he amassed a considerable fortune even for these later days—but alas! 1929 came and another and wider panic, and his estate shrank even as yours and mine; but his fine publishing business survived unimpaired. Religion has declined in power and popularity, but F.H.R. Co. still stands as the leading publishing house in its field, even though evangelicalism has been broadened beyond the recognition of Fleming H. Revell, Dwight Lyman Moody, and the host of zealots of Chicago in the un-gay eighties.

CHAPTER VI

THE COMPANY

I HAD made my emergence from Revell Company and evangelicalism. My training had been so largely in the religious publishing field that it would be folly not to make an effort to capitalize my experience for my personal gain. In casting about for an alliance that would provide me with a running start, I bethought me of my old-time friends Hodder & Stoughton of London. I knew them to be without adequate representation in the United States; so, on the off chance, I made a pilgrimage to London to ascertain if they would entertain the idea of establishing an American branch in which I would have a partnership share. Most fortunately for me, they decided against the plan, at least for the time being. Arriving back in New York, I was met by my lifelong friend Edmund Baird Ryckman of Toronto. For several years, he had been trying to persuade me that I should establish a publishing business of my own. His was the most practical sort of advice, for it was accompanied by the assurance that he would provide adequate financing for a publishing business of any proportion, small or large. He repeated his offer, but he had a counter-suggestion. He had many interests and had amassed a considerable fortune. Willing as he was to join me in a publishing enterprise, nevertheless he counselled me that there was much greater financial reward in other and less arduous channels. Canada was experiencing a very definite boom. Together we should make a fortune for me and another for him. Finally we reached a compromise. I would go with him to Toronto and carefully review the land of promise. I became associated with him in some enterprises and did succeed in making some money before the bankers' panic of 1907; and while I am quite certain that a continued

association with him and his friends would have resulted in my making a considerable competence, I could not find myself at all contented or happy in a business relation which did not deal in tangible merchandise; for after all I had been trained to be a publisher and a merchant of sorts.

That was my first reaction. In my soul was an insatiable longing to be back among books, the discovery of them, the making of them, and the selling and distribution of them. I found myself haunting the book-shops and constantly thinking of an early return to the United States and establishing a business there. My friend Hodder-Williams, now managing partner of Hodder & Stoughton, had not completely closed the door on my American-branch suggestion; indeed he had left me a loop-hole to reopen the question. Then I evolved a plan for an entirely new corporation with limited liability in which Hodder & Stoughton would have a share; and the new company would act as representative for Hodder & Stoughton in the United States and Canada. Again I journeyed to London. This time my plan met a sufficient measure of approval to carry the judgment of Hodder-Williams. It required some strategy to circumvent some established connexions; so we decided to form a small corporation in Canada. Thus came into being George H. Doran Company, Limited, Hodder & Stoughton taking a 25 per cent share, a mutual friend—a publisher—20 per cent, while I held the remaining 55 per cent. For a time we operated from Toronto, during which period I spent much of my time in New York consolidating my plans for launching the business there. This was finally accomplished on the 22nd of February, 1908, with offices at 35 West Thirty-second Street, a location which in those relatively recent years was much uptown, almost in a residential section; for the great property movement at Forty-second Street had not yet begun, or at least the making of the uptown centre was only at its beginning. Murray Hill was still the elect residential section. The Morgans, the Bakers, the Havemeyers, and many other magnates had their palatial residences on Madison Avenue from Twenty-eighth Street to Forty-second Street. I shared a floor with James and

George Clarke. In the same building were located D. Appleton and Company, Henry Holt and Company, and the American branch of the Oxford University Press, making a representative publishing centre.

Hodder & Stoughton were still strongly committed by the ties of friendship and long association to give their religious and theological books to A. C. Armstrong & Son; but their newer adventures in fiction, art books, children's books, and general publishing were available for my company. Ralph Connor, whose contact with Revell Company had always been through me, came along with me, and my first hit as a publisher was his *The Foreigner*, of which we quickly sold 125,000 copies. This was a rather large operation for a small publisher. It required considerable capital to swing it. One important item was the paper necessary for so large an edition. Armed with my financial statement, I took James Clarke's introduction and approached John Duffy, president and principal owner of Perkins, Goodwin & Company, the most important of the paper-dealers of that day. I required \$8,000 worth of paper. I explained my needs to John Duffy, and handed him my statement. Without so much as looking at it or unfolding it, he handed it back to me with just this question: "Do you expect to pay for this paper?" "Yes, if it is the last thing I do on earth," I replied. That was all, except that for the ensuing twenty years and more Perkins, Goodwin & Company had the great bulk of our paper business, running into many hundreds of thousands of dollars. No one will ever know what great courage and confidence John Duffy gave me, for it meant the establishing of the credit of my corporation, and from that day until my company merged with the Doubledays, I followed Duffy's implied counsel and, except to my bankers, I never again submitted a financial statement.

Figures at best are tiresome. They can be made to mean much or little, yet the figures of my first year's operation have always had a great fascination for me, for I have never been able to duplicate them with respect to percentages. We had a nominal capital of \$10,000. We did a gross business of \$200,000. We made

a net profit of just about \$40,000, most of it in cash in the bank. Our cost of operation was 12.5 per cent. We had merchandise on hand valued at \$9,000. A miracle of publishing operation. How many times later on I prayed for similar results! What if it had meant sixteen hours a day of closest application? It was the most thrilling adventure of my life.

You will remember, Messmore, that it was just about this time you came into my picture. We had met on the sea and in London, but no thought of business had entered our minds. Now came the necessity for recapitalization in an American corporation. This we did by incorporating for \$250,000. Hodder & Stoughton increased their holdings to 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent, a large part being their 400 per cent return on their original investment. I bought up all other outstanding stock, so that the company then stood G.H.D., 56 per cent, H. & S., 33 per cent. Minor interests including you, Messmore, with 5 per cent to qualify as director and secretary. We proceeded to consolidate the Hodder & Stoughton business in America by the purchase of the business of A. C. Armstrong & Son. We paid chiefly in cash, with some long-term notes the payment of which did not fall due until we again earned the cash. Now all was clear sailing, and we blossomed forth into a very substantial publishing concern.

It happened that about this time publishing in the United States had become a rather complacent, non-aggressive sort of a professional business, giving opportunity to a new-comer quickly to establish a volume of business measurably neglected by the older established houses. This is what happened to us, for we encountered comparatively little difficulty in building up a large and lucrative business. In 1909 came *The Old Wives' Tale* by Arnold Bennett, and with it a grand new impetus in directions which hitherto had not been available to us. We proceeded on the somewhat even tenor of our way, making headway, money, and mistakes—not too many of the latter, but a sufficient number to keep us alert and humble. One night in May, 1912, just midnight, from our apartment in the Aberdeen Hotel almost next door to my office, Mrs. Doran was awakened and attracted by an

unusual assemblage of fire-fighting apparatus. Looking down from her fifteenth-floor window, she discovered the fire to be in the building in which our business was located. She called to me in dismay at the burning of my books, and my hopes. Hastily dressing, I went on a tour of investigation. I gained access to the building and to the eighth floor, where we located. Nothing to do but to retreat, for the fire was gaining headway among my books. I returned to my hotel, retired, and slept until six o'clock in the morning. Again I entered the building, this time to walk up eight floors, for the elevators had been put out of commission. There I discovered just how benignant even a fire can be. In the stock-room, there was not a book that was not damaged by fire or water but, miracle of miracles, the business office had suffered only from water and not very much of that. Not a book of record had been harmed, not a solitary paper of any importance had been destroyed. Some papers had been blown on to the floor. As I stooped to replace them, one of the first I noticed was a receipt for the premium on an extra \$10,000 fire-insurance, which my auditors had advised. All my mistakes and blunders had suddenly been translated into cash by way of the insurance companies, and I was free to enjoy the privilege of making other and greater mistakes, for no business is big enough or progressive that does not make a small percentage of errors and incur a few bad debts. Another benefit conferred by the fire; it compelled us to seek other and more commodious premises. This we did, and embarked on a larger and grander programme of publishing. Then followed the war years, as related in another chronicle, with a marked and sudden growth of business, for we specialized in the publication of war books. Some of these were profitable, but many I published largely as a means of keeping before the American people the war situation as I, an Anglo-Saxon, saw it.

In 1918 we made our next and final move to the fine and commodious quarters at 244 Madison Avenue at the corner of Thirty-eighth Street on the site of the old Havemeyer mansion, on Murray Hill! A relatively quiet and exclusive neighbourhood. Diagonally across in the blocks Thirty-seventh to Thirty-sixth

Street were the two Morgan mansions and the marble library built by the elder J.P.; to the north, George F. Baker's brown-stone, modernly old-fashioned house, and adjoining it the homes of his son and his daughter. Because of a bitter fight over the invasion of this sacredly restricted district by the builders of the sixteen-story building in which we were located, exterior peace and calm persisted for some years. I was thirty-nine years old when the American business was established. Now it was 1919 and I approached my half-century mark. For ten years I had been working without holiday or cessation, an average of at least fourteen hours each day. The business had grown so rapidly I had not taken time to delegate authority and responsibility and was beginning to feel a sense of fatigue. In this same year came my daughter's marriage to Stanley M. Rinehart, Jr., and his introduction to the business. He was a very wise young man with the wit of age, with a rare sense of application and ability. There was John Farrar just coming along. To these two I devoted myself that they should quickly be able to take up responsibilities; they responded so finely that immediately I felt a great sense of relief, and while I was not permitted to relax my own efforts, I did have the consciousness that at last I could see the formation of a nucleus of an organization.

We were still in the inflationary period of a post-war, somewhat artificial activity. Wheat was over \$2 a bushel, paper was 15 cents or more a pound. Everything that went to the making of a book was correspondingly high. Sales were large and bankers liberal in their credits. It was seemingly impossible to resist this spirit and fact of unnatural expansion. There was a buying-fever rampant, prices would continue to rise, the wise merchant would buy while the buying was good. I was caught up with the spirit of the day and was doing a larger business than was justified by my cash capital. Thus I went head on into the merchandise panic of 1921-22, when wheat dropped to \$1 a bushel and raw material and supplies generally dropped 50 per cent or more. This meant a great shrinkage in inventory values, a curtailing of buying and of course of selling. In this disturbed and panicky situation we

had to write off such large amounts that we made only a nominal profit for that year. I was alarmed, for bank loans were payable at their face value—no shrinkage there. While I am sure I could have financed my business safely, there still remained the hazard of life; so I did two things: I sold an issue of \$250,000 of 8 per cent preferred stock and insured my life for \$200,000 in favour of the business. Then I felt more at ease, and quite fully equipped for the fresh impetus that came to all lines of merchandising in 1924, that great burst of prosperity, in which we shared bountifully. Our gross business increased until in 1927 it had grown to over \$2,500,000, from a beginning of less than \$200,000 in 1909. I had a first-class organization; nevertheless I still felt the pressure of an inverted pyramid with its ever broadening base pressing down upon me. Still seemingly filled with energy and ambition, I was constantly oppressed by my financial obligations, especially to my friends who had so promptly and enthusiastically subscribed for my preferred shares. We were splendidly sound financially, but I never could escape the sense of personal obligation for every dollar of outside money invested in my publishing adventure. My devoted friend and partner Ernest Hodder-Williams had succumbed to the worries and pressure of publishing at the early age of fifty-one. That fact unduly impressed me, and I was needlessly apprehensive. Some two years previously I had acquired the interests of Hodder & Stoughton and Ernest himself. Between dividends and stock bonuses, Hodder & Stoughton had profited enormously by their association with me. By this time, the two younger brothers of Stanley Rinehart had joined the company, in junior capacities it is true, but I had a vision of them and John Farrar succeeding to the business. To this end, I acquired all outstanding common shares, including those held by you, Messmore. I know you felt rather badly that I seemed to eliminate you, but I never was more deeply honest in any gesture of my life than when I sought to have you relieved of all care incident upon your association with me; for I had developed a sense that was almost a phobia of paying off everyone who had invested with

me. Having thus acquired over 90 per cent of the common shares, now having a book value of 150 per cent of their face value, I offered them all to the Rinehart family and Farrar at their nominal or par value, I agreeing to serve as chairman of their board at a nominal salary for a period of five years, which would have brought me to the age of sixty-three, just about the age I had long ago fixed for my retirement from great activity. The Rinehart family could not see their way to take the stock, even on the liberal terms of payment I proposed, and I proceeded to operate as usual, gradually relinquishing my personal attention to details until such time as the Rineharts might feel disposed to reopen negotiations, for there were the three of them, young, ambitious, and eager for careers. It was at this juncture that overtures came most unexpectedly from Doubleday, Page & Company for a consolidation of our two companies, and thereby hangs the tale of THE MERGER.

CHAPTER VII

THE MERGER

ONE day in the spring of 1927 I was riding down Long Island with Sam Everitt of Doubleday, Page & Company. We had been long-time friends. We were of an age, each being then about fifty-eight years old. Our conversation turned upon what we each had in mind for the remaining years of our lives. Everitt asked me point-blank what my plan was. I had not given the matter much thought, but offhand I remember saying that for five or six years more I intended to work as I had been working for forty-five years, and then I would like to retire on a competence after providing adequately for my three generations of Marys—my wife, daughter, and grand-daughter. I had been giving some thought to business organization but my own future had not greatly con-

cerned me—I was far more concerned with the future of my business.

I went about my way and gave little thought to my talk with Everitt. Not a great while later he again sought me and asked if I had been serious in my remarks. Then I did begin to be serious.

To go back some years. In 1910 when Doubleday, Page & Company were building their fine new plant at Garden City on Long Island, I saw much of the members of the firm, especially Doubleday and Everitt. I was frequently at the Long Island site—present at the laying of the corner-stone, and not so long ago I discovered that my party of five had made the first entries in the guest-book of the company in the assembly-room of the Country Life Press. The friendship developed to the point where Doubleday through Everitt asked me to consider joining forces. Mine was a comparatively small business, theirs one of considerable magnitude. At best I could have only a relatively small holding in a joint enterprise. Nevertheless I gave the matter some thought. Doubleday would have none of Hodder-Williams, my partner, and Hodder-Williams would have none of Doubleday, so that made a difficult situation. However, I made my own decision. I had always been a poker-player and had wit enough not to sit in at a late hour in a strange game. I applied the principle to this business problem and concluded I did not feel disposed to take a hand with five players, Doubleday, Page, Lanier, Houston, and Everitt, who had so long played the game together that they knew each other's moves to their finest points.

Our friendly relations were not in the least disturbed; in fact we seemed to grow rather more closely together, and entered into a gentleman's agreement that neither one of us would trespass upon the known prerogatives of the other—in other words, we would make no effort to steal each other's authors.

The Garden City adventure was a great success. Physically it grew to be a place of great beauty, and it may never be forgotten that this beauty was in large measure due to the brilliant vision of Neltje Blanchan—the *nom de guerre* of the first Mrs. F. N.

Doubleday. The business itself prospered in extraordinary manner, and at times I felt a vague sense of regret that I had not elected to be a part of it, although I did prefer my independence. Again in 1918 fresh advances were made by Everitt, once more acting for Doubleday. Both businesses had grown tremendously and so far as book-publishing was concerned my growth had been the more rapid. I was flattered by this second wooing but the temptation was much less great than in 1910. I had come to know Doubleday better and realized that he would always be the despot notwithstanding his rather too protesting claims of the mutuality and democracy of his organization. By extraction and practice he was ruthlessly Prussian. So once again I quickly decided to maintain my independent status.

To return to 1927. There had been many and continuous changes in the Doubleday organization. Of the original big five only two remained: Doubleday and Everitt. The Pages, Walter and Arthur, had been eliminated long since. The sensitive Harry Lanier had chosen the quiet and calm of the pursuit of happiness. Houston had been summarily dropped. The new directorate set-up was F. N. Doubleday, son and heir apparent Nelson Doubleday, brother Russell Doubleday, Sam Everitt, and—very important indeed—John J. Hessian. For some years F. N. Doubleday had suffered from a malady which deterred him from continuous active attendance at his office. This then was the situation when Everitt once again broached the subject of the merging of our two enterprises. If I had been unwilling to enter into partnership with a healthy F. N. Doubleday, I was much less willing to become intimately associated with a sick man whose temperament and moods might easily become difficult and unbearable. So my first inquiry was as to my relation to F. N. Doubleday. I was assured and reassured that he would no longer be the active head of the business, that he would become emeritus chairman of the board of directors. Upon this assurance I agreed to negotiate. In a very genuine sense I was curiously indifferent as to what happened to me as an individual, but I was greatly concerned as to what would happen to my business and especially as to how the future of my

young men would be affected, particularly Stanley Rinehart, my then son-in-law, and John Farrar, for whom I had conceived a real paternal interest, and to a lesser degree the two younger Rineharts. Before proceeding any further I talked the matter over with Stanley and John Farrar and told them in so many words that regardless of financial terms, I would leave the final decision to them. At this stage Nelson Doubleday was introduced into the negotiations, who as successor to his father's interests would be the young man with whom my young men would have to reckon. These three young men conferred, and seemingly their minds completely met in a fine accord. So negotiations proceeded. The financial terms were arrived at quickly; on my part I agreed to a very much smaller stated annual salary than I had been accustomed to, in lieu of which I was to receive a cash sum apart entirely from the agreed basis of consolidation of tangible assets. It was a part of the arrangement that I was to retire at the expiration of five years. So far Everitt had been liaison man. Through him all negotiations had been carried on and agreed upon. Naturally in acquiring for myself and my associates a minority interest in the merger corporation I made inquiry as to the succession interest, for I did not want to become involved in a diversely family-controlled company. Again I was assured that control would positively rest with Nelson. As a matter of course this brought him and me into very close negotiation. We met and had several conferences. He heartily agreed to everything except my retirement in five years. To this he took violent exception. "It should be a union for life." "Very well," I agreed, "I will remain until I am carried out feet first and in a wooden box."

Nelson confirmed every statement of Everitt's, specifically the one that F. N. Doubleday would retire from active participation and control. There was brief contention as to the official slate—nothing at all serious for obviously Nelson should succeed his father as president. While not exactly an old man, still I had brought myself to thinking in terms of the younger man's day when "your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall

see visions." Hence I was all enthusiasm for Nelson's official leadership. The final agreement was that F. N. Doubleday should be chairman of the board; that there should be an executive board to consist of Nelson Doubleday, president, George H. Doran and S. A. Everitt, vice-presidents, John J. Hessian, treasurer, and Russell Doubleday, secretary. In addition there would be chosen as directors eight junior associates, including Stanley Rinehart and John Farrar, so that all departments of the business would have representation and expression. My entire life had been urban and I was fitted neither by habit nor choice to life and operation in the country, so it became a part of our consolidation agreement that there should be coordinate headquarters in Garden City and New York City. I simply could not conceive of a huge business attempting to operate at a considerable distance from its most important contacts. And so it was decreed. There had been discussion as to the corporate name. Doubleday, Page & Doran had been suggested. To this I demurred. The Pages voluntarily and indignantly had removed themselves, their money, and their publications. Arthur Page and Nelson Doubleday had disagreed violently and Nelson at least welcomed the deletion of the Page name. F. N. Doubleday clung to the name with which he had so long been associated, and Walter Page had added to his distinction a posthumous glory highly pleasing to F.N.D. There was a brief impasse. I made it a *sine qua non* that the corporate name should be Doubleday, Doran & Company or not at all. The Doubledays were far keener for the consolidation than ever I was, so they met my insistence on this point as on many others. So came into being Doubleday, Doran & Company, Incorporated—potentially, with its Heinemann, London, subsidiary, the most imposing general book-publishing structure in the world. The new organization was launched to seemingly fair skies and favouring winds, and there was no reason under God's heaven why its broadest objectives should not have been achieved. But there was the human equation. I had known F. N. Doubleday for twenty years. I had known him well enough to know that he and I could not operate together any more than

could Doubleday and McClure or Doubleday and Page or in fact Doubleday and anyone else with a personality.

Doubleday I had known as a book-lover—singular—with a complete fidelity to one red russia leather-bound book, the book of the law and the profits. No, not the Holy Bible but the Doubleday Bible. It was the record to the minutest fraction of a percentage of the profits or the losses in each and every department of his business. It was his vade-mecum. It contained his matins, his vespers, and his collects. Long since I had learned that in the Doubleday economics of publishing the auditor-in-chief and not the editor-in-chief was the final arbiter of publishing policy.

I quite well knew that there could be no real harmonizing of the F. N. Doubleday policy and mine. But the thesis of our merging was for a completely new deal where the younger men of both organizations were to have a larger voice while the older men were measurably to be in advisory and counselling relation. A paragraph in *Time*, the weekly news magazine, said that F. N. Doubleday had ordered a new and larger Packard car for his Long Island pilgrimages. It should here be explained that Doubleday's illness was of such a nature that the movement of motoring compensated a palsied condition from which he suffered and he was more at rest and ease while in motion. What I had not known was that his motor car had become his executive office and that from it he directed the business and in it were held all important conferences and meetings. *Time* went on to say that the larger car had been made necessary in order to make a place for me. Sure enough, such was the fact, and I quickly learned that it was expected of me to join with the other four of the executive board in frequent attendance at these meetings.

The entire negotiations for merging had been conducted and concluded in a spirit of utmost goodwill and honourable understanding, so that there did not exist any formal contract, bill of sale, or any document of any sort. It had been my practice to think in terms of my word being rather better than my bond. I had seen very large transactions involving millions consummated by simple word of mouth and the exchange of securities. The

world's greatest business, that of the stock exchange the world over, is transacted by a mere word, sometimes a nod of the head or the raising of the hand. So it seemed to me that our merger might be accomplished on the basis of mutual confidence.

In the last analysis the situation resolved itself into a perfectly human one—especially human in the matter of error. Both Doubleday and I had been extremely honest and candid in our approach to what would be no more and no less than a commercial marriage, and we both made the mistake of thinking that in our late fifties and sixties we could adapt ourselves to the other's habits of life. We also made the blunder of thinking that our in-laws could live in harmony, and even further we failed to reckon that inevitably Doubleday children and Doran children might come into conflict with Doubleday Doran children.

Rather quickly the effects of our parental blunders became manifest, and some of the children decided upon taking up independent life before the iron of discord entered too deeply into their souls. So Stanley Rinehart, John Farrar, and the younger Rineharts resigned to form the firm of Farrar & Rinehart. The separation was, on the surface at least, friendly and harmonious. Farrar & Rinehart took with them some of the Doran contracts which had not been found easily assimilable by the larger organization. By a curious turn of fortune one of these contracts was with Hervey Allen, out of which came *Anthony Adverse*.

It was not a great while before it became obvious to all of us that for us at least marriage was a failure and our only wise course was divorce and dissolution. So ended a great dream of power and influence and prosperity.

F.N.D. was a very sick man and at times came under influences definitely inimical to peace. It is a great pity that a lifelong friendship had been disrupted by an attempt at closer union—but we all of us blundered and we all of us have had to pay the price of an ill-advised effort at a magnificence not firmly established on a bed-rock foundation.

In 1927 it was a simple matter to sell a business. In at least two other directions I could have sold George H. Doran Company

to other interests, but chose the Doubleday contact as being the most agreeable outlet for the genius and energy of my younger people. In discussing the merger, from the outset I urged for the maintenance of the two organizations under one ownership, Doubleday, Page & Company to follow their traditions and habits and George H. Doran Company theirs. I still think this would have been the wise plan, but in the enthusiasm of unity I was overcome and yielding.

So ended a great plan. *Requiescat in pace.*

PART TWO

Which Concerns Publishers and Publishing Associates

CHAPTER VIII

HODDER & STOUGHTON

IT was in 1885 that I first made the acquaintance of this great firm and then in the person of Matthew Hodder himself. He was a great and imposing figure notwithstanding his shortness of stature. He wore a great flowing snow-white beard and always reminded me of Moses—so patriarchal was he. He was on one of his biennial business visits to the United States and Canada. I had been detailed to act as his courier round about Toronto. As we were riding in a horse-car he chatted to me, and I felt very proud that the great man would occupy himself with a mere boy of fifteen. He had a soft, mellifluous voice and a most evangelically benign smile. He spoke of my employer S. R. Briggs. Of course he was most complimentary and naturally I was equally so. In the course of his compliments he said that Mr. Briggs was a man of great catholicity of spirit. I was shocked. My vocabulary had all the limitations of fifteen years—catholicity meant catholic, catholic meant Roman Catholic, and here were we waging a holy war upon the Scarlet Woman and all her evils. Our weapons were *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome* by Father Chiniquy and *Why Priests Should Wed* by Justin D. Fulton—we were selling these by thousands of copies. Father Chiniquy's book was a calm and clinical work alleging to expose from a service of fifty years in the Church of Rome the evils and iniquities of that great church and her practices. Fulton's book was a melodramatic affair; it was purely an objective tirade, for Fulton was a Baptist D.D. My visit with the saintly Mr. Hodder was ruined. Was my Chief a hypocrite and heretic in disguise, and was Matthew Hodder abetting him in his nefarious practices? The whole fabric of evangelicalism was tottering in my soul. As quickly as I could

after delivering Mr. Hodder to his destination I sought a dictionary—either to affirm or to allay my suspicions. Imagine my relief when I learned the true meaning of that puzzling polysyllabic word. My faith was restored and my vocabulary permanently enriched. Such was my introduction to Hodder & Stoughton, who were to be with some short lapses intimately related to my entire publishing career.

It was on the occasion of this visit in 1885 that Mr. Hodder announced an important departure in the publishing activities of his firm. It appeared that Messrs. Matthew Hodder and Thomas W. Stoughton as individuals had divided the world geographically for purposes of intensive cultivation and operation, for in addition to being evangelical publishers they were, each in his own way, evangelists and propagandists—ever the shrewd merchants. Mr. Hodder, always the senior member of a copartnership, took under his direction the business of London, the United States, Canada, and other colonies of the Empire. Mr. Stoughton, sharing the home market of England with Mr. Hodder, had for his particular and especial care the highly important parish of Scotland. Comparatively small in population, it was great and important from the publisher's standpoint. Not only did Scotland purchase and read vast quantities of religious books, she also was the source of the authorship of many of the most important books of that day. So Mr. Stoughton's missions to Scotland had the double purpose of selling the Hodder & Stoughton publications and of securing of books by Scottish divines and writers. In the course of these frequent visits Mr. Stoughton established a great friendship for a young Scottish preacher by the name of William Robertson Nicoll (but much more of him as an individual later on in these chronicles). Nicoll's health being none too robust and the rigours of the Aberdeen climate too penalizing, he was easily persuaded to come to London as editor for Hodder & Stoughton. His fertile mind quickly evolved a programme of great expansion for Hodder & Stoughton. First, the founding of a weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of Nonconformity and to be called the *British Weekly: A Journal of Religious and Social Progress*. Mr. Hodder

had copies of the first issue with him on this 1885 visit. Next was a great theological work to be known as *The Expositor's Bible*: a series of fifty volumes dealing with all the books of the Bible and under Nicoll's expert editorship to be made up of expository commentaries by the outstanding scholars and divines of the day. The first six volumes were announced and ready. Among these six were included the first volume on the prophet Isaiah by the distinguished professor and scholar George Adam Smith, D.D., of Aberdeen—a simple enough announcement of itself. But its portent was ominous. George Adam Smith had made the startling discovery that there were two Isaiahs, and this first volume dealt with one Isaiah—a second to follow would deal with the other Isaiah. Here was rank heresy to the Fundamentalist and evangelical minds and souls of Matthew Hodder and S. R. Briggs. But after all, business was business and they must accept the bitter with the sweet. Mr. Hodder was penitently apologetic for the sins of his partner and his editor. He was helpless, but the grand programme of *The Expositor's Bible* might not be thwarted by the accident of George Adam Smith's discovery. Mr. Hodder in his association with Nicoll reminded me always of the proverbial man who had a racing bull by the tail. He hesitated to let go, for the bull's progress was towards material prosperity; he held on only at the risk of stumbling and the numbing of his evangelical conscience—but after all, the bull raced on and Mr. Hodder agilely followed, skilfully avoiding the rocks and pitfalls of discord and disaster. Curiously enough, this polemic of George Adam Smith's was among the "best-sellers" of the day. Notwithstanding the fact that we kept the poisonous book under the counter and sold it only on request as one would sell a doubtful pornographic book in these days, the sale of this was easily six to one as compared to the sales of other volumes in the series. Reluctantly the copies were dispensed; avidly the proceeds were coffered for the benefit of the great work of evangelism. Messrs. Hodder and Briggs supplicated for the saving of the souls of George Adam Smith and his followers.

I met Mr. Hodder on each of his succeeding biennial visits

until 1892, when I went to Chicago. It was several years before I was to see him again; this was in 1905, when I made my first visit to London. I found Hodder & Stoughton housed in their commodious new quarters in Warwick Square, for they had long outgrown the original premises at 27 Paternoster Row. On the second floor in a room of luxurious simplicity I was introduced into the presence—not of one monarch, but of two. There were two highly polished mahogany roll-topped desks, one on either side of the spacious room. From over the top of the one was to be seen the familiar face and beard of Mr. Hodder, whose welcome was profusely cordial; he had the Franklin Roosevelt quality of continuous urbanity and disarming smile. Over the top of the other desk could be discovered the miniature John Bull figure of Thomas W. Stoughton—a round, rosy face curtained by well-groomed mutton-chop whiskers; a smallish man with the rotund waist-line of the well-fed Englishman. His greeting was in a squeaky falsetto voice that conveyed but little warmth. This introductory visit was a highly formal affair, for obviously the partners were loth to betray any particular interest or emotion one to the other. These were reserved for later and separated meetings. On the rug which separated these two commercial thrones lay unseen the sword of Nicoll. By reason of greater intellectual attainments Mr. Hodder had been the real genius and driving force of the firm. By the accident of Scotland and Nicoll Mr. Stoughton had been the means of bringing to the partnership its greatest literary and material impetus. These two outwardly meek souls were obviously jealous one of the other, but they were united in that common bond of commercial success. Once each year the partners and their wives paid formal visits to the homes of the other—there social contact began and ended. The Hodder home was at Bromley in Kent. The Stoughton home was in Upper Norwood. To each of these homes I was invited and entertained. At Bromley, stretched along the high road bordering the Common, were the Hodder homesteads. The main castle was Carisbrooke, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Hodder. It was imposingly Victorian in its simple grandeur. One of its chief

features was a huge room looking out over the lovely gardens and arranged as a chapel for the services conducted each week by Mr. Hodder. From Carisbrooke there was dispensed real English hospitality. Here had been entertained many of the great evangelicals, not the least of these being the American D. L. Moody. Mr. Hodder had been a leader in what was called the iron-church movement—which meant that a portable iron church with all its simple appurtenances could readily be transported gipsy-like from one community to another where services would be held under the immediate ministrations of Mr. Hodder and his associates. This movable church was rendered necessary because the iron-church band did not choose to associate itself with any one of the regularly established Nonconformist denominations. Rather they were ascetics, more nearly resembling the Plymouth Brethren than any other recognizable division of evangelical effort.

Presiding over Carisbrooke was the astute Mrs. Hodder, who knew her Matthew and was a real power beyond the throne—a Victoria in the manifestation of an indomitable will. Next to Carisbrooke, across beautiful lawns, was Brockhampton, the home of the Princess Royal—Mrs. John Williams, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Hodder. Here was the matriarch, a wonderful woman endowed with all the fine qualities of both her parents. One generation and three hundred feet removed from the militant activities of evangelicalism, she devoted her time and her energies to the bringing up not only of her own family but her family's families as well. Among my happiest memories are the days I have spent as guest in the home of this truly remarkable woman. Her sons and her daughters have had lives of distinction and happiness and have done great honour to a notable mother. That family would have provided a Galsworthy with yet another saga. However, my interest centres in one son—the heir apparent, whose modest Gothic lodge adjoined Brockhampton on the north. Here lived John Ernest Williams, afterwards to be so well known as J. E. Hodder-Williams and later as the distinguished Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams, for the sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs.

John Williams had joined the family names of Hodder and Williams and become the Hodder-Williamses. From his cradle John Ernest had been destined and trained to become the successor to Matthew Hodder as publisher; indeed he quickly became an important factor in the publishing house, but his story is a separate one, for we were to become intimately identified together in a broadening enterprise.

The Stoughton home in Norwood—or Upper Norwood, I have forgotten which—was the perfection of Victorian austerity and discomfort. However, it eminently fitted the atmosphere of the home. This is not to be misunderstood as a criticism or a reflection on the hospitality of my hostess and host. It was simply the inevitable manifestation of the influence of Victorianism on the average upper-middle-class English home, the members of which had not been able successfully to survive and rise above the blight of hypocrisy and mediocrity. Mr. Stoughton was a religionist and an evangelical but in a somewhat negative fashion as opposed to the militant positiveness of Matthew Hodder. Yet he was a generous supporter of all good works. His particular pride was that he had successfully promoted and financed the appearance at the Crystal Palace, London, of the famous Fisk Jubilee singers from America.

He had been overtaken by gout, and as we withdrew to the drawing-room he perched himself on a red plush chair high removed from the floor; rested his tired feet on a red plush footstool and his arms on red plush side-rests, all surmounted by his red plush face, while in his falsetto voice he recited the story of his finding of Nicoll and the consequent great progress of his firm. The little man was quite right. He was just as important in the economic structure of Hodder & Stoughton as Andrew was in the Apostolic cabinet of Jesus when he went out and found Peter. We hear much of Peter but little of Andrew—much of Hodder but little of Stoughton.

So I became oriented—the Hodders and the Williamses were gregarious and vocal, the Stoughtons diffident and reserved; and

quite naturally my lines of association were altogether in the direction of the Hodder dynasty.

There was a definite system of pure paternalism in the firm of Hodder & Stoughton. Employees were drawn from Bromley and Norwood. Each Saturday morning alternately Mr. Hodder and Mr. Stoughton disbursed to the staff their earnings of the week. The employees one by one would pass in front of the desk where either Mr. Hodder or Mr. Stoughton was seated. As he handed a young man his wage Mr. Hodder would smile and benignantly pat him on the back, tell him of his loyalty and fidelity—this to be the equivalent of half a crown or 5 shillings which really should have been added to the meagre wage of the worker; but the sunshine of the pleasure of the employer was more than silver or gold—for the moment of passing. Mr. Stoughton was much more formal and stoical; he paid off in the manner of a just steward. So each Saturday morning there was instilled into the minds of these coworkers in a great cause the fear of God and the fear of Matthew Hodder and Thomas W. Stoughton.

Rather quickly the business outgrew the personal attentions and censure of these two ageing men; the orbit of influence and activity was fast widening and extending. There was the *British Weekly* now grown to a great property and an especial pride to its godfather Mr. Stoughton—this was an enterprise all of itself. Robertson Nicoll as its editor was a force to be respected, revered, and feared. John Ernest Hodder-Williams had been admitted to partnership; so also had Cecil Stoughton, but he was much more a negative quantity than his father and Hodder-Williams had to carry the greater part of the responsibility. His road was not an easy one, for the paternal restraint which Matthew Hodder, in spite of his grandfatherly pride, imposed on the young man might have seriously curtailed his development and the expansion of the business if T. W. Stoughton and Robertson Nicoll had not supported Hodder-Williams with affection and confidence.

Mr. Hodder and Mr. Stoughton were gentlemen and merchants of the old school. Their race is passing if not already quite

passed, but to England and the Empire they have left a heritage of shrewdness, slightly tarnished halos, and matchless courage fortified by an almost uncanny prudence.

CHAPTER IX

J. E. H. W.

SIR ERNEST HODDER-WILLIAMS

IT must have been in the year 1887 that there accompanied Matthew Hodder to Canada a tall, gangling boy, his spindly legs accentuated by his knickerbocker suit with the legs of the pants drawn up after the manner of present-day plus-fours but stopping just below the knees. He had an overwise head, a thin, pointed face, with spectacles so thick that his eyes assumed undue prominence. This boy of ten or twelve was Ernest Williams, grandson of Mr. Hodder and the duly nominated successor to Mr. Hodder in the business of Hodder & Stoughton. He was in process of training for that succession—the spectacles were the result of too close application to reading and study. That was my first meeting with John Ernest Hodder-Williams, familiarly known in his early active years as J.E.H.W. In the ten years to follow I was to see J.E.H.W. only semi-occasionally, for my change to Chicago temporarily broke the intimacy of my relations with Hodder & Stoughton, since there had been rather serious differences of opinion between Hodder & Stoughton and Fleming H. Revell, and the acknowledged contact for Hodder & Stoughton in the United States was the fine old established house of Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son. Nevertheless, we did meet whenever J.E.H.W. came to America and we maintained our friendship. In 1906, when I had determined upon creating a business of my own my first

thought was to seek an intimate alliance with Hodder & Stoughton, for I knew that J.E.H.W. was keen for a more flexible and aggressive representation in the United States than the Armstrongs were able to give. But the loyalties and friendships between Mr. Hodder, Mr. Stoughton, and particularly Robertson Nicoll and the Armstrong family were so strong that J.E.H.W. and I had to drop our scheme of alliance for the time. Two years later, in 1908, with some minor hostages to friendship the original scheme of J.E.H.W. and myself was put into operation, and upon formation of the American corporation of George H. Doran Company, Hodder & Stoughton had a one-third interest and J.E.H.W. became its vice-president. Proudly I was permitted to announce ourselves as publishers in America for Hodder & Stoughton.

I have already said that from the very beginning of his days J.E.H.W. had been chosen to succeed to the mantle of his grandfather. The marvellous energy and vitality of Mr. Hodder left unobserved the hiatus of the intervening generation. The precocity and maturity of J.E.H.W. made it appear that he was more nearly a younger son than a grandson, for he had a wisdom far beyond his years. Rather than follow the academic courses of English colleges and universities, J.E.H.W. studied in France and Germany and thus gained a highly cosmopolitan perspective of his native country and its publishing enterprise—a training which was to prove invaluable in his later life. Returning from abroad, he joined with Robertson Nicoll in the conduct of the *British Weekly*, the *Bookman*, and other editorial activities of this great critic and literary genius.

J.E.H.W. not only inherited from his grandparents and from his mother an inherent flair for publishing but particularly from Matthew Hodder did he derive a sagacity and a shrewdness that was to be developed to the point where he became one of the outstanding merchants of London. Trained in the atmosphere of a rigid Nonconformity, he automatically acquired a rare and keen perception of the religious publishing world. Under the tutelage of Robertson Nicoll he was enabled to keep in step with advancing religious thought and culture so that while perhaps losing a

little of the ebullient evangelicalism, the house of Hodder & Stoughton became the acknowledged leaders in the publication of progressively conservative religious thought.

One of the first problems to confront the young publisher and his preceptor was Professor Henry Drummond and his epoch-making book *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. Here was revolution, and from the evangelical point of view almost heresy, but Drummond was a vital force—he had an enormous following, especially among the younger college men. Clearly he was a coming man. He was a discovery of Nicoll's. Again the bull by the tail. The older men yielded to a compromise. They would consent to the publication of the book only on a commission basis, that is, Drummond was to defray all costs of publication and Hodder & Stoughton would charge him a commission on all sales made. Thus was responsibility shared and consciences salved. The enormous sale and popularity of that book is a matter of publishing history. Later on when his little book *The Greatest Thing in the World* was ready for publication the canny Scot in Henry Drummond imposed upon Hodder & Stoughton the same terms of publication as those obtaining for *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. The little book sold in hundreds of thousands. The income to Henry Drummond from his books was enormous; he devoted it to the furthering of his work among college men. Thus vicariously did Hodder & Stoughton foster and support an evangelical movement of a vastly different character from their old-time formula.

It seems to me that Henry Drummond more than any other man taught the world that the Scottish school of religious thought could absorb, filter, and analyze all the findings of the higher criticism—accept into its beliefs and teachings those things which were constructively good and true without losing a scintilla of fundamental piety and reverence. Indeed, they used the criticisms which were intended to be destructive to bolster and strengthen the strongholds of orthodox belief.

The net result of this *contretemps* was to give to J.E.H.W. and Robertson Nicoll an almost unquestioned influence and control of

publishing selection, for not only had the Christian world at large accepted Drummond and his books but the sagacious Matthew Hodder and Thomas Stoughton had lost thousands of pounds sterling by reason of their timidity.

Very early in his career as partner and publisher J.E.H.W. embarked upon one of the most spectacular and successful of publishing enterprises. This was the production of sumptuously illustrated editions of standard and classical books. To enumerate a few, there were these books: Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, *Twelfth Night*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*, the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, Barrie's *Peter Pan* and *The Admirable Crichton*, and many others. The artists were England's best: Arthur Rackham, Hugh Thomson, W. Heath Robinson, Bernard Partridge, Edmund Dulac, René Bull, and many others of equal distinction and prominence whose names escape me.

In point of excellence of art, popularity, distinction, and profit the crowning achievement of this particular publishing expression was the publication of the Fitzgerald version of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* illustrated by Edmund Dulac. The book was a joy and a treasure. Its public acceptance was immediate and great.

All was going well until one fateful Monday morning. Over the week-end Mr. Hodder had taken occasion to read for the first time Omar's *Rubáiyát*; also for the first time he had reviewed the art of Edmund Dulac. On that Monday morning, fresh from the exhausting exhilaration of an evangelically active Sabbath, he thrust himself into the office and presence of J.E.H.W. In his shaking hand he held a copy of Dulac's Omar Khayyám. This is the scene and the conversation as related to me by J.E.H.W. himself:

Mr. Hodder: "Ernest, what is this pagan book you have dared to publish over my imprint?"

J.E.H.W.: "Why, Grandad, that is one of the greatest classics of all time."

Mr. Hodder: "Classic or no classic, I will not tolerate the publication of such heathen rubbish."

J.E.H.W.: "Grandad, it is beautifully illustrated by one of the very greatest artists of our day—it is a proud production."

Mr. Hodder: "The artist only abets the author, whoever he is, in the presentation of a purely pagan and disgusting book. I will have none of it."

Driven into a corner by this Moses-like wrath of a modern patriarch, *J.E.H.W.* was at his wit's end for adequate defence. Finally he had the inspiration of three generations of commercial wisdom and quietly said, "But, Grandad, we made a profit of £800 on that book in the last twelve months." The violence of wrath subsided. Gradually a peaceful expression came over the old man's face—back came the benign and disarming smile. Patting his grandson gently on the shoulder, he admonished him, "You will be careful, Ernest, my boy, won't you?" The incident was closed. Hodder & Stoughton continued the profitable publication of Dulac's *Omar Khayyám*.

The *British Weekly* prospered. Under the inspired genius of Robertson Nicoll it had attained a circulation well over 100,000 weekly—a record circulation for any such journal. More, it had become the acknowledged organ of Nonconformity, religiously, socially, politically. It imposed certain restrictions on the character of Hodder & Stoughton publications, particularly on fiction. The fiction of that day, however, was not the naked self-expression we know now, so that *J.E.H.W.* was able in spite of some handicap to embark on a bold campaign of fiction-publishing. Fiction was becoming the new method of expression; there was a great public at home for it, and in the colonies and abroad. Hodder & Stoughton had all the machinery ready for larger distribution, and by leaps and bounds their fiction list grew until it included a great many of the leading British and American novelists of the day. Then *J.E.H.W.* determined upon a much bolder stroke. In England at that time reprints of popular fiction were obtainable chiefly in flat paper-bound magazine form. From his visits to America *J.E.H.W.* had observed with covetous eye and absorbing mind the great success of reprint publication as best expressed by the genius and energy of the firm of Grosset & Dunlap. He thereupon

proceeded to effect in Britain what no American publisher had been able to accomplish in the United States: the combining of the sales of original high-priced editions with those of the popular low-priced editions. But this must be said: Trading conditions were altogether different in the two countries—the impossible in America was the possible in Britain. J.E.H.W. succeeded so quickly and so completely in his new scheme that he established Hodder & Stoughton as the greatest and most enterprising publishers of popular and popular-priced fiction in Britain. So true is this that wherever you turn, in the book-stores and book-stalls of England and Scotland, in every corner of Britain's colonies, in every book-store on the Continent where books in the English language are sold, may be found the familiar yellow-jacketed product of the house of Hodder & Stoughton. Somewhat of a technical publisher's tale, but it is an epoch-making incident in the progress of world-publishing.

At about this time, J.E.H.W. undertook two other large and highly successful enterprises, these with his great friend Humphrey S. Milford: the publication jointly with the Oxford University Press of a comprehensive series of modern medical books, known as the Oxford Medical Books; and a complete series of books for young people ranging from the simplest primer to the romantically informing books for older youngsters. At the time of the Great War, as a measure of economy of operation these joint enterprises were entirely assumed by the Oxford University Press, but not before J.E.H.W. had impressed upon them his genius and personality.

While there were these outstanding departures and departments in J.E.H.W.'s programme for the making of a great publishing house, his courage and rare discernment brought to his list many of the most important and distinguished books of his day. He had the rare quality of making the distinctive popular and the popular distinctive.

Meanwhile the American business was making fine headway. We quickly composed the Armstrong situation by purchasing the entire Armstrong business. We joined with Hodder & Stoughton

in their more important undertakings of international interest. We, on the other hand, secured for Hodder & Stoughton many American books. Never at any time was I permitted to have the slightest financial interest in Hodder & Stoughton, London. I made semi-annual visits to London and every other year J.E.H.W. came to New York, and by this means we developed and maintained a complete integrity of interest, but we always maintained our separate entities. The years from 1908 to 1914 were happy, peaceful, and progressive. G.H.D. Co. was prosperous. It had yielded handsome profits to Hodder & Stoughton in addition to placing them in a position to assure authors world-wide publication—a valuable asset to any British firm which could guarantee adequate American publication.

Once in a while we would reach the point of discussing the possibility of a European war, but we neither of us took it very seriously. However, when on July 27, 1914, I arrived at the Savoy in London, I found awaiting me a letter from J.E.H.W. which read somewhat as follows: "My dear G.H.D.: Welcome, Old Man. Things are a bit down here. I do not know whether to be more concerned over the Irish situation or the crisis in Serbia. At all events I have taken some Lloyd's insurance against the possibilities of war. Let us meet very soon. Ever yours, J.E.H.W." Of course we met and very soon—the next day, in fact. Events moved with startling rapidity; our own little plans reached an impasse and sank into utter unimportance in the face of world-events. Ireland was forgotten. The only question was, would England be drawn into conflict and what effect would that have on our affairs? Then came the moratorium and the August bank holiday. On that Saturday J.E.H.W. and I met by appointment at his office. All London was quiet that holiday morning. The Central Powers by way of Austria had declared war on Serbia, involving Russia. France was on the verge of hostilities. Would Great Britain become involved? To J.E.H.W. this seemed inevitable. This would mean an entire change in business outlook and operation. America, of course, would remain neutral and there might be opportunity for G.H.D. Co. to be of singular service to

Hodder & Stoughton, for quickly there might come a shortage of paper and supplies. We might be called upon to supply Hodder & Stoughton with finished product in the shape of completely manufactured books. Together we canvassed the situation as we saw it on that morning and as we feared it might develop. We reviewed and intensified our own little *entente cordiale* of many years' standing. We would stand or fall together as an undivided unit.

Throughout the war J.E.H.W. applied himself with renewed vigour and intensity to the new problems of commerce and publishing. Patriotism came first and since his defective eyesight denied him the privilege of actual field service, J.E.H.W. put his whole great and influential organization at the service of his country. He was first among publishers to support every benevolent enterprise in aid of the men at the front and of the work at home. He was largely responsible for the tremendous success of two books published for the sole purpose of raising funds for war benevolences. These were *The Prince of Wales Book* and *King Albert's Book*. These he published at great personal sacrifice and loss. He survived the war, but the strain on my never too robust friend exacted heavy penalty of him. A great personal grief came to him in the loss of his wife. At about this time his Government honoured him by creating him a Knight of the British Empire—and none ever was more deserving. He became Sir Ernest. The Italian Government accorded him one of its highest and most distinguishing decorations. When he came to New York in 1919 to pay me a personal visit he was visibly shaken and ill. But his was an indomitable spirit and he never seemed to lose his optimism and unwavering good humour.

In the years immediately following the Armistice our paths began to diverge. At the very beginning of the formation of G.H.D. Co. I had come under the influence of Arnold Bennett and the realists. A great Nonconformist house could not become sponsor for the frankness of these moderns. The great moderns were unwilling to come under the imprimatur of Nonconformity. There were occasional mutterings of discontent and apprehension

voiced by Sir Ernest, for were we not "publishers in America for Hodder & Stoughton"? At last the little storm broke when we had successfully published *The Green Hat* by Michael Arlen—almost simultaneously with the joint publication by Hodder & Stoughton and ourselves of Professor James Moffatt's translation of the New Testament. It may have been this coincidence or it may be that a Canadian publisher stimulated Sir Ernest's rebellion. I had occasion to go to Toronto to conclude an important deal with the vice-president and general manager of one of Canada's leading publishers. After we had concluded a large and mutually satisfactory piece of business, we relaxed in his cosy office before a glowing grate fire and our talk became reminiscent and general. I had known him years before as an invoice clerk and junior book-keeper at Copp, Clark & Co. Finally out of the blue he said, "Mr. Doran, you publish Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat*, do you not?" "Yes," I responded. "Do you think it a book suited to the Christian home?" "Well," said I, "that really must be a matter for personal decision." "But," he continued, "do you not think it a positively harmful book?" I countered, "You could scarcely expect Michael Arlen's publisher to share that view." "Yes, yes," said he, "but you must have your own personal convictions." Committing him solemnly to secrecy—strictly within four walls as it were—I conceded somewhat ironically that at times I might feel the slightest shade of embarrassment in going forth with Michael Arlen's *The Green Hat* in one hand and Moffatt's New Testament in the other. I had the precedent of his own Empire going to China with the opium of India in one hand and the products of the British and Foreign Bible Society in the other. Our pleasant conference was at an end. I do not know whether or not Sir Ernest ever heard of this episode. Finally he wrote that the next time we met we would have a friendly talk about this problem of imprint, for after all it was becoming as much of a problem for me as for him.

We met. After our usual cordial salutations I plunged at once into this impending crisis. In the finest of spirit and good nature we had a brief controversy. I contended that one of the difficulties

was that I published the books he wanted to read while he published what Nonconformity wanted to read. He frankly admitted my point. Finally I resorted to profane parable. I reminded him of the age-old story of two Irishmen who agreed to a pugilistic encounter until such time as one or the other cried "Enough." On went the battle for at least an hour. At last one of the faintly struggling combatants stertorously spouted the magic word. The other in exhausted relief blurted, "Egad! I have been trying to think of that word for the last half-hour." We smiled together. We shook hands. Another crisis passed. The offending imprint ceased to appear and there were no ripples on the separating Atlantic.

As time went on, it became plain that Sir Ernest was beginning seriously to feel the effects of too long and too intensive an application to publishing and world-affairs. More and more of his days he was compelled to spend restfully at his home in the country, but his spirit still dominated every important move of his publishing. His mind was ever alert, his judgment electric in its decisions. As I met him I could not fail to see that he was himself impressed by his increasing ill health. I sensed that shrewdly and quietly he was putting his house in order. There was the formation of a separate corporation for the *British Weekly*. Hodder & Stoughton had become Hodder & Stoughton, Limited. His two younger brothers, R. Percy and Ralph, had become more largely interested shareholders and he was relinquishing many of his burdens to their younger shoulders. I was not at all surprised when one day he broached the subject of his company's share in George H. Doran Company. He counselled me to do as he was doing and buy up all outstanding interests of consequence. He protested that his suggestion was highly fraternal and considering. In that spirit I met his proposals and we readily agreed upon a price at which I personally should acquire the Hodder & Stoughton holdings. It was a fair bargain, as all our bargains had been. It yielded to Hodder & Stoughton in addition to regular dividends a profit of 400 per cent on their original investment. We were both content. This severing of fiscal ties did not in the slight-

est degree disturb our intimate association in publishing, for this continued uninterrupted until the passing of George H. Doran Company into Doubleday, Doran & Company, Incorporated.

One December day in 1926 I missed him from his office—for days this absence continued. I became apprehensive. Finally he asked if I would not come to his home to see him. Gladly I went, only to be ushered into the presence of an obviously very ill man. He was cheery as ever; his interest in publishing, in me, in our mutual friends was as keen and considerate as ever. We had our last interview. The day following my visit he went to a nursing-home and in March of the following year at the youthful age of fifty-one he passed on. My sense of loss was too great for words—it still is. Ours was a confidently understanding friendship. We had for the substantial basis our interest in the engaging and intellectually stimulating enterprise of publishing. We had our differences, many of them, but they were always solved in equity and good-fellowship.

Ernest Williams, J.E.H.W., and Sir Ernest lived in those short fifty-one years more than a Century of Progress. More than any one publisher of his time Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams left upon his chosen profession the imprint of a great and constructive personality. He was a ten-talent man. He made of his heritage a greater and nobler structure than ever had been conceived of by its founders.

In Warwick Square his old office has become somewhat of a shrine. It is the meeting-place of his friends. There one is greeted by R. Percy Hodder-Williams, brother of Sir Ernest and present chairman of Hodder & Stoughton, Limited. The walls are covered with portraits of the founders and members of Hodder & Stoughton: Matthew Hodder; Thomas W. Stoughton; Cecil Stoughton; William Robertson Nicoll; and younger members. The portrait of Sir Ernest which dominates the group is expressive of the eternal spirit of the man, which reached down into the past, lived a great present, and is to the future a source of strength and inspiration.

CHAPTER X

WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL

I APPROACH this chapter with great trepidation and misgiving—sort of a cat-may-look-at-a-king sense of modesty overtakes me, for not only is my subject a great figure in letters and statesmanship but so many have written of him and he has radiated his own personality so vividly that there would appear to be little to add to Nicolliana. Yet some little things and incidents of my observation may have escaped the more finished and expert biographers.

As I have said in an earlier chapter, I had a first copy of the *British Weekly*, that militant journal which was to introduce and create William Robertson Nicoll as a vital force in the religious, social, and political life of Great Britain—if not of the entire English-speaking world. For forty years and more I regularly and avidly read the weekly issues. I witnessed the flow of books of distinction resulting from his acute perception and discovery. These books were in all departments of literature represented by theology, religion, philosophy, fiction, biography, and *belles-lettres*. He was not only an indefatigable worker himself; he had all the qualities of a great executive who compelled others to work along the lines of his conceptions and ideals.

More than twenty years were to elapse before I was to come within hailing distance of him—and even then there was a great barrier to overcome. For Nicoll was a jealous god. He also was a man of great and abiding loyalties. In the making of the Hodder & Stoughton-George H. Doran Company alliance he had no part. I was not one of his discoveries. Sinclair Armstrong was his pal in his religious and mystical interests. Frank H. Dodd of Dodd, Mead and Company was his friend and intimate in his enterprises

of broader and more literary import. To Mr. Dodd he confided the American fortunes of the *Bookman*, the monthly literary magazine which for many years set a new standard in its field. To Mr. Dodd he entrusted the publication of his discovery Ian Maclaren, whose *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *Days of Auld Lang Syne* were the publishing sensation of their day. Even now if one would have a great emotional and literary thrill one has only to read *A Doctor of the Old School*—a section from *The Bonnie Brier Bush*. It is a cameo which could only be created by a Scot under the inspiration of a fellow Scot. There was, however, another loyalty working for me—Nicoll's admiration and affection for Hodder-Williams. We had bought the Armstrong business. Mr. Dodd had passed on, and when it came to making a choice of the younger generation the influence of Hodder-Williams was paramount. Finally, by the persuasion of Hodder-Williams, the savant consented to receive me. Except on Wednesdays Nicoll was a hermit—almost a recluse, for he rarely ventured forth from his home and his study. By special grace my appointment was for a Monday afternoon at Bay Tree Lodge, Frognaal, Hampstead. Alternating between exultation and fear, I accompanied Hodder-Williams to the shrine. We were admitted and conducted up two flights of stairs to the holy of holies—Nicoll's library. Never before nor since have I seen so characteristically individual a library. It occupied the full top floor of a very large house. Two rows of shelving all around the walls—standards like those in a public library—occupied the available open floor-space. Every other inch of the floor was carpeted with books, backs upward, save for a garden-path through this maze of letters which led from the door to the seat of the mighty. This seat was a leather-covered inglenook on one side of an old-fashioned marble fireplace. On this seat, with legs folded under him in true oriental fashion, sat this potentate of letters. His brown velvet smoking-jacket was redolent of nicotine—vital and cremated; from his calabash pipe little streamers of burning shredded Capstan draped themselves over the edges. I was introduced; his greeting in true Scottish leg-pulling fashion was, "Well, Mr. Doran, I hear you

are a man of idee-as." For one brief moment I was flabbergasted, but I dare not go down under the challenge—the Irish of me and the Irish of my protagonist Hodder-Williams was at stake. I said, "Sir William, you have heard of the man who read his glowing obituary notice in his morning *Times*—appalled, he could only exclaim, 'My God, do I have to live up to that?'" The strain was eased. Gradually Nicoll unfolded himself physically and mentally. He became animated and alert. I think he metaphorically took me to his bosom, for he invited the prolonging of our visit and as I was leaving presented me with an autograph copy of one of his books—a peace-offering to a satrap, a patent to nobility in the Nicoll realm. When a Scotsman forsakes a prejudice and gives of his friendship it is a very genuine and enduring gesture. This was singularly true in the case of Nicoll, for from the time of my first visit until his passing he never knew of my being in London without giving me a hearty and cordial invitation to come to him.

I have said that Nicoll was a great worker; that is a faint phrase—he was a prodigious worker and producer. In the *British Weekly* alone he wrote each week the greater part of the original material then appearing and in addition contributed the best of the book-reviews in its influential columns. His most important contribution of course was the front-page leader, at times a stimulating rallying message to the rank and file of Nonconformity, again an epistle to the faithful, Pauline in its unction and mysticism. He also wrote broadsides on the vital issues of the day, such as the Education Bill and Welsh Disestablishment. In war-time his was the voice—almost the command—that steadied the wavering ranks of Nonconformity solidly behind Lloyd George and the prosecution and the winning of the war. The *British Weekly* brought to its editor many and staunch friendships; of necessity it made for him many enemies, but Nicoll was never happier than when waging battle. These leaders were unsigned save by the inescapable evidence of their origin. As "Claudius Clear" he contributed articles which chiefly would best qualify for a collection of *belles-lettres*. As "A Man of Kent" his column was in the nature of spicity and challenging notes by the way. As "W.R.N." he casti-

gated men, books, and things. Altogether it would appear that at least one-third in volume and three-fourths in importance of the contents of each week's issue was from the pen and soul of Nicoll.

Observing him closely one might readily discover that he read, thought, spoke, and listened only in terms of writing. Every sentence he uttered was in final printable form. He was master of the adequate word—no more, no less. In addition to the *British Weekly* he edited and conducted the *Bookman* and the *Expositor*. The former is best described by his chosen slogan taken from James Russell Lowell—"I am a bookman." He was. Valiantly he strove to make a whole race of bookmen. So long as he actively edited this magazine it was foremost in its class.

The *Expositor* was a somewhat remote and semi-precious theological magazine with a choice though limited circulation. However, it served the very good purpose of keeping Nicoll closely in touch with the trend of theological thought and contributed measurably to his discoveries of oncoming leaders. As a matter of fact, seemingly unimportant as was the magazine, its very title was key to his character—he was first, last, and always an expositor in any one of the varying meanings of that word. He expounded. He exposed. He expositioned. As a friend he was a source of tremendous strength. As a foe he was implacable and many there were who stood in awesome fear of him. He was a great friend of the younger generation. Many a man in high position in the church and in letters owes his start to the encouragement and confidence of William Robertson Nicoll.

Perhaps the most notable discovery of Nicoll's—at this time it seems to have been an inevitable one—was the following: In Scotland Nicoll made the acquaintance and friendship of a young journalist, by name James M. Barrie, who was then contributing to a Glasgow (I think it was) paper. First Nicoll invited contributions to the *British Weekly*, and *Auld Licht Idylls* and *A Window in Thrums* first appeared as serials in Nicoll's paper. The next step was to lure the quiet and retiring Barrie to London. This was accomplished with results too well known to the world to require repetition. The close and intimate friendship between

these two Scots was maintained to the last days of Nicoll. Nicoll had done heroic service for Lloyd George and his government—already he had been knighted, but Lloyd George was anxious to bestow upon Nicoll still further evidence of royal and popular approval and appreciation. So there was tendered to Nicoll the decoration of O.M. (Order of Merit), of which there were thirty only in all the British Empire. In gracefully declining the great honour Nicoll added to his Prime Minister, "Give it to Barrie." Today Barrie is Sir James Barrie, with a flood of other decorations and degrees and proudly and worthily an O.M., but even these many evidences of applause and approval from those in high and mighty places are far from the true measure of Barrie's greatness. As the creator of *Peter Pan*, *The Little Minister*, *Tommy and Grizel*, and *The Admirable Crichton* he lives in the hearts of a great world of enthusiasts—just plain J. M. Barrie.

Nicoll was in religion a Calvinist and Presbyterian; in politics a Gladstonian Liberal; in letters a progressive conservative; in everyday life a human being. Although not quite an invalid, he was compelled to conserve his physical strength. He had suffered from tuberculosis, or at least very severe bronchial trouble. He rested his body but rarely except while sleeping was his mind at rest. He did the great part of his writing while lying abed surrounded by letters, papers, manuscripts, and cats, for which animal he had a peculiar affection and attraction. As I have already intimated, Wednesday was his field-day. On that morning the *British Weekly* was put to bed, that is, the editor made pilgrimage to his printers, Hazell, Watson & Viney. There he in company with Hodder-Williams gave final review to the forms as they were locked up ready for the presses. Then luncheon with some of his chosen cronies at the Devonshire Club in St. James's Street or the Reform Club in Pall Mall. To these luncheons I was frequently invited. Many times we would be alone for the two hours or more. At such times Nicoll would be the interrogator and the director of conversation. He was keenly interested in Americans and things American—eager always for news of his friends and of new books which might have escaped his eye. He begged for

copies of the fugitive book of note, distinction, or scandal. He even quite broadly hinted that the salacious and the near-pornographic would not be entirely unwelcome. Upon one occasion at the Devonshire Club I met him and his one-time intimate and pal Clement Shorter. It could not be possible to imagine any two men more widely separated in appearance and approach to life. Shorter was English of the English and Nicoll a Scot of the Scots. Careless parents had neglected the adenoids of Shorter; his talk was mumbling and inarticulate as though he were struggling with a mouthful of hot mashed potatoes. Nicoll's high thin voice seemed to be addressed almost entirely to his own face. Sitting between them I had great difficulty in completely understanding their conversation, but from long habit they must have developed a system of lip- and throat-reading which made them perfectly intelligible one to the other. On this particular day they were extracting erotic thrill from the indiscretions and infidelities of George Eliot. With a sort of masochistic zest they were tearing her limb from limb—temporarily a couple of rather aged sensual gourmets who had reached the reminiscent and ruminant stage of life. Being much their junior in point of years and many decades in point of experience, I was not particularly interested or entertained. In an effort to recapture my own Nicoll I had the temerity to compliment my friend and master on the particular excellence of one of his more brilliant and searching leaders in the *British Weekly*. It was one of his beautifully mystical essays, which for some reason or other had intrigued my more or less impious sense. Nicoll listened for a moment or two and then very quietly put me in my place by saying, "Doran, that is rather a heavy topic for luncheon." We were in the Devonshire Club, where were no altars or chancels—Nicoll was on a religious vacation. Shorter and George Eliot were much more suited to his holiday mood. I had been tactless, and I fear I for ever closed the door upon a knowledge of Nicoll in his lighter and more profane moods, of which there were many.

After the Wednesday luncheon Nicoll repaired to the Bath Club for his weekly Turkish bath, his hearty dinner, and his bottle

of wine. Here were more of his cronies and I doubt not but for the unwritten law of the sanctity of secrecy of men's clubs we would have much to learn of yet another Nicoll. Thank God, he was a great and understanding human. I have said that Nicoll was a jealous person. He was more; he was a shrewd and canny Scot. A part of his agreement upon entering the Hodder & Stoughton organization was that he was to be paid a commission or super-royalty on the work of all authors introduced by him to his publishers and, of course, he was debarred from being literary adviser—even in segregated instances—to any other publisher. Until the advent of Hodder-Williams as a vital factor Nicoll had a clear field. Now, however, the Nicoll-trained mind of his pupil was making its own and important discoveries. There was room for both in the rapidly expanding business, but for all his affection for Hodder-Williams he still maintained a jealous pride for his own position and unimpaired influence. At the Wednesday morning meetings at the printers', over a matutinal chop and coffee, while printers and pressmen were making ready, Nicoll and Hodder-Williams discussed the important book or books of the week coming from Hodder & Stoughton. On one particular morning the book for that week happened to be Colonel John Buchan's glorious novel extolling Abraham Lincoln and entitled *The Path of the King*. Now Buchan was a fellow Scot, but he had been discovered by T. Nelson & Sons of Edinburgh, or he had discovered Nelson's. In any event, he was not of Nicoll's flock. Nicoll, being in one of his irritable and caustic moods, said, "Well, Ernest, I have been reading John's book—it's a puir thing, I am only about half-way through it." Hodder-Williams, sensing Nicoll's mood and very keen himself over this particular book, hastened to the defence with, "But, Sir William, it is really a grand book—the second half you will find much stronger and more engaging than the first." Nicoll was not to be mollified that morning. He retorted, "Aye, few but John will ever know that."

Nicoll wrote few books as such. He collected or permitted to be assembled selections from his editorials and his philosophical musings. Under his pen-name of Claudius Clear he published

three or four choice little volumes of his sonnets. One small book he did write—*My Father*. It was a memorial to a grand old man, a minister of the Free Kirk, a bibliophile whose legacy to Robertson Nicoll was a stalwart faith, a beautifully cultivated mind, and a glorious library assembled at the cost of great privation and denial.

Scotland has produced a proud army of great men—bankers, merchants, scholars, soldiers, statesmen. It remained for Robertson Nicoll to make vocal and prominent what has come to be known as the Scottish school of theology, and the Scottish school of literature, with particular emphasis on fiction of the nobler sort. A Scot by birth, tradition, choice, and inclination, Nicoll became a greater Briton—a leader of Anglo-Saxons and Celts wherever they were to be found on the footstool. From London he gave to Scotland a finer understanding of the Sassenach—a more liberal view of life and living. To London and to England he brought genuine cultural attainment. He was counsellor, confidant, and friend of those in high places. Never did Knight more faithfully or valiantly serve a country and a crown. I have little claim to write of him. Yet my chronicles would be minus one of the high spots of my life if I did not do some little reverence to his life and memory. For he never once disappointed my admirations—never could I find the slightest suggestion of feet of clay in my idol.

Our last meeting was at the Reform Club, Pall Mall, London, at a regular Wednesday luncheon. There were several of us, H. G. Wells and A. G. Gardiner among the number. Nicoll felt he must take his leave earlier than was his wont. The month was January. Out of doors was one of London's foggiest, dreariest, bleakest of penetratingly cold days. I accompanied the frail and failing little man to the cloak-room, to his fur-lined greatcoat and his woollen muffler, then to the door and his car. He paused for a moment to give me his hand and his benediction, "Doran, I have never been better pleased wi' ye." He went out into the cold and I to my memories; shortly after he departed on life's last long journey—to *My Father*.

CHAPTER XI

THE PUBLISHERS

LOOKING back over half a century, there would appear to be a great change in the personnel and designation of publishing houses. Perhaps not more than in other businesses. But there is this difference: For the most part publishers exist and operate as individuals. There are a few trade-mark, corporate names among publishing houses. True, the original Harpers yielded to fate, absorption by the Morgans, and later a species of insolvency, followed by reorganization under the wise direction of Thomas B. Wells, who has himself now withdrawn to the congenial atmosphere of Paris. The Appletons as a family are no longer interested in a proprietary way in the firm which bears their name. As the outcome of a reorganization process there emerged the dominating figure of John W. Hiltman, now chairman and directing head of the lately formed corporation of D. Appleton-Century Company. There has been no more notable salvaging operation in the publishing world than Hiltman's rehabilitation of Appleton's. He brought to his effort not tradition and convention but wide experience in commerce. To publishing he applied the rigid principles of the successful merchant. Coincidentally he permitted the art of publishing to seep into his consciousness until today he is almost a stand-patter, a protagonist for the dignities and traditions of well-ordered publishing, a rebel against those other rebels who would reduce publishing to the level of mass production. He is an apostle of unity and cooperation. He has been in the forefront of every organized effort for the development of the industry, for the preservation of its integrity, but most of all he has striven to make the people of the United States more and more book-minded.

Among the other apostles he is a Paul, born out of due season but the most dynamic of them all.

Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston present a battery of new names—a slight change in policy, but always the fine tradition of the Riverside Press. Little, Brown, and Company, also of Boston, is now under the highly successful direction of Alfred McIntyre. The legend of his succession to leadership and practical proprietorship is not without interest. The original partnership agreement provided that any remaining partners or partner should have first privilege and right of purchase of any holdings of a deceased or retiring partner. James McIntyre, father of Alfred, grew up in the service of this long-established firm. In due course he was offered and accepted a junior partnership. The Littles and the Browns passed on. James McIntyre acquired their interests, which in turn descended to Alfred, the present head.

Charles Scribner's Sons, now in its third generation of Charleses: one of the outstanding publishing houses of America. Under the second Charles this house forged its way to the forefront. He was a truly great publisher. To him I feel a great and peculiar indebtedness. When I first ventured into the ranks of New York publishers his was the most generous and cordial of welcomes. There was always a certain magnificent tranquillity to the house of Scribner; always the sense of great reserve of power and genius lay behind their progressive conservatism. The publishing world was somewhat astounded to discover the Princetonian calm of Scribner's rather violently disturbed by those two stormy moderns, Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, but if there were to be departure from habit and tradition, why not celebrate and lead in this new movement as they had so successfully led in many others?

G. P. Putnam's Sons under the direction of the dynamic and versatile George Haven Putnam had their Knickerbocker Press at New Rochelle. A house rather more distinguished for its book-selling than for its publishing. E. P. Dutton & Company for many years remained under direction of its octogenarian head, E. P. Dutton, who had long survived his partners, E. C. Clapp and Ned Swayne and Dick Ballard. Latterly and following the death of

E. P. Dutton the operating head and managing partner has been John Macrae, alert and discriminating Virginian who with his sons succeeded to the publishing business when it separated from the retail book and stationery departments.

S. S. McClure, the most dynamic impresario known to American letters. He had rare and fine instincts of discovery. So far as America is concerned, to his credit must be placed the discovery and ardent promotion of Rudyard Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson, O. Henry, and to a lesser degree Arnold Bennett and many others. He founded *McClure's Magazine*, the first in the 10-and-15-cent field. Through the medium of a never-before-heard-of circulation he gave great popularity to the works of these authors. F. N. Doubleday graduated from Charles Scribner's Sons to found the publishing house of Doubleday & McClure Company, the better to reap the full benefits of McClure's discoveries. The alliance was short-lived. McClure, Irish, tempestuous, impetuous, and visionary. Doubleday, shrewd, calculating, methodic. Dissolution followed. Doubleday formed a new partnership with Walter Hines Page of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Doubleday, Page & Company came into existence. The first-born of this alliance was the monthly magazine *World's Work*, so ably edited by Walter Page and until the time of his appointment as ambassador to the Court of St. James the foremost magazine of its kind in any country. Kipling followed Doubleday—and little wonder, for I do not think it can be successfully denied that Kipling owed the prolongation of his life to the watchful care and unremitting attention of F. N. Doubleday when Kipling was dangerously ill of pneumonia at a hotel in New York. McClure formed a new partnership with John S. Phillips, another editor, placid, precious, and lacking in that type of energetic executive will and authority so necessary to successful publishing. McClure, Phillips & Company after a short, rather spectacular career passed to the hands of Doubleday for liquidation, thus giving to Doubleday, Page & Company the full fruits of McClure's genius and discovery.

Dodd, Mead and Company under the leadership of Frank H. Dodd was one of the sound, dependable houses ranking at that

time slightly below the Scribners and the Harpers and the Houghton Mifflins. Their publishing taste was considered at that time somewhat radical, for they published such popular authors as E. P. Roe and others of that sort. The great houses became more liberal, the Dodds more conservative, until today under the able direction of Frank C. Dodd, nephew of the founder, Dodd, Mead and Company ranks among the first six publishing houses in America.

There were many others of course. Henry Holt and Company. A conservative, Henry Holt had the bearing and downrightness of a Colonial gentleman—seldom if ever did he step out of character. His house was distinguished chiefly for its educational books, but its general publishing effort was distinguished, conservative, almost precious, until the arrival of Alfred Harcourt, who tried to create a more militant attitude towards general publishing. He encountered such opposition and thwarting, not so much from the ageing Henry Holt as from his son and other partners, that Harcourt and Donald Brace after a futile effort to acquire the Holt non-educational business by purchase, withdrew and founded the present house of Harcourt, Brace and Company, which today presents the happiest possible compromise between the old order and the new. Harcourt's first brilliant successes were Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*, Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*, and John Maynard Keynes's great economic study of post-war finance, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*. These three books definitely placed the new house prominently on the map and gave them a breadth and spread of operation eminently fitted to the ambition and acumen of Alfred Harcourt, one of the most foresighted and shrewdest of successful American publishers.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, first established in the old A. D. F. Randolph & Company store in Fifth Avenue just south of Twenty-third Street as White, Stokes & Allen, specializing in artistic calendars and dainty gift-books. Later Stokes & Allen departed from the ephemeral towards the more solid. Finally Frederick A. Stokes Company, firmly entrenched now as publishers of the first rank specializing somewhat in books for younger people, although

the two great spectacular successes of post-war years, Lord Grey's *Twenty-five Years* and General Pershing's *My Experiences in the World War* challenge the wit and daring of the most adventurous modern. Frederick Stokes is the beau ideal of publishing—cultured, polished, genial, the soul of integrity; he is much more than an ornament to publishing and to America, he is a bulwark of uprightness, one of those men whom his contemporaries delight to honour.

Not among the others but majestic and aloof stands the great house of Macmillan, presided over by George P. Brett—an emperor among publishers, for within the Union he has established an empire all his own. Like the Federal Reserve Bank, he has established units of his publishing house at the principal centres, the more thoroughly and more economically to serve and to capture the reading public of America. Hidden behind Macmillan Company for more than fifty years, George P. Brett has been a lone wolf, permitting few to his acquaintance and still fewer to his friendship. In the palmy days of the American Publishers' Association when price control seemed feasible, Brett was very active in general publishing affairs. He was a Morgan or a Hill or a Harri-man. Control of big operations was his *métier*. His was the mind and the force to establish a trust. R. H. Macy & Co. brought suit against the American Publishers' Association—won a long-drawn and bitter fight. Not only was the association amerced to the tune of \$167,000 but it was ordered disbanded. Macmillan Company, as the largest publishers involved, were penalized in the greatest amount. Here ended the semi-public life of George P. Brett. From that time onward he has played a lone hand building not a trust but a miniature empire commanding the greatest volume of business in American publishing history. My contacts with him have been few. On one occasion the matter under discussion was one of rather more than usual importance. Brett brought our brief interview to abrupt close with these few words in his precise, fully enunciated syllables, "I must present this matter to my Board of Directors." Involuntarily came to my mind *Life's* cartoon of a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Union Pacific Railroad.

At the head of a long table sat E. H. Harriman; seven chairs to the right of him and seven chairs to the left of him were occupied by inarticulate and inanimate sheaves of straw.

Doubleday, Doran & Company—really Doubleday, for no matter whether it be McClure, Page, or Doran whose name follows Doubleday in the corporate structure only a Doubleday idea or programme has been tolerated. Now under the direction of Nelson Doubleday the company has become a half-way house between the traditional and the modern. Its list contains the names of more important latter-day authors than any other. They reach out for the supplying of popular demand. For regular book-store sale there are the General and the Junior book-lists, this latter being quite the best in its field in the United States. Also specially indicated for book-store sale are the books of the Crime Club—thrillers for the T.B.M. and his family. The Star Dollar Books of the Garden City Publishing Company (a Doubleday subsidiary) furnish reprints of higher-priced successes in the non-fiction field—the whole scheme the brilliant conception of the fertile Nelson. Sets of books by popular authors for wholesale selling to subscription-book dealers; a direct mail-order business of gigantic proportions; an educational department slowly but surely making its way.

The gyroscope of this militant and somewhat hectic organization is the placid, effective John Hessian. An Irishman, he has the gift of his countrymen for shrewd politics. His silent work behind the scenes is productive of peace, harmony, progress, and results. Unlike so many of the Irish who say much and do little, he reverses the order; he says little but how very much he accomplishes!

American publishing, together with so many other things most definitely American, had its beginning if not its origin in New England, centring round about Boston, Massachusetts. Very naturally it followed closely in the English tradition and for quite a century there was but slight difference between the publishing expression of Great Britain and the United States. Gradually at first and then with a mighty sweep publishing became more and more centred in New York, and the scope broadened perceptibly.

For another fifty years there was a purely Anglo-American flavour to all American publishing. With the opening of the twentieth century came a great and startling change. New York as measurably expressive of the nation had its coteries of European nationals—the Italian, the Russian, the German, the Greek, and in a lesser degree the French and others. The English tradition in reading, not to say literature, was scarcely broad enough to satisfy the craving of these immigrating peoples, many of whom had added to their native culture wealth and competency, and an ability and a desire to possess books of their own kind. Among the first to sense this new and broadening market was the astute Alfred A. Knopf, a young man who had been of the Doubleday, Page & Company staff for a short time but long enough to discover in the then unknown Pole Joseph Conrad a writer of great distinction and of a new quality. To Knopf more than to any other one person Conrad owes his fame and popularity and the reading public a debt of gratitude for the joys of Conrad. Knopf chafed under the restrictions of the scarcely emerging puritanism of Doubleday. He came to me and suggested an alliance, but while less puritan than Doubleday I was not broad enough for Knopf, who said at that time, "I have given Doubleday and Doran each their opportunity." So began Alfred A. Knopf, Incorporated, meaning Alfred and wife Blanche and a high purpose. Immediately the Knopf influence became felt. He had rare courage and daring and proceeded to publish translations from the writings of many Europeans who were not restrained by puritan tradition. He is one of that small and choice group of publishers of other than Anglo-Saxon extraction who have liberalized publishing in America and even exerted a broadening influence on British publishing. In mechanical artistry of production Knopf set a new standard of excellence. In the eighteen-nineties Stone & Kimball of Chicago made books of beauty and quality, to be emulated by R. H. Russell in New York, but both these houses were much more dilettante than the culturally practical Knopf, who not only made beautiful books but told the public they were beautiful books and thereby stimulated the public to require a more graceful format.

One day along about 1910 or 1911 Joseph H. Sears, then the president of D. Appleton and Company, dropped in on me from his office in the same building as that which housed me. Sears is a genial, gregarious soul. Both he and I made frequent visits to London and had been the guests of the Publishers' Circle there. The Publishers' Circle is a purely social organization made up of proprietors and partners of the leading publishing houses of Great Britain. With the disruption of the American Publishers' Association the publishers of America had no common meeting-place. So dignified and accomplished a number of gentlemen surely should meet and fraternize. Sears proposed the founding of a social organization to meet once a month for not exactly prayer, meditation, and guidance but for the better acquaintance one of the other and the maintenance of *esprit de corps*. Would I join him in the promotion of the idea? Of course I would. We annexed a third member of our tentative and preliminary committee, Charles C. Shoemaker of the Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia. Together we made a brief prospectus of the objects in view and to be attained. It was to be called the Publishers' Lunch Club. It was to be purely and strictly social. It was to be made up of two members of each publishing house—either owners or chief executives—of regular copyright books, not subscription, medical, or educational books. We quickly secured enough memberships to warrant permanent organization. From the outset it was an unqualified success. We met on the first Thursday in each month promptly at one o'clock and disbanded at three o'clock. At first we discussed no fiscal or trade problems. The offices of president and vice-president were held for one year only and by the patriarchs of our craft. Younger members served in the capacity of secretary-treasurer. Altogether it was a happy thought of Joe Sears. Later on the membership was expanded to include educational publishers and reprint publishers. Just one big happy family! For me it served the purpose of a widening acquaintance with my contemporaries, for I was a comparative new-comer in New York. Today I would be a comparative stranger at a meeting of the Lunch Club, so rapid has been the change in publishing personnel and dominance.

As in all other departments of business and commerce, Youth is having its day in publishing. The younger houses are conspicuous for their energy, zeal, and real talent. They have the great gift of intelligent courage. They discover new authors of promise and young authors seek the sympathetic atmosphere of the sanctums of their kind. There they find energy and vision and enthusiasm which parallel their own impulses and desires. As book-publishing becomes more and more a species of sublimated magazine-publishing the younger publishers fall in with the mood of the month, rightly concluding that the reading public is too fickle in these days of flux to justify those adventures into ambitious projects which called for large investments but held out the hope of permanent demand. Notable among these younger houses are Simon & Schuster, the Viking Press, Farrar & Rinehart, Minton, Balch & Company, William Morrow & Company.

In Great Britain the transformation in the publishing scene during the half-century has been much more marked than in America. Many notable names prominent in my boyhood have either entirely disappeared, or their businesses have been absorbed by others, or they have shrunk to insignificance. This has been singularly true of the religious field. In Victorian days religion thrived. It was wise to be religious. It was profitable to be pious, at least outwardly. A catalogue of religious publishers, large and small, would read today like the inscriptions on tombstones in a century-old graveyard. Some few survive but operate in greatly restricted fields. The Sunday-school library and prize book of unreality and pious pornography has gone with the belief in Santa Claus. Too bad perhaps, but even the young and younger children have become unconscious realists. The sale of Bibles has fallen off so greatly that the great publishers of Bibles, the Oxford University Press, the Cambridge University Press, and Eyre & Spottiswoode, have made departures into other fields to maintain their outputs and their prestige. Conspicuous in this respect is the Oxford University Press, which taken by and large is the greatest publishing house in the wide world, with nominal headquarters at Oxford as an integral part of the university itself. This enter-

prise has grown and ramified until it now has its great operating headquarters at Amen House, Warwick Square, London, binderies and supplemental departments in various parts of London, branches in New York, Toronto, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Melbourne, Capetown, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Shanghai, and Leipzig. Originally the chief products of the Press were Bibles, prayer-books, hymn-books, the standard poets, and standard authors in fine bindings, and also the product of the Clarendon Press—a co-ordinate institution devoting its energies chiefly to the publication of scientific books and text-books almost entirely originating with the professors and lecturers of Oxford University.

In 1884 the most ambitious of all Oxford projects was begun: A New Dictionary of the English Language on Historical Principles (commonly known as the Oxford Dictionary), by far the greatest lexicographic achievement of all time. It was begun under the editorship of the renowned Sir J. A. H. Murray. It is not encyclopedic, as are so many less distinguished dictionaries, but it is much more; it is an authentic history of English words, the final arbiter of accuracy. It was concluded in 1926 but there are now in course of preparation supplemental volumes bringing the vast work fully up to date and giving particular attention to those modern words of American and Continental origin which through science and colloquial usage have found their way to permanent adoption into the English language.

The original programme of Oxford University Press has been expanded to include a completely equipped and effectively functioning educational-book department for all grades preparatory to Oxford itself. From then onward Clarendon Press takes full care of all scholastic needs. A medical-book department, a separate and important enterprise of great dimension and authority, has been added. Another segregated enterprise is that devoted to the publication of books for young people, from the tiniest tot to the sage among youth. Not so very long ago the Oxford University Press acquired the Dictionary of National Biography, which rivals the Oxford Dictionary itself in distinction and importance.

The press itself, presided over by R. W. Chapman, student,

scholar, and secretary to the Board of Regents, and John Johnson, officially designated "printer to the University of Oxford," is the most complete, well-organized printing establishment and bindery within my knowledge, not the largest, not the finest, but the most orderly, the most effective. A battery of monotypes casts and moulds into type the alphabetic characters of practically every ancient and modern language now in use. A large warehouse near by contains unbound sheets of Oxford books, a forest of piles of printed paper—some are two centuries old, yet regularly each year there are drawn from these piles a sufficient number of sheets to provide bound text-books for special classes.

A tall, frail-looking, youngish-appearing man, Humphrey Milford, directs this enormous organization. He comes from a family of bankers, inheriting a capacity for concentration, world-wide perspective, and executive control. He is an omnivorous reader and is completely up to date in modern reading. He is a student and devotee of music. He is an expert tennis-player. With enviable severity he orders his life so that there is never any haste or confusion, never a lost movement or moment. The fiscal affairs of so great an enterprise would suffice to occupy the full attention of an ordinary man—his banking heritage here stands him in good stead. He is a modern with a classical background. He is the finest possible example of the British publisher, merchant, and gentleman.

Adjoining Amen House in Warwick Square is St. Paul's House, the home of Hodder & Stoughton, of which important house I have already had much to say.

Around the corner at the juncture of Paternoster Row and Warwick Lane is the headquarters, in a veritable rabbit warren of a building, of Hutchinson & Co. It is a public company, a holding company. Its organizer and chairman is Walter Hutchinson, son of the founder, Sir George Hutchinson. The organization owns and controls paper-mills, printing plants, bookbinderies, and publishing houses dotted all over London's publishing centre. Its chief imprint is that of Hutchinson & Co. Next in order, Hurst & Blackett, then follow a dozen other imprints of formerly well-known publishers which have fallen into the maw of this octopus.

Each imprint represents a separate little principality within the Empire of Hutchinson; a satrap heads each minor organization—these satraps are stimulated by internal and external competition. Emperor Walter dictates the final disposition of each book. These many publishing houses feed the binderies, the binderies feed the presses, the presses feed the compositors—all feed the paper-mills. An endless chain. Strong as its weakest link.

Down Ludgate Hill to La Belle Sauvage, the home of Cassell & Co. Behind this name of prestige and distinction hides Newman Flower, chief owner of this old establishment, which he has so modernized that it has been reconstructed into one of the most vital of England's publishing houses. Flower is a great editor and a great merchant. He has rare courage and seldom fails in judgment and then only in a mercantile sense, never in taste and discernment.

Along Fleet Street to Bouverie House, where Benn Brothers, or rather Sir Ernest Benn, is located in this fine new building which is the outward and tangible evidence of great material success. The Benns accumulated their fortune through the publication of trade journals and *de luxe* editions of fine books on art. Later they embarked into the field of general publishing and acquired the old established firm of T. Fisher Unwin. They are somewhat sporadic in their book-publishing efforts. Book-publishing does not lend itself to the mechanical exactitudes of trade-journal production. Nevertheless, it is alternately the pride, the joy, the irritation, of the benign Sir Ernest.

From Fleet Street, through Temple Bar along the Strand a short distance to Essex Street. At Number 36 find the sedate but thriving house of Methuen & Co., founded not too many years ago by the pedagogue who while still teaching founded a publishing house under the name of Methuen for the avowed purpose of modernizing text-books for English schools. So rapid and complete was his success that quickly his whole energy was devoted to publishing. His progress was meteoric; his list became general, he published for the great authors of his day, including Kipling, Stevenson, Marie Corelli, and Arnold Bennett. At one time when

Arnold lived at Comarques, his country estate in Essex, he complained of the unfair division of the spoils of authorship. Methuen had thirteen gardeners, Arnold a paltry five. Methuen, now become Sir Algernon, Bart., amassed a fortune before the war. He was a pacifist. The war defeated and alarmed him. He rarely left his estate. He transacted all his publishing affairs by letter or telephone. He succumbed to timidity and inactivity. For a nominated period of years by the terms of his will the business was conducted by a triumvirate of his associates with E. V. Lucas as chairman. Released from the constriction of asceticism and timidity, the business sprang again into its old-time leadership. After a while the business had to be sold, and the Methuen estate distributed. A well-known financier and promoter bought it. He reappointed the wise E. V. Lucas to chairmanship. The business has prospered almost inordinately through the trying period of depression.

Up Kingsway towards Bloomsbury in a beautiful seventeenth-century house in Great Russell Street there is the sign of the Windmill—the house of William Heinemann, the managing director Charles S. Evans, a protégé of the great William himself, a Welshman, a scholar, a publisher by instinct and great desire. After years of being thwarted in his ambitions by jealous chiefs and *confrères*, he has finally been permitted to emerge as a publisher of outstanding merit and discernment. Indeed, within the somewhat predetermined lines along which he chooses to follow I much doubt if he has a peer in English publishing. An indefatigable worker, a loyal and faithful friend, particularly devoted to his authors, his only obstacle to long-lived success is that he may too early exhaust his energies.

Passing the modest front of George Allen & Unwin—publishers of a great range of challenging and provocative books without achieving particular recognition or distinction—we arrive at Bedford Square, where housed in a fine old mansion is Jonathan Cape—Jonathan Cape, Limited. Jonathan, like Evans, is disposed towards the precious or semi-precious, but so shrewd a merchant is he that even as a dealer in gems he has succeeded where many would have failed. An impressive figure in a distinguished calling.

To Bedford Street, which Heinemann made famous as a publishing centre: J. M. Dent & Sons at one corner, noted for the courage and pertinacity which gave to the world Everyman's Library; Frederick Warne & Co., who in the good old days of legitimate piracy in company with their fellow gentlemen-buccaneers Ward, Lock & Co. and George Routledge & Sons supplied England by the car-load and the colonies by the ship-load with reprints of ancient and modern—chiefly American—popular books. With international copyright and the modern demand for something new and the new order of popular copyright reprints, the activities of these other famous old-timers were greatly reduced.

To the left into Henrietta Street: Chapman & Hall, original publishers for Charles Dickens—a grand old house of bygone days. Dean & Son, publishers of De Brett's Peerage and the untearable rag books for children. Several other younger and older houses of passing interest, for this entire block is dominated by the dynamic energy of Victor Gollancz, an Orthodox Jew, the stormy petrel of English publishing. Coming from a family of great culture and distinction, he first chose publishing as a profession as an outlet for his cultural expression—this as an associate of Sir Ernest Benn in Benn Brothers. Chafing under restriction, he founded his own publishing house. One of his principal tenets is that culture is for the masses, not only for the few. He embarked on an orgy of publishing, to the consternation of his contemporaries, and his racial sense of merchandising together with his inherent fine taste and judgment have brought him sensational success. Definitely he is foremost of the younger generation.

Further into the West End through Leicester Square and into Orange Street is the stately house of Macmillan—stalwart, solemn, and grand. Untouched by time or tide or stress, still the leading publishers of Britain, their educational list first in its class, their general list the home of many of England's most famous authors; a coordinate house in New York in which the parent house is a large and influential shareholder; branches in Toronto, Bombay, London, Madras, Calcutta, Melbourne. They have so finely main-

tained tradition and integrity that their imprint has become the hall-mark of quality, fineness, and distinction.

Also in Orange Street are Constable & Co., whose imprint took its present character under the partnership of Otto Kyllmann (Scotsman) and Willie Meredith, son of the great George. They are publishers for George Bernard Shaw and other notables—one time perhaps more prominent but now happy, contented, and prosperous.

The Scottish houses are represented in London by branches of T. Nelson & Sons, T. & T. Clark, A. & C. Black, William Blackwood & Co., W. & R. Chambers, Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, and Wm. Collins, Sons & Co., but only this last-named house under the progressive direction of Sir Godfrey Collins, Bart., M.P., makes any effort to compete with London houses in original publication along competitive lines.

Perhaps too much time and space to mere publishers. I have enjoyed renewing old acquaintances and making new friendships. Publishers are quasi-public men—everyone everywhere is more or less interested in the makers of an industry. True, publishing is not one of the great departments of commerce, but it has its importance—its great importance.

CHAPTER XII

THE LITERARY AGENT

BARABBAS had been having his own way for several generations. Authors were getting into print by grace of the publishers. For their day and generation publishers were waxing wealthy and powerful. Upon occasion, like John Murray with Byron, and Chapman & Hall with Dickens, astute publishers did make gestures in equity by paying to authors sums in excess of the agreed

purchase-price of the authors' wares. These gestures were not in the least degree philanthropic. They were self-preservative to the publishers, who had a just and holy fear that some other enterprising publisher might outbid them. The respective races of publishers and authors grew and multiplied. The situation became more and more complicated. The publishers were among the most astute merchants and business men of their time. True they had no guild as had the grocers and the tailors and the goldsmiths, but they did hold themselves aloof and on a plane high removed from the ironmonger, the fishmonger, and other plebeian mongers. The authors preferred to be classified as professional men, and as such they dared not taint their souls by bargaining. The cupidity of the publisher and the envy and poverty of the author created an impasse.

In the late eighteen-eighties up rose a valiant David to do battle with Goliath surnamed Barabbas. He was armed with a sling called a contract and a smooth pebble called advance royalty. David was a Scot, by name A. P. Watt, who forthwith proceeded to incorporate into the English dictionary a new and very proper compound word—LITERARY AGENT. His plan of campaign was simplicity itself. He approached authors with the bland suggestion that being professional people they could not indulge in the arts and crafts of mere trade, yet they did have their bankers and their brokers in matters financial. Why not have an agent or a steward or a factor in things creative—in other words, why not apply intelligence to the marketing of their wares? So far as my knowledge goes, thus began the first literary agency, and in point of dignity and astuteness it still remains first. The name now reads A. P. Watt & Son, with offices in Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, England. The firm is composed of three sons of the founder, Alexander S., William P., and Hansard; and a grandson, R.P., son of Alexander, the head, front, and motivating spirit of this substantial institution. Long since the house of Watt assumed a more than semi-professional air. They do not make direct solicitation of business from an author. They have a much more astute plan. An author of promise emerges on the literary

or even the bookselling horizon. Forthwith this author receives from Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son, with their compliments, an exquisitely produced brochure containing extracts from letters from contented authors, many of them the most prominent and successful of English writers. The new or young author is highly flattered to be invited to join such goodly company. Admission to the sanctuaries of the Messrs. Watt—all four of them—is a ceremony of itself. The much bemedalled sergeant takes your card, or failing your card your name, and gently inquires your business and with whom you wish audience. With that grace and precision for which the English servant is noted he promptly ushers you into the particular presence you seek. If your business concerns the substantial, prominent, and traditional you confer with A.S. The popular and the practical author comes within the province of W.P. The precious and the less profitable but more temperamental are the wards of the gentle Hansard. Fittingly the new and oncoming writer fraternizes with oncoming Grandson R.P. Such is the broad division; actually chief Alexander keeps watchful eye on the affairs of every author and publisher of consequence. The walls of the respective offices of the Watts remind one of those of an eminent K.C., for there are the tin boxes modestly lettered "Rudyard Kipling Esquire," "Viscount Grey," "Viscount Curzon," "Robert Hichens Esquire," "Sir Arthur Conan Doyle," "H. G. Wells Esquire," "Miss Marie Corelli," and so on down a long list of prominent deceased and living authors the trusteeship of whose literary estates has been given into custody of the wise and competent Watts. The novice glances around at this noble array aspiring to that day when he too will find honoured place in the Watt sanctuary. For a modest consideration, usually 10 per cent of all earnings, the literary agent cares for all business arrangements for the author: the making of contracts, negotiations with publishers, the collection of monies—all on behalf of the author, for the literary agent assumes no liability. As the oldest and most meticulous of all literary agencies, this house of A. P. Watt & Son may be taken for models of procedure. The author brings his manuscript and, unless very well known, his work is read and

considered very much as it would be in a publishing house. It is then given classification as to which publisher would be most desirable and effective for that particular author or particular book. The literary agent negotiates terms with the publisher and submits them to the author for confirmation—this largely as a matter of form, for the mere submission of terms signifies the literary agent's approval. Wherever possible the agent insists upon the publisher's making an advance payment on account of royalties to be earned. This for two reasons: an early payment is assured to the author and the agent is assured the early payment of his fee.

The literary agent is one of the best institutions of publishing in precisely the same way as the legitimate stock-broker is one of the best institutions of finance. The author may be disposed to rebel at the payment of 10 per cent of his gross income, yet taken by and large no income is more genuinely earned than these commissions by literary agents, who over a spread of years have earned the author a sum far in excess of the commissions paid and this by reason of sound contracts and progressive royalty payments which very few authors of themselves could negotiate. If proof be needed it is only necessary to state that the shrewdest of authors, such as Rudyard Kipling, Arnold Bennett, Edgar Wallace, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Michael Arlen, Hugh Walpole, and scores of others entrust all their interests to their literary agents.

The foregoing has all been predicated largely upon the activities and practices of Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son, not because they are largest or most important in the literary-agency field, which they very well may be, but because the A. P. Watt tradition became the literary-agency tradition and with few minor changes the first principles of that wise Scot have been maintained as the basis of all literary-agency practices.

Of course there are others and very important others. Take for example the fine firm of Curtis Brown, Limited, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Its ramifications are greater than any other agency. They operate a sort of Lloyd's where each senior and junior associate is more or less of an individual operator. They are divided into at least a score of departments, each under the

supervision of a specialist whose income is directly dependent upon the results of his effort. Curtis Brown is or was an American but long since he has become British of the British.

Then there comes J. B. Pinker & Son, now presided over by a son of the founder, J. Ralph Pinker. Never did shrewder merchant step into an enterprise than when J. B. Pinker founded his literary agency. Others thought in terms of authors of position and some means. Pinker became the friend and banker for new authors of real promise and worth. He financed them, so that their work was done with freedom and zeal. Two of the most important so financed by Pinker were Arnold Bennett and Joseph Conrad; and a whole host of others. I had one grand spat with Pinker. He was very jealous of his agent's prerogative. On a visit to Paris with Arnold Bennett I tentatively negotiated a small book with A.B. I made the blunder of naming terms, which A.B. promptly reported to Pinker. A day or two later I called on Pinker and such abuse I have never had before or since from living man. It was rather more than an American, free, white, and twenty-one, could take lying down. So I told Pinker I did not come to England to be reprimanded by him or any other living Englishman, that if a literary agency was not a perfectly legitimate and understanding partnership between author, agent, and publisher then I was for ever finished with his kind. The result was amazing and transforming. He had no case to bring before Bennett because I had resorted to no subterfuge. He became very genial, and his peace-offering was "Doran, I have *Marie Claire* for you." Fortunately I had just come from Paris, where the book was a furore. Harold Frederic and Pinker had bought all rights in the English language. Promptly I bought the book; I urged and insisted that for a substantial fee Bennett should write a preface. That book immediately sold over 50,000 copies in America and remains today one of the major minor successes of books translated from the French into English. Pinker and I became warm friends and even of great service one to the other.

These were the three major literary agencies in the early nineties. Since then others have sprung up—a score of others, some

good, some middling, several very poor. One of the late-comers I would like specially to mention is A. D. Peters, the one agent in all my experience who seems to take a perfectly just three-point view, believing that a publishing success means an author's success and of course an agency success.

In the United States the literary agent is not quite as all-powerful as in England and for two reasons. The London literary agent extends his activities to cover America. Another reason is that American publishers are much more enterprising in their scout work; that is, men and women from the publishing houses are ever on the alert making direct contacts with authors. The competition between these scouts ensures the author complete immunity from Barabbas. In spite of these two important factors there are several actively important American literary agencies in their way rather more militant and obviously demanding than their British *confrères*.

I have had large dealings with literary agents, and if I had my publishing life to live over again, I would choose, except in isolated instances, to deal with authors through a reputable agent rather than with the authors direct. In the first instance, it protects the publisher from charges of unfairness. An agent, through his knowledge of general publishing conditions and practice, is often able to explain satisfactorily some point in question. Again it is a convenience to a publisher to be able to confer with literary agents and ascertain quickly what books and authors are open for negotiation. On the whole, I feel that the literary agent has been a constructive force in modern publishing.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SUBSCRIPTIONISTS

THIS is to be the brief story of one of the most romantic adventures in publishing, to which I was related only in the capacity of intimate friend of some of the principals of the enterprise. In the late 1870's, a company called Belford, Clarke & Co., consisting of Alexander Belford and James Clarke, was founded in Toronto, Canada. Their operations quickly outgrew the potentialities of a limited Canadian demand, so they removed their headquarters and activities to the United States and selected Chicago as the most suitable centre from which to operate. This was before the international copyright agreement of 1891, and piracy—unauthorized reprinting—was perfectly reputable. Publishers on both sides of the Atlantic were on the alert to discover books which could be reprinted. Half a dozen British publishers reprinted the popular Pansy books at a shilling against the \$1.50 price in America. The United States, however, had the best of the piracy game, for Dickens, Thackeray, and a number of others of the standard authors had enormous sales in the United States from which the authors and their English publishers generally derived not one penny of compensation.

The Belford, Clarke Company published many of these standard authors in complete sets and at comparatively low prices. They offered their publications first to booksellers, but if book-dealers for any reason declined to handle the Belford, Clarke publications, an enterprising member of the firm would approach the clothing-store nearest to the rebellious bookseller and install a stock of these sets at the risk of the publishers. These clothing-merchants not only did a large business in these books but it proved to be a most excellent method of advertising. So far as my knowledge goes

this was the starting-point of bookselling in other than book-stores—the forerunner of book-sections in department-stores. In addition to these sets Belford, Clarke & Co. published many new books. By far the most notable in point of sales was *Peck's Bad Boy* by Governor George Peck of Wisconsin. This sold several millions of copies and is still read and chuckled over. Seeking larger fields, Belford, Clarke & Co. reprinted the celebrated Encyclopaedia Britannica, which sold in such large numbers that James Clarke felt there must be a considerable public eager to possess the original edition. The original Encyclopaedia Britannica had been originated and published by the great conservative publishing house of A. and C. Black of Edinburgh, Scotland. It was issued in twenty or more colossal volumes and at such a prohibitive price that only the larger libraries and the wealthier citizens of Great Britain could ever hope to possess it. So James Clarke, bristling with a great idea, went to Edinburgh.

The Blacks may have suspected that American sales of Britannica were very considerable but they were totally unprepared for the astounding figures submitted by James Clarke. They may have been conservative, but a Scotsman is a Scotsman and tradition and excessive dignity must yield to opportunity to make a fortune by legitimate if unusual methods. The result was that James Clarke paid for and secured an option for a term of years to print and publish Encyclopaedia Britannica upon a basis of a royalty of so much on each set sold.

This was but the beginning of the ambitious campaign fomenting in the mind of James Clarke. The edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica which Clarke hitherto published in America had sold chiefly through the leading newspapers of the country. Up to this time, the great newspapers of England had been too aloof, too superior and conservative, to cooperate in the merchandising of books. To the astutely simple mind of James Clarke, it seemed clear that if the great papers of the United States found their circulation and influence could be increased by selling Encyclopaedia Britannica and other great literary works in conjunction with their

newspapers, the newspapers of Great Britain must find the same scheme advantageous for them.

Encyclopaedia Britannica was Great Britain's foremost single literary production. Which was Great Britain's foremost newspaper in point of dignity and influence? There was but one answer, the London *Times*—the "Thunderer"—up to that time the greatest newspaper in the world, the maker and the unmaker of governments and Prime Ministers, the voice of mighty Britain to herself and to all the rest of the world. What more fitting alliance than Encyclopaedia Britannica and the London *Times*? Moberley Bell was at this time managing editor and director of policies of the *Times*. Again the contest between tradition and conservatism on the one hand and invasion, revolution, and very hard cash on the other. There were certain most definite benefits to the *Times*; association with the great Britannica could only add to the prestige of the newspaper. A plan which would popularize Britannica would broaden the circulation scope and influence of the *Times*, and last but not least to the mind of the British trader—the shrewdest and most accomplished merchant on the footstool—the increase in revenue promised well to exceed the net revenue of all other operations of the *Times*. So the greatest phenomenon of modern publishing was launched. James Clarke's vision had become a reality. It is to be doubted if he fully realized how great had been his triumph or how really colossal the enterprise was to become. Quickly it grew far beyond the capacity of any one mind. At first, the British mind looked somewhat askance at the project, but the impact of two such solid institutions as Encyclopaedia Britannica and the *Times* with a revolutionary scheme to bring these two great sources of information and education to the homes of the humblest Britishers by the payment of a comparatively trifling sum weekly finally captured the imagination of the public, and subscriptions poured in. A great new organization was necessary to provide for manufacture and shipping, to handle the thousands of instalment accounts, and to foster public interest and enthusiasm.

James Clarke had a younger brother, George, who with Horace E. Hooper and Clark Givins as partners, had founded the West-

ern Book and Stationery Company, operating a book and stationery department in the Fair in Chicago. The Fair was a large enterprise originated by a man named Lehman. It was a series of shops under one roof. The concessionees made contracts with Lehman which provided that the concessionees pay to Lehman a certain percentage of their gross receipts in return for which they had from Lehman an agreed amount of space and all the equipment necessary to conduct business. The Western Book and Stationery Company had been so successful that James Clarke invited his brother George and H. E. Hooper to come to England and join him in this new great adventure. Later from Boston came Walter Jackson, experienced in the conduct of similar enterprises in the United States. These four formed a partnership working behind the solid British front of the two great institutions of London and Edinburgh—never a hint that impudent American genius was responsible for this upheaval in the domain of British publishing. So great was the innovation, and so far-reaching, that the subscription plan of the great Britannica became a matter of real public interest and concern. Several humorous books were published, selling at a shilling a copy, merely to make *Punch*-like sport of this new industry. Small householders were pictured as making additions to their homes to make room for the hundredweights of Britannica. Nothing short of a parliamentary election had ever more greatly stirred the British populace. The Adam and Charles Blacks, the London *Times*, the Clarkes, and Hooper and Jackson made fortunes. Then because prosperity breeds schism and poverty unity—so far as partnerships are concerned—there arose certain dissensions. It may be that H. E. Hooper, whose office associates nicknamed him “Hell Every Hour,” became too obstreperous, or it may be that James Clarke, violent Irishman, wearied of his traditional foe, the Englishman, and longed for America. In any event, the partnership was dissolved, the Clarkes retiring to New York with neat fortunes. Hooper and Jackson went on with the enterprise and enlarged it by establishing the Times Book Club, which for many years was also associated with the London *Times*. But this was far from being all. The tenth edition of Britannica was

the one being sold in its cumbersome twenty-eight volumes; it was becoming out of date in form and content. Then Horace Hooper conceived the brilliant plan of a new eleventh edition of Britannica to be based upon the tenth and earlier editions, but to be edited by a corps of intellectuals and specialists such as had never before been assembled together. The editor-in-chief was Hugh Chisholm, a great man with genius for leadership and execution. The new Britannica was to be illustrated by woodcut and half-tone, and in colour, as no other reference book had ever been illumined. It was to be printed on India paper, making the volumes one-third the thickness and one-quarter the weight of the volumes of the tenth edition. But nevertheless provision was made to furnish die-hards with their former bulky volumes.

A plan was formulated to accept tenth-edition sets in partial payment of eleventh editions. But the crowning triumph of Hooper's formidable coup was that he persuaded the Chancellor and Regents of the University of Cambridge to sponsor this new edition, and each and every volume bore upon its title-page the coat of arms of that ancient seat of learning.

Upon completion a great dinner was given to the Chancellor, the Regents, the editors, the contributors, and distinguished guests. The eleventh edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica was launched with all the pomp, ceremony, and importance accorded the launching of a dreadnought. The eleventh edition had instant success. Its scholarship was unimpeachable, its format convenient and agreeable. The University of Cambridge had every reason to be extremely proud of its foster-son. Plans were made for the invasion of America—a strange turn of fortune. The comparatively new international copyright law gave ample means of protection but in addition the former pirate James Clarke had previously invoked the trades-name act, an international act which in the interest of the public forbade the use of any trade-name in any manner calculated to deceive the public—just as the Oxford University Press successfully fought the use of the name Oxford as applied to the publication of the Holy Bible by any other than the Oxford University Press.

Encyclopaedia Britannica became the absolute property of a very limited corporation owned and controlled by Messrs. Hooper and Jackson. The entire work, in compliance with American law, was printed in the United States from type set up and electrotypes made in the United States; the volumes were bound in the United States. Never was the law of copyright more meticulously observed. The advance publicity had prepared America for a most complete capitulation. Once again a great dinner-party in the ball-room of the Plaza Hotel. The invitations were from the Chancellor and Regents of the University of Cambridge; the guests, numbering hundreds, constituted the cream of American and British scholarship and editorial genius. There was skilful showmanship such as would have provoked the admiring envy of Phineas T. Barnum. Yet just as Barnum gave the world its best circus, so Hooper (or Hooper and Jackson) had given to the world its best and most authentic work of reference. America was thirsting or was made thirsty for knowledge and the sales were prodigious; never before nor since has there been so well-ordered and convincing a programme for the sale of books—and all founded upon solid and undisputable worth. Hooper and Jackson maintained their estates in England, Hooper coming frequently to America to supervise activities in the United States.

Again the calamity of too great wealth: the partners disagreed—either Jackson's roses were finer than Hooper's or Hooper's strawberries were larger than Jackson's, or the wives quarrelled over their relative positions in the county. No one ever will know, but the result was a bitter contention over the division of the spoil and the eventual ownership of the property. After dissipating a great part of their hoarded profit to the inordinate profit of lawyers on both sides of the Atlantic, a settlement was made, paying Jackson a fixed sum, and the badly damaged organization became the property of Hooper. Jackson immediately negotiated with the Northcliffe press for Harmsworth's Children's Cyclopaedia. He secured all rights in North and South America. He had the entire work remodelled and re-edited and issued it as *The Child's Book of Knowledge*, which has become the world's most successful sub-

scription-book scheme. And here again it has succeeded because of editorial vigilance, the making of the most appealing book to the child mind, and a boldness and shrewdness without parallel in book production and exploitation.

Meanwhile the Clarkes had returned to America, and casting about for some outlet for their genius and energy, they finally concluded negotiations for the sole rights of publication for a term of years of the Century Dictionary. This great dictionary occupied a position in America similar to that of the Encyclopaedia Britannica in England. It was scholarly. It was distinctive. It was grand. It was remote. Profiting by the experience with the much more conservative British public, the Clarkes were emboldened to embark upon this new enterprise with greater vigour. Their knowledge of American buying-power was acute and accurate. The newspaper game had been so well worked that it had become threadbare. But the great department-stores were just emerging to the top as the centres of interest and retail buying. Most of these great marts had book-departments. Not that the sale of books was particularly large or profitable of itself, but these book-departments admirably conducted did give a dignity and distinction to merchandising and attracted the best sort of a clientele. It did not take the Clarkes long to capitalize this situation to the advantage of their Century Dictionary enterprise. In each city of considerable size and importance the Clarkes selected the most representative department-store as headquarters for their local Century Dictionary campaign. As in the case of the Blacks of Edinburgh, the Century Company of New York had proceeded upon finely distinctive and dignified lines. The great dictionary was complete; it was available to libraries, students, scholars, colleges, universities, and individuals. Full prospectus on application. Thus it pursued its dignified progress among the intellectual *élite* of America. Some day perhaps it would provide a fair dividend return upon a colossal investment. The Century Company was wealthy. Roswell Smith had given to it great impulse and genius; but he had gone and with him went the great momentum of the company. It was at this juncture that the Clarke proposal was laid before the directors

of the Century Company. The Britannica records were convincing and the contract agreed upon. The first move of the Clarkes was to alter the name from the Century Dictionary to the Century Dictionary and Cyclopaedia, for a feature of the Century was its fulness of definition as contrasted with any other dictionary of its time. Their next move was to add a two-volume Atlas, so that when the handsome twelve-volume set was actually ready for the public its full name was the Century Dictionary and Cyclopaedia and Atlas—formidable but intriguing.

The selling-methods of those days are a lost art. For this there are two substantial reasons. First, there are no such gigantic individual enterprises in publishing as *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, *Century Dictionary*, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, for the simple reason that the huge endowments such adventures require are not possible in a world where book-publishing has become a sort of sublimated magazine-publishing. And the second reason is there are now so many other instalment-selling schemes, while in *Century Dictionary* days the only formidable rivals were sewing-machines and pianos. The old files of *Century Dictionary* publicity are a joy to read. The best and most intellectual talent was engaged, first—to make a drive for the intelligent in a community—to convince the householder that he really did not have a home and that he was shirking the educational obligations of paternity if he did not possess a *Century Dictionary*. This intensive revivalistic campaign would continue for thirty, forty-five, or sixty days according to the size and importance of the community. Towards the close would come the drawing of the net—*Last Ten Days! Last Nine Days! Last Three Days! Tomorrow the last day*, after which the price would be increased. And it was. But what results—tremendous. Almost incalculable.

But every scheme, be it ever so brilliant, lives through its heyday, and results no longer justify the tremendous expenditure of energy and money. By the year 1906 the Clarkes had sold a sufficient number of sets of *Century Dictionary* to make handsome fortunes for themselves and to have enabled the *Century Company* not only to liquidate its entire capital investment in the dic-

tionary but to have a considerable cash surplus as well. The Clarkes and the Century Company were to make one final gesture with the great dictionary. It was becoming a trifle old—new words and new meanings were coming rapidly into vogue and usage. So together they planned two supplemental volumes bringing the dictionary up to date. The volumes were prepared. The Clarkes had their records of upwards of 200,000 purchasers of the main work. Obviously they could not contemplate any such campaign as that put on originally, but here were 200,000 definite prospects who should be eager for the completing two volumes. But so fickle is the public that less than 10 per cent of the original purchasers subscribed for the two supplemental volumes—but even so, this last adventure was not exactly unprofitable.

It was just about the time of the undertaking of the supplemental volumes that I crossed to England on the *Baltic* with James Clarke. We renewed a friendship that had somewhat lapsed merely because our paths had not crossed. I was on my way to conclude my company formation by the inclusion of the Hodder & Stoughton interests. We were in London together and of course discussed our several publishing plans. Shortly afterward we met again in New York in the Clarke offices at 35 West Thirty-second Street—how very far uptown that was in 1906! The Clarkes occupied an entire front floor of that building. They were decreasing their activities and did not need so much space. So I had the good fortune to be able to rent two small offices from them, and there I began business in my own company name on February 22, 1908. And a very happy day it proved for me. By a fortunate run of circumstance the Clarke business declined in just about the proportion that mine increased, and it was only a year or two before the positions were reversed and they occupied two small offices and my company the rest of the floor.

No chronicle of mine would be complete without this recital of facts concerning the great enterprises initiated and brought to highly profitable and distinguished success by James Clarke. Because he always operated under corporate names such as Encyclopaedia Britannica Company, or Century Dictionary Company,

or some other equally impersonal designation, he did not become widely known as James Clarke, publisher, so I fear he might become known as the forgotten publisher. Yet his was the inspiring personality which set in motion publishing enterprises that would equal the ten-year output of several well-known large publishing houses, and there are no more valuable books of information in the world than *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, *Century Dictionary*, and *The Child's Book of Knowledge*. Even though he did not actually originate and create any one of these great works, he did by his astuteness and courage endow them all with a vitality and a popularity which has enriched the world's store of knowledge, bringing to the many the intellectual benefits hitherto restricted to the few. In his quiet, simple, direct fashion he had Carnegie's gift in his choice of men and associates. Once selected and endowed with responsibilities, he gave to them all opportunity for energy and the exercise of their own peculiar gifts. To them all he was a source of competence and wealth, for they all participated and profited financially by reason of him.

Great as a merchant, singularly capable as a fellow Barabbas, wise as a financier, this is far from being the sum of the life and activities of James Clarke—"Uncle Jim" he is to so many of us. If by some unhappy mischance he may have earned title as the forgotten publisher, he may never be the forgotten man. For more than forty years I have known him; for twenty-eight of those years I have been privileged to enjoy his intimate friendship. I have seen him daily for years on end and under every sort and condition of life. Twenty-eight years ago the fifteen years which separate us in point of age placed us in the relationships of sage and counsellor and neophyte and disciple. I should almost like to say that this relationship for me more nearly approached that of father and son, but for many reasons he would have every right to deprecate such closeness and responsibility. Now as our hair is nearly the same shade of white, we are contemporaries. He in his early eighties has retired from all business activity, but his lovely home, Rosedale in White Plains overlooking the Hutchinson Valley, is the Mecca of scores of his devoted friends and ad-

mirers. Thither upon occasion I go for visits. As fellow Torontonians we have many old friendships and memories in common. He a Catholic and I a Presbyterian—but both Irish. We laugh together over the mediaeval animosities and religious bigotries which somewhat marred our youth, yet we recall with delight the shillies and cracked heads of the demonstrations on St. Patrick's Day and the Twelfth of July (anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne), when the green and the orange met in riotous conflict. We have Barabbian confidences to exchange. He would tell me of buying for \$1,000 all publishing rights in *Peck's Bad Boy* from Governor Peck, who first published his bad-boy sketches in his newspaper, the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. How later he paid huge sums in royalties to that same George Peck as a simple gesture of equity.

In every circumstance of my publishing career when difficulty or trouble impended he was my friend in need. In my personal problems he was my counsellor, admonisher, reprover, always sagely, benevolently judicial—and right. And I am but one of many. Not from him but from mutual friends I know of his many personal and institutional benefactions. He is the least ostentatious of men and for that reason his friends are legion. He is the present senior member of a large family of devoted brothers and sisters and in-laws. He is at once the most devout churchman and the best poker-player of my knowledge. His recreation is horse-racing, where formerly it was golf and horse-racing. No man could be envious of James Clarke except to hope that in some way he might emulate the spirit, the courtesy and grace, the downright humanity and godliness of "Uncle Jim." His debtor many times over at the moment and for some years, I may subscribe to the scriptural injunction "Owe no man anything but love" and so I feel free to make this wholly inadequate tribute to that man of all men of my knowledge I would choose to be. In all great friendships and intimacies there are usually the inevitable flaws, disagreements, petulancies, or discontents. In my relation with James Clarke none of these things ever have existed. If there be the ideal man, he it is.

CHAPTER XIV

PLAGIARISM

MY experience has demonstrated to me that there is really no such thing as unconscious assimilation by one author of the work or thought of another author. By this I do not mean that a fugitive phrase or sentence may not unconsciously or thoughtlessly be appropriated by an author who honestly believes that phrase or sentence to be of his own conception. For instance, once when I was in Florence, Italy, I answered the accusation that I had not read all of a manuscript I had rejected some time before by saying one did not have to eat all of an egg to discover it was rotten. Some time later when I was telling of the circumstances and my remark to Nelson Doubleday, he said, "Yes, Walter Page wrote that some years ago in his little book on authors and authorship." Naturally I did not want to be guilty of cheaply stealing Page's "stuff." So I had my records and correspondence checked and found that antedating Page's book, I had actually used that metaphor in slightly different phrasing. Probably we had both borrowed from some other story. And there are many other examples that show how possible are parallels of thought and expression.

Of course, there are many, many instances of actual theft of magazine stories and articles, sometimes of whole books with just some slight changes of locale and personalities, but these usually are by hack writers—those poor devils void of any genius of their own who in the realm of crime would be pickpockets and petty larceners rather than astute and accomplished thieves. The hack at best deceives only the small-fry editor or careless syndicate-manager. His recompense would be slight and he would be proof against legal action because of poverty, and having no reputation to jeopardize, any penalty would be negligible, for after all it is

such a simple matter for him to choose another *nom de guerre* and begin all over again, even reusing his earlier pilferings.

The real tragedies of plagiarism come when authors of note and distinction fall prone before the deadly parallel. As *prima facie* cases they are guilty as hell and yet there are explanations and mitigations. Let me cite three out of many actual occurrences in my own experience. One name I must use, for otherwise the situation would not be understandable. The other two I may not or shall not use, for both authors are living and stand high on the lists of distinguished and competent writers.

In the later eighties there came to Chicago from the mission fields of the Black Hills a brilliant young preacher who signed himself N. D. Hillis. He was unusually gifted and fluent in speech, zealous in his chosen calling; and had positive genius for the use of words. He was called to the pastorate of the wealthy and influential First Presbyterian Church of Evanston, Illinois—that smugly important suburb of Chicago. The church, a rather smallish frame building, was filled to overflowing at all services. The providence of God intervened, and one night an overheated old-fashioned furnace flue set fire to the structure and it burned to the ground. A grand new edifice was erected and Hillis still filled its auditorium to capacity. It was during this time that I made first his acquaintance, then his friendship. In 1895 he officiated at my wedding. From then onward I met him with great frequency. I sat at his feet and learned so much from him that I count myself for ever his debtor, for if I have the slightest flair for facility of speech—the rounding of a sentence or the turning of a phrase—I owe it to those informal meetings and richly earnest conversations. So naturally it came about that I first suggested and then strongly urged that he prepare a volume of his lectures and addresses for publication. He demurred, not at the idea itself but at the time it would require for preparation, for in those days he spoke extemporaneously without note or manuscript. His hearers sat spellbound as for sixty to seventy-five minutes he would speak continuously without halt or hesitation and with the brilliance and fluency of a Niagara.

However, he did finally consent and bit by bit I extracted from him the manuscript of chapters which ultimately went to the making of his first book, *A Man's Value to Society*. The manuscript title-page bore as its author N. D. Hillis—much too prosaic and unattracting a cognomen for this book of brilliant, bristling, provocative essays. I asked for his christened name in full, and thereafter he was known as Newell Dwight Hillis. The book progressed slowly but finally was ready for the press, when I urged that his first book should have both dedication and preface. The dedication was a simple matter but the preface gave him pause, for that meant time and thought. One day, yielding at last to my importunity, he brought to me a manilla-coloured foolscap page on which was written in longhand the long-desired material for his preface. I recall that piece of paper as distinctly as when first it came into my hands and recognized not his own rather indecipherable calligraphy but the neat feminine hand of Mrs. Hillis. The book was published. As a trifling recognition to him for all he had meant to me I had the book produced in exquisite form on excellent paper and bound by that great artist bookbinder, A. J. Cox of Chicago. Not only were the mechanics of production as perfect as it seemed possible to make them, but I gave to the book the widest possible publicity, so that because of this and its own inherent qualities several editions were quickly demanded, and to this day it is still in moderate constant demand.

With his increasing popularity came great and greater demands upon his time and his talents. When the pulpit of Central Church, Chicago, was rendered vacant by the death of its founder and presiding genius, Professor David Swing, the trustees of the church offered and urged the position upon Dr. Hillis. It was a great chance for him, for not only were the audiences large, but the Sunday morning sermons from Central Church pulpit were printed verbatim in the Chicago *Inter Ocean* and from there syndicated to other cities, and in addition each sermon was printed in pamphlet form in editions of 5,000 copies for distribution to members and friends of Central Church. The genuine modesty of the man made him hesitate but in the end he yielded to pressure, making a con-

dition of his acceptance that he be not required to assume extraordinary social and public obligations.

A rival of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* was the then Chicago *Times-Herald*, owned by Herman H. Kohlsaas. The evening junior issue from the same press was the Chicago *Evening Post* under the fearless and dynamic editorship of Samuel Travers Clover. One Saturday afternoon I was on my way home and bought my copy of the day's *Post*. On the first page was a double-column news-story which was nothing more nor less than a savage and violent attack upon my pet book, *A Man's Value to Society*, and its distinguished author. To my amazement, the article quoted parallels between Dr. Hillis's book and David Swing, Henry Ward Beecher, and Joseph Cook that were too complete and incriminating to admit of any question even to the mind of a simple layman. My copy was one of a very early edition of the *Post*. It could not have reached Dr. Hillis at his uptown home, so I started at once to see him, feeling that it would be better for me to deliver the blow than to have it come first from reporters and critics. Yes, he was at home but too busily engaged upon his sermon for the morrow to be disturbed by anyone. I insisted upon the urgency of my call and after some little delay was shown to his study. I handed the paper to him; he read it with fast-paling cheeks and quivering hands. I know he believed honestly and thoroughly every word when he said, "Why, Doran! Doran! There is not one atom of truth in this." I counselled: "You cannot summarily dismiss the evidence of these parallels by mere sweeping denial. I do not think you guilty of deliberate plagiarism. You are too fertile and imaginative and creative ever to use the words, phrases, and sentences and conceptions of another, yet somehow, somehow, you have permitted yourself to appropriate these many phrases and sentences from the books cited by this critic of yours and your book." I added that if he had in his library copies of the books from which these quotations were taken he never could convince anyone that he had not deliberately appropriated the work of others. He calmed. He admitted possession of these particular books. What should he do! I suggested we go at once to Sam Clover and try to get to the

bottom of this attack. Clover was ready for us. The article in question had been most carefully prepared and documented by a regular contributor to the *Post*. It was a news-story of first importance. It was a great "scoop" for the *Post* and a triumph for him as editor, and stand it must and would. Obviously nothing was to be gained by prolonging the interview, so we sought Herman Kohlsaas himself. His distress was most apparent. Like all great journalist-proprietors he defined broad policies of opinion and procedure and delegated to his editors complete freedom of action within the limitations of these broad policies. It was too late to recall the issue of the *Post*—in fact, Kohlsaas had to choose between permitting the issue to go on or risk the resignation of Clover.

There followed in Sunday's *Times-Herald* a statement by Hillis and one by Kohlsaas: the preacher affirmed he had not the slightest consciousness of plagiarism, and the publisher expressed his great distress that unwittingly he had become party to the alleged *exposé*. It was all in such good part that Central Church and that part of Chicago at all interested accepted the statements at face value and the incident was closed—except for the fact that as a measure of restitution and a definite expression of confidence the weekly sermon from Central Church shortly appeared in the *Times-Herald* and not in the *Inter Ocean*.

Some months later, perhaps a year or two, the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, was vacated by the resignation of Dr. Lyman Abbott. When this high place was offered to Dr. Hillis, he accepted it with little hesitation, for to him Henry Ward Beecher's old church was the height of ambition for any American preacher. But the great daily press had to be reckoned with. The Chicago *Inter Ocean* and Charles A. Dana's New York *Sun*, being denied the facilities and services of the Associated Press, had formed a joint news-service of their own. The *Sun* did not take kindly to the invasion of the sacred precincts of the great Plymouth Church by a mere Westerner with his broad vowels and rolling r's. The *Inter Ocean*, chafing under the loss of its great Monday morning feature, joined with the *Sun* in its criticism of Hillis and

opposition to his acceptance of Plymouth pulpit. Then one fateful day came the real blow. The *Sun* printed the preface to *A Man's Value to Society* and parallel with it, identical word for word, a preface from a very early book by Professor David Swing. I recall it began, "The Soul is Monarch of Three Kingdoms—the past, the present and the future." No mistaking the damning indictment. An afternoon at five o'clock just at closing time as I was about to leave my office Dr. Hillis came in a state of complete perturbation and distress and begged me to give him some time for an important discussion. Of course, he could have the time and anything else of mine that could serve him. He then showed me a despatch from Brooklyn, with eager questionings from his friends among the trustees of Plymouth. It was a very grave situation and yet there was a perfectly straightforward and manly way of meeting it. I endeavoured to show him that way. To me it was perfectly clear what had happened. When I had exacted the preface for *A Man's Value to Society*, Dr. Hillis had said to his wife: "Doran insists on a preface for my book. I am much too busy to bother with it. Look through my library and see if you find a preface that pleases you and would fit my book." The result was that manilla-coloured sheet of foolscap and the wonderful preface. He admitted the accuracy of my statement. After considerable discussion, he agreed with me that the only thing to do was to accept the criticism bravely, boldly to state the facts and take such consequences as might ensue, for after all it was a mere incident in a great career and his only crime had been carelessness. The next day's papers carried an interview with Dr. Hillis which stated that much to his regret and chagrin he had discovered that a young man in his publisher's office, becoming unduly impatient for a preface, had used the Swing preface without Dr. Hillis's knowledge, and that it never had occurred to Dr. Hillis to review his own work after publication.

Dr. Hillis succeeded Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott, and I lost an author, for the pastor of Plymouth Church could not entrust his publishing to so careless a young man.

Now Newell Dwight Hillis was not a plagiarist *per se*. There

was not the slightest necessity for him to borrow, much less to steal, the work of another. He conceived more original themes and ideas than it was possible for him to utilize, but that very pressure of mental and creative activity so crowded his time that he became careless and at the last moment would hurriedly prepare for a meeting or a lecture. I have known him to get up before a Bryn Mawr audience ready to deliver an address to young men only, to be confronted by the grace and beauty of a young woman's college. He would forget wedding and funeral appointments—he was a dreamer, but a divine dreamer. He had the most photographic mind I have ever encountered. I would hand him some pages from a forthcoming book to read. In a few seconds he would return them. "But you have not read them," I would protest. Then to prove that he had he would quote sentence after sentence verbatim. He was a maker of mosaics, and if once on a time he borrowed a bit of colour from here or from there, the beauty and majesty of the finished design was his and his alone. Once he said to me: "I am criticized for my mythology or my ignorance of it. The fact is that if I do not find a myth to illuminate my point I create one of my own." And he did.

I have made this free use of a great name and that the name of one who honoured me with a great friendship. I do not make the citation in censure or criticism, rather the reverse. My great friend was careless; like so many geniuses, his indifference to time and place was monumental. He and Frank Gunsaulus, who succeeded him in Central Church, were bosom-friends and constant pals. Each had that same sublime disregard for calendars and clocks. One day Dr. Hillis as he was leaving my office said, "Please have your operator telephone Gunsaulus I will meet him at the Union League Club at one o'clock." I delayed him long enough to ask if he had read Paul Leicester Ford's *Story of an Untold Love*. He had—but why? "Do you remember," I asked, "that little story when the Apostles Peter and Paul met in a café and were throwing dice? Paul threw five sixes, whereupon Peter threw five sevens. Said Paul to Peter, 'See here, old man, no miracles among

friends.'” Hillis smiled and left me. At two o'clock Gunsaulus telephoned to ascertain where he could find Hillis.

My second instance is that of a very prominent popular and highly successful woman novelist, traveller, and playwright. I had just published a new novel of hers and its success was not only spectacular, far exceeding any previous sales of her books, but it so reacted on her earlier books that these too had a renewed and greater popularity. In this latest novel she described a certain beauty-spot in Wales—a really perfect bit of descriptive writing.

One day the president and chief owner of one of the important publishing houses in New York called me to the telephone and would like to know if I could see him should he call during that afternoon. Of course, I would be glad to see him. He came. Never before nor since have I been paid a greater compliment than the confidence expressed by this really great man—a dean of American publishing while it was yet a profession. From his pocket he took a bundle of galley proofs—an ominous portent. He placed them quietly before me and invited my reading and careful consideration. From a book of travel published by him my author had taken bodily her Welsh picture.

There had been offered to the editor of his monthly magazine an article showing the parallel between the two descriptions. Parallel is not quite the right word, for there were three book pages consisting of about twelve hundred words—the appropriation was shameless and complete. My visitor said: “When this was brought to my attention I instructed that its publication be withheld until I had seen you, for I have too much regard and esteem for you to permit this to be published if only you will give me assurance that you will bring it to the attention of your author.” Of course I agreed not only with alacrity but with a great sense of gratitude for this gesture of sacrifice, not only of his own author but of his editor as well, for he was being deprived of a sensational contribution.

We agreed it was not a matter for correspondence. My author lived in England. As I was planning to go abroad shortly I promised I would personally tell the author all the facts, particularly

of the generous courtesy of a rival publisher—a true and honourable friend. On my arrival in London I immediately made contact with my author and planned an early week-end visit at her country home. I was one of several guests at a merry party. After Saturday luncheon I asked if we might not go quietly to her study and have a business talk. She was and is a most adorable, open-hearted person, keen, sensitive, and temperamental. Again, I felt as comfortable as an executioner at a hanging, but the obligation was too great and my debt to my American friend so much an affair of honour and justice that I must go through with the ordeal. So I began, "Now I have the most difficult task I have ever undertaken and I crave your patience and consideration." Then I told her my story and presented my evidence. She read quietly for a short time, then she tightly clutched the papers; the colour mounted high in her face, and with all the drama and emotion which have made for the popularity and success of her books, she said with great indignation: "Well, why not! Why should I not take a short cut to a scene which this other writer knows so much better than I? For years lines from my plays, paragraphs from my books, ideas from my plots—all these have been appropriated by others. Why should not I do a little compensating borrowing on my own account?" And so she went on with her specious defence until I began to feel that I was the culprit and that her wrath was being vented upon me as the person who had brought this shame needlessly upon her. I allowed her passionate resentment to work itself out, for it was clear she was distressed and merely sparring for time or some possibility of advantage. Then I said to her: "My dear, you must be flattered that so many have taken titbits from your tables of bounty, but surely you do not contend that two wrongs make one right. Surely you are too rich in creative genius and ability to permit yourself to become sponsor for another's work, no matter how clever it may be. Then think of the generosity of my American rival—just suppose he had published this article; conceive of your mortification. Be practical for a moment and think of the real material damage to your reputation and your income if this *exposé* had put you for ever under

suspicion with editors and critics, and rather more than all else, the deadly effect of the whispering-gallery among your readers." I held forth along this line until our minds came more nearly to a meeting-point. Then began my work of reconstruction. I insisted she was not really a playwright, successful and remunerative as her plays had been. She was first and foremost a great novelist, and her fame would rest not on the passing thrill of a comedy or a drama before the footlights to a transient audience but on the substantial foundation of her serious work as a novelist—a realist, one who visualized and interpreted as few of her generation could the passions, problems, hopes, and despairs of her fellows. And why, in the name of heaven, should she permit such a glaring flaw to find place in her structure and undermine it?

After two hours of conflict we emerged more understanding friends than ever before—the thunder-storm was over, the lightning had struck but the damage was slight and again the sun shone. I cabled my friend that I had faithfully executed my commission, that my author and I tendered him a gratitude which should enhalo his crown.

This was all before the Great War. My American friend has long since passed on. My author did heroic and self-sacrificing work in hospital service during the entire period of the war. She wrote no further plays after our conference, but she has written her best books during and since the war years. At this time she is resting upon her laurels, writing occasional books. We are still intimate and devoted friends, although her literary agent could not resist a thumping big offer from another publisher and without her knowledge or consent committed her to a long-term contract away from me.

This woman never had the slightest necessity to beg, borrow, or steal from anyone anywhere. She could write rings around the man from whom she took those three pages of description, and yet for that one little temporary blind spot she hazarded the purity of her reputation. Her crime was not plagiarism but indolence, and a curious little sense of inferiority at a critical moment.

This third instance has always stood out in my mind as the

most extraordinary incident in my contact with authors. A properly accredited literary agent in New York brought to me the work of a young author whose one or two books had been somewhat indifferently published by another firm. Nevertheless, they had achieved some success and more recognition. Now he sought more energetic presentation, greater publicity, and altogether more personal contact and interest in his literary welfare than hitherto had been manifested. Here was the manuscript (most carefully and neatly prepared) of his next book, which had already been sold for a goodly figure to run serially in one of the most popular and widely circulated magazines in the country. As this magazine was noted for its care and discrimination in the selection of its fiction and had a circulation of just under 2,000,000 copies monthly, there was definite reason why we should most favourably consider this author and his work. The report on the manuscript from my editor-in-chief was so favourable that a contract was drawn forthwith and in due time was executed. This contract called for the immediate payment of \$2,000 on account of royalties and a provision that we had option on the author's next succeeding three books on similar terms. We were all proud to have annexed this promising young author, for his present manuscript, which differed from his earlier books, exhibited a growing maturity and a versatility of style which gave rich promise for the future.

The magazine proposed to run the story in four monthly parts and we were permitted to publish in book form after the appearance of the third instalment, so it was incumbent on us to begin the work of type-setting and designing. This we did. The proofs were most carefully read and diligently compared with the magazine setting. The author read the proofs but his changes were too slight to be of any concern. We printed and bound a first edition of 5,000 copies, and upon our representations booksellers subscribed advance orders sufficient to justify our thoughtful consideration in reprinting in advance of publication. Altogether a highly gratifying discovery!

The third instalment had appeared in the magazine, our publi-

cation date had been fixed, copies were packed ready to release for review, publicity had been scheduled, and all was set for a successful launching. Then one morning the magazine editor sent an SOS call to my editor and arranged an immediate meeting. From somewhere out in Colorado (Boulder, I think) came a letter from an Englishman, retired to the genial and invigorating climate of the Rockies. In this letter he told of having read some years ago this particular story of our young author. He gave chapter and verse for his statements. The title had been altered and the names of the principal characters changed, but otherwise he could detect no change from the original version, which he had enjoyed so much that his memory carried the complete thread of the story and in addition the title under which it first had been published. From this information we were able to trace the history of the book in America. It had been published in the year 1891 by D. Appleton and Company in their Town and Country Library. There was no American copyright but Appleton's had purchased for a lump sum all American rights. The first protective step was to acquire from Appleton's all their property rights in the book and its plates. Through the courtesy of John W. Hiltman, president of Appleton's, this was easily arranged and, fortunately, they had preserved a file copy which accompanied the transfer to my company.

Next we sought the author, but he had died and we could find no trace of existing proprietary British rights in the book. A very careful comparison of the original publication was made with the manuscript and with the corrected proofs submitted by our author. We found the Colorado correspondent to be absolutely correct in his statements, for the only changes were in the title, the names of characters, and slight alterations in phrasing, the better to conceal its British origin.

Armed with these facts, I sent for our young author and confronted him with the evidence. He attempted a little bluffing but yielded quickly to the irrefutable testimony of the original book. His defence was that he happened upon this old book, had been intrigued by its plot, and thought to utilize some of its features

in the book he had planned next to write. Later, under pressure of financial necessity (this being 1929 and brokers were calling for margins) he boldly took over the old book lock, stock, and barrel, made the few changes indicated, carefully transcribed it on his own typewriter—three copies, one for the magazine, one for us, and one for himself. Properly cornered, he owned up to everything and penitently sought a way out of his awful predicament.

We were in a difficult position. I did not want to compound a felony and yet as we had acquired all rights the felony existed only against ourselves. The magazine proprietors were in a hopeless predicament. They could scarcely be expected blandly and needlessly to explain to their millions of readers that they had been duped, so they felt the compulsion of silence, the more so as the issue containing the fourth instalment was printed and bound and ready for distribution. To destroy 2,000,000 copies of a magazine without hope of recompense was too great a penalty. Then, too, there was the time-element, for so large a reprinting could not be accomplished without fatal delay in distribution. A graceful and complete retirement was their only remaining course. This they did. As for ourselves, our position was entirely different. We asked for the restoration of *status quo ante*—that we be reimbursed for all cash advances made and for our costs of type-setting, plate-making, printing, and binding. Also that the plates and all copies be destroyed. From some source the author raised the considerable sum necessary to liquidate his indebtedness to us. Our check came from a Philadelphia brokerage house with Wall Street connexions.

There remained the problem of the author as a man and as a writer. No doubt of his talent and less doubt of his cleverness. Why not make effort to save him rather than to destroy him? In evangelical terms he had been convinced and convicted of his sin and "Thou shalt not steal" had been branded upon his soul. He was penitent if for no other reason than the dread fear of literary execution and extinction, and who was I to deny him right and opportunity to reconstruct his life?

I made the proposal that we would hold him to our option on

his next three books but that we would deal with each book on its merits. After that he would be released to make such other publishing arrangements as he might choose. So he was paroled and probationed. We published those three books; they were increasingly better in quality and were widely read. Today he has a quiet distinction all his own—not quite all his own, for he married a shrewd and intelligent newspaper woman who has taken into her hands the direction of his life and letters, and she does his type-writing.

Those three instances I submit as proof that assimilation or plagiarism is not unconscious but that vanity (which is another name for excessive modesty and an inferiority complex) and intellectual indolence are responsible for those, even those in high places, who yield to temptation even without being conscious of the tempting.

Proper efforts at restitution were made in all three cases. The offending preface disappeared from *A Man's Value to Society*; the offending paragraphs throughout the book were deleted and substitutions (really improvements) made by the author.

My woman author journeyed to Wales and rewrote the three pages of Welsh description—her present version a classic of scenic atmosphere in printed form.

My young friend has gone straight and the world and his children would have been losers had his literary soul been damned.

PART THREE

Which Concerns a Select London Group

CHAPTER XV

THE OLD FRIEND'S TALE

IN the year 1908, and a very few months after the founding of George H. Doran Company, there happened a simple little domestic event which was to alter the entire complexion of my publishing effort.

My daughter was at boarding-school and my wife and I were living at one of the smaller of New York's family hotels. One day Mrs. Doran suffered from a rather sharp attack of vertigo. She consulted the hotel physician, who ordered that she stay abed for some days. Following instructions, she made preparations for her siege of relaxation and retirement and asked me to send her some books.

At that time Hodder & Stoughton of London, for whom we were American publishers, issued a series of novels which they called the Warwick Colonial Library, mostly books published by themselves but including some books from other British publishers. A copy of each book in this library was sent to me on the day of publication. From an accumulation of these I made hasty selection of some half-dozen titles and sent them to Mrs. Doran. This was early morning. Towards evening she called me on the telephone and said: "I have been reading the most marvellous book I have read in twenty years. It is *The Old Wives' Tale* by Arnold Bennett. Do cable at once and see if you can secure American rights." Her judgment had been so sound and reliable in former instances and she was so keenly interested in the development of my new business that I cabled at once for a price on 1,000 sheets, and later ordered them with the proviso that we had such rights in America as could then be sold to us. In due course the sheets arrived, and accompanying the advice of ship-

ment was a review of the book by Sir William Robertson Nicoll in the *British Weekly* which began: "I contend against all comers that *The Old Wives' Tale* by Arnold Bennett is the best English novel of the past twenty-five years."

We published the book; I sent fifty copies to as many leading booksellers in the country, accompanied by a personal letter and a copy of Nicoll's review. There was relatively little response, but we did ship out about 350 copies. The American critics paid little attention to it. Perhaps because I was comparatively unknown as a publisher and perhaps because Bennett was not accepted as an author of any particular worth or distinction, although he had written several books. Suddenly out of the blue there came from the bookselling firm of Estes & Lauriat, Boston, an order for 100 copies, in two days an order for another 100, until within two weeks they had ordered 500 copies, practically exhausting our first importation. Upon investigation I found that Frederic G. Melcher, then a salesman in the book-shop of Estes & Lauriat, had recommended and urged it upon his quite remarkable clientele. We ordered a further supply of 2,000 sheets. From Boston the little flame started a high-class prairie fire which rather quickly extended to the intellectuals of the country, beginning with New York and going slowly but surely westward. We cabled for plates that we might be prepared for the growing demand. Then occurred the most remarkable happening in the history of this book. The English publishers, Chapman & Hall, thinking they had practically exhausted the important British demand, had reprinted the book in a flat magazine paper-bound form selling at sixpence the copy. They shipped to us their original and only set of plates. A year later we set up type and made plates for a new American edition with some slight changes and a special preface and sold the original English plates to Hodder & Stoughton, who became and still remain the British publishers of *The Old Wives' Tale*.

This was the beginning of the triumphal recognition of Arnold Bennett and, to borrow his own phrase, which he coined for his introduction to our edition of *Marie Claire*, it was "a divine accident." Not at any time was there anything approaching an

epidemic sale, but a steady demand which at the end of three years had grown to a sale of 100,000 copies. Critics and reviewers scurried to give belated praise to this genius and his work. Bennett's fame grew and Thomas B. Wells of Harper and Brothers commissioned him to come to America and write for *Harper's Magazine* a series of contributions to be called *Your United States*, conditioning their then very flattering offer by insisting that they were to have also the rights for book publication, and further were to have the serial and book rights in Bennett's next novel. It was arranged that he was to come to America in 1911, which he did. However, between 1908 and 1911 I had been acquiring rights to Bennett's earlier books. From John Lane Company came his first book, *A Man from the North*; from Doubleday, Page & Company, *Anna of the Five Towns*; from D. Appleton and Company, *The Glimpse*; from Brentano's, *Buried Alive*; and from various English publishers several others, so that I was publishing a new Bennett novel each month for several months. Later I came across three little books of Arnold Bennett's essays, *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day*; *Mental Efficiency*; *The Human Machine*. And a fourth book, *The Truth about an Author*, in which A.B. cruelly, clinically dissected himself and exposed his mind, but not his heart. All four books had been somewhat surreptitiously published by Cecil Palmer of Red Lion Court—one of those curious little byways of the great Fleet Street just before you come to Ludgate Hill. I acquired from A.B.'s literary agent the American rights to these. In the aggregate they have sold many hundreds of thousands of copies.

This combination of circumstances had prepared the American public for the arrival of Arnold Bennett. On my trip abroad in 1909 I had my first visit with him. He was in Paris living in a small house in Rue de Grenelle. There awaited me in London a cordial invitation to come to Paris for the Christmas season. His directions were explicit to the last degree, concluding with a typical Bennettism—"Take a taxicab to such and such a corner, turn right, stop before an entrance in Rue de Grenelle, turn right to Number 39 and at seven-thirty you will find me behind that door." And

find him I did, with his lately espoused Marguerite. Arnold himself has told the story of that evening, for it had the minor tragedies of the explosion of the new coffee-making machine; of the kerosene lamp being turned up rather than down and of the black soot from the chimney laying a fine coating of carbon over everything, including Marguerite's new white satin gown. Her reproaches to Arnold were in French, so I understood them not, but I gathered from Arnold's meekness that they were caustic and effective. This being Christmas Eve—hence the new satin gown—we were to proceed at midnight to *réveillon*, a gay party at the home of Madame Eduardes, divorced wife of the head of the Comédie Française. And such a party! It was made the occasion for the first exhibition of some new murals which decorated the entire walls of her salon and the work of her ardent lover, a Spanish painter of distinction. It was, too, the beginning of the short life of the divided skirt, and Madame Eduardes, a magnificent Pole, wore her gown with all the dignity of a Roman Senator and the grace of a Parisienne.

I spent four never-to-be-forgotten days in Paris with Arnold. It was my first real visit and he took especial pains to make certain that from then onward I should at least have the groundwork for a real understanding of the City of Pleasure. But more than all else, it was the beginning of my habit of spending the succeeding fifteen Christmas seasons with him. We have been together in Paris, Cannes, Rome, Fontainebleau, London; at George Street, Hanover Square, and at Cadogan Square, and one memorable week at Comarques, Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, a Georgian mansion purchased by Arnold. Here he retained all the traditions of the English country home: its architecture; its gardens; and its general atmosphere: but he furnished it in the manner of the French Empire period, and after having seen America he introduced some American ideas of comfort, such as a porcelain bath for each master bedroom, central heating, electric toasters, and what not. Altogether a model of tradition, taste, and comfort.

In the winter of 1914 English life was at a very low ebb, for the war was going badly for England, but the spirit of the people

was reasserting itself and everyone was doing his part. Arnold had billeted with him four young officers of the hastily formed army. They were Oxford and Cambridge men and were conducting their recruiting and their training in the spacious stable-yard of Comarques. And how they worked! It took great courage on the part of twenty-two- and twenty-three-year-old college men to undertake the training of sturdy British farmers and country-town folk. But all that is merely by the way. These Christmastide meetings were such a fixture that they served to establish and maintain a friendship such as I had not known and never again did experience. We had no secrets, and we had a great and substantial structure back of us. In a way I had been the means in the hands of a providence, divine or otherwise, of making for Arnold that contact which brought his genius to the attention of the world, bringing fame and competency. On the other hand, he brought to me a new sense of publishing values. He was ever my friend, counsellor, and enthusiast. To him I owe a great part of my development as publisher, for he came into my life just at the time when the realist school of which he was dean was placing its mark upon English letters. So we had a great community of interest as well as great attraction, one for the other.

These then were the ties which had drawn us together and held us together at the time of Arnold's visit to America. He came on *S.S. Lusitania* and by the courtesy of newspaper friends I went down the bay on the *Ship's News* tender to greet him at quarantine. Outwardly calm and seemingly imperturbable, he was thrilled as a schoolboy by this great adventure, but *Your United States* has told that part of the story. He came to my home over that first week-end and with a great grace presented to Mrs. Doran a beautifully bound first edition of *The Old Wives' Tale* in which is inscribed: "To Mrs. George H. Doran, the original cause of my second advent in America." This remains one of her proudest possessions.

Living in a suburb was too isolated for a great man on a voyage of discovery, so we took a suite at the Waldorf-Astoria and there

Arnold and I stayed six days of the week, but the seventh day was spent in the country.

Early in the next week Arnold reported to the chiefs of Harper and Brothers in their gaunt old building in Franklin Square. Just what happened on that visit I never did know. Perhaps on that blue Monday morning he was received as just another author. But I do know that he returned to my modest quarters in Thirty-second Street and in his faltering yet downright fashion said, "George, I do not like those people." I provided him with a little private office where he could hold receptions and give interviews, where his status was kingly if his throne was without grandeur.

Then followed an association which continued without interruption for the six weeks of his visit. Except for my having to appear as a witness in a lawsuit in Toronto, Canada, we were not separated for more than a few hours at a time during all that period. We journeyed together to Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Indianapolis, where the divine Tark (Booth Tarkington) gave a grand reception for his old pal of Paris days. While Arnold was in America I republished his *Sacred and Profane Love* somewhat revised under the title of *The Book of Carlotta*. Those who have read it will recall that it is one of Bennett's most penetrating studies of feminine character. It provoked comment and criticism, favourable and unfavourable, and made the women of New York curiously interested in its author. But it really did not require that book to compel woman's interest in Arnold. He had the most come-hither brown eyes; his hands were delicately those of a great artist; his mind shrewdly fascinating to intelligent women; his hesitancy in speech deliciously intriguing. One Sunday after a week of admiration and conquest Arnold and I were enjoying the quiet of a walk among the Westchester hills and naturally we talked of the events of the past few days. Arnold was greatly entertained by the question most women asked him, "How do you know so well the heart of a woman that you can write so understandingly about her?" Arnold said by reply, "All I have to do is to think I am a woman and write as a woman feels." "But, of course, George," he continued, "that is all damn nonsense; the

real fact is I have had forty-one mistresses." That was in 1911 when he was about forty-six years old.

Arnold brought with him hundreds of letters of introduction to all sorts and conditions of people in America and he was perplexed as to what to do. I counselled that he put them in the bottom of his trunk. This he did and used only one, for he was so eagerly sought that he could not possibly have been seeker as well.

I said to him once that his power of description reminded me of a woman friend and her juvenile brother, who had rare facility in making lifelike sketches of animals. His sister asked him how he was able to draw horses and cows and cats and dogs and sheep and pigs and other animals, and his classic reply was, "Well, Sister, I just see them on the paper and draw lines around them." This was so true of Bennett; he never described a man or woman by height, colour, dress, or manner, but somehow he drew lines around his characters so that they became living, articulate human beings.

Altogether his American visit was one continuous triumph. Within a week of his arrival, he was besieged by editors. Contracts were concluded for the serial rights of three unwritten novels at from \$20,000 to \$25,000, and yet after the publication of *The Old Wives' Tale*, I had not been able to sell the rights of one of his important books, with the complete manuscript in hand, for \$4,000. No other author from Europe had had such a reception since the visit of Charles Dickens. Despite many invitations to come again, Arnold was too wise to hazard a second public visit, but he did plan some day to come quietly and unannounced and see more of America and his particular friends. First the war and then his domestic difficulties intervened and he never could bring himself to make the voyage.

Following the impetuous enthusiasm for which our United States is justly famous, there came a reaction, and critics and many others began to feel that too much had been made of Arnold Bennett and his work, but these doubters were not able to shake

the affection of the few who knew him or the high opinion the reading public had of his work.

Just before his departure Arnold sat for Pirie McDonald for a portrait photograph which is the most exact likeness and finest picture interpretation of Bennett in existence. He was greatly pleased with it and so was I. In giving me a print he wrote beneath it: "To George H. Doran from whom in the United States the Almighty, Himself, shall not separate me." My publishing instinct must momentarily have transcended my friendship, for I told him I would feel so much safer if he would substitute "my literary agent" for the "Almighty." However, I need have had no fear, for to the time of his death I not only published everything new he wrote but gradually acquired all rights in his works held by others in America.

It is no part of my effort to judge, even though I were competent, which I am not, of the place of Arnold Bennett in the history of English literature. Some of the best minds among his contemporaries have written their eulogies and some few their depreciations, but none has dared even to suggest that he would not survive as a most beloved friend, and it is of a beloved friend that I write. At least twice each year for twenty-five years we met and fraternized. I always cabled him the time of my visits and invariably there would greet me at the Savoy his letter of welcome, suggesting plans for an early meeting. At one time it would mean joining him in Paris or on the Riviera or on his yacht at some port on the English coast. If he were in London we would meet at once and he gave me his list of open days so that we could arrange to be together either alone or with intimate and congenial friends. If he had discovered a new author or if he had heard of a discontented older writer he would tell me about it and always try to annex them to my list. But I must pay, and pay well, and he was rather more exacting for his author friends than he was for himself.

The Truth about an Author, that self-portrait, would reveal a hard-headed, grasping, and exacting writing machine which would produce almost any variety of writing at a given and con-

stantly increasing price. But that was purely a mechanical device set up for himself and for other writers. In common with all writers of his time he had a hard struggle to obtain recognition at the outset of his career. But with all his bravado Bennett never wrote without one of two or three compelling motives: as an artist striving for a great prose picture; as entertainer to join with his readers in a frolic; as a philosopher to give his quiet thinking upon life and its conduct to the world. But never could he be tempted to write merely for the sake of gain, and this for two reasons: he could not prostitute his art; he was too busy to find time for all the things he felt he must do and say.

His interest in young writers was as keen as it was unselfish. He would give more time and attention to the manuscript of a beginner than to the reading of a new book by some renowned friend. In his later years his journalistic work and literary criticism in the *Evening Standard* of London gave him the position of a great dean of letters with much prestige and power and he raised the taste of English readers everywhere. His favour was sought, but never extended upon any other basis than his own sense of worth. Out of many of his discoveries two notable examples stand out conspicuously. Thornton Wilder sent an early copy of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* to his great friend Lady Colefax of Argyll House, who in turn quickly brought it to the attention of Arnold Bennett. Bennett's review in the *Evening Standard* not only created a large demand in England, but its influence spread quickly to America and, as in the case of Joseph Hergesheimer, first stimulated American sales. It is interesting to observe that A.B. was thus able to reciprocate what America had done for him in its appreciation of *The Old Wives' Tale* and others of his books, for Arnold assuredly was a prophet without honour in his own country until America recognized him. The spectacular career of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* is common knowledge. In America alone it had a sale of at least 350,000 copies; probably 300,000 of its purchasers are still wondering, if even they recall the book, just what it was all about.

The other instance was *Jew Süss* by Feuchtwanger. This book,

a translation from the German, was first published in English under the title *Power* by the Viking Press of New York and a small edition of 500 sheets imported into England by Martin Secker of Number 5 John Street, Adelphi. Secker experienced great difficulty in securing the interest of the libraries in London: the Times Book Club, Mudie's, and Boots's, without whose interest and influence no book other than the purely pornographic ever attained a maximum popular sale in England. But Secker with all his modesty and dilettantism has been a pioneer and discoverer in the field of letters; many of England's foremost writers have had their first books appear over his imprint. He sent an early copy of *Power* to A.B. In a week or two the *Evening Standard* review appeared, and so great was the immediate demand that Secker had to make plates at once by photographic process and quickly sold many thousands of copies. The enthusiasm which Arnold Bennett started spread all over Britain and her possessions, extended to the United States, and even reinstated the book in its own Germany. Feuchtwanger later was expelled from his homeland as an undesirable Jew, but since *Jew Süß* he has not emerged above a rather mediocre level of authorship.

It was during his visit to America that Bennett brought to my attention and was the direct means of my making contracts for the work of Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton, and others.

I may not schedule all whose books later came to my list largely on Arnold's recommendation or because the shrewd Bennett had committed his American fortunes to my hands. In any event, the first books of his I published marked the place at which I emerged from the limitations of religious-book publication into that field where my natural instincts and inclinations had always drawn me. As *The Old Wives' Tale* went on its triumphant way there were several covetous American publishers, but it remained for Alfred Harcourt, then of Henry Holt and Company, to come to me and say: "See here, Doran, that book does not belong on your list. It should be on a list like Holt's alongside William De Morgan and others of our class and his." My reply to Harcourt was that

this was only a beginning and that some day I hoped to rival the Holt list in the quality of my fiction. And I did.

In the year 1910 Arnold completed the first of his Clayhanger trilogy. In 1911 there appeared the second, *Hilda Lessways*, and the third was to follow. *Clayhanger*, the first of the three, was the story of his own boyhood and his life with his parents in the Five Towns. It revealed the unsympathetic and harsh Nonconformist father and the adoring mother. Up to the time of her death Arnold wrote daily to that mother. The second, *Hilda Lessways*, was the tragic story of Arnold's jilting by his sweetheart—his first bitter disappointment in love and in woman. So deeply was the iron thrust into his soul that he then and there resolved to go to Paris, take up freedom of living in that unrestrained atmosphere, and bury his grief and disappointment in gaiety and frivolity.

The third of the trilogy was to deal with married life. This was to be written in broad perspective, and Arnold confided to me that while books may have been written dealing with the wedded state and alleged wedded bliss, nothing comparable with what he would produce had yet been attempted. Alas! While in America Arnold had been the victim of too great hospitality, and he returned to England a physically exhausted man, his chief malady being a nervous disturbance of his always weak digestive processes. He was just ill enough to permit himself to be swaddled in cotton-wool by his wife Marguerite. It was in an atmosphere such as this that he wrote *These Twain*, the concluding volume of the trilogy, and while it is a great study of marital life it is obviously a book written with a feeling of obligation to one woman who took care of him temporarily.

It was at this time that Marguerite attained an ascendancy over Arnold that was to bear tragic results. Because of his infirmity of speech he was unable readily to cope with or respond to the alternating coddlings and increasingly vain complacencies of Marguerite. She was strong, virile, healthy; he, poor dear, was weak, suffering, and at best merely a genius, while she for the first time in their married life was permitted to bloom as the great artist

which she felt herself to be. His work suffered with him, and if ever there were puerility in his writings it was at this time. Marguerite, like most women, did not have the wit to make temperate and permanent use of a temporary supremacy. She became blatantly domineering in public. I recall one incident which showed Marguerite at her worst. It was at the time when the Irish question was most troubling to Lloyd George and the British Parliament. There was a breach in negotiations and conversations could only be carried on by means of liaisons. I was invited by Arnold to come to Cadogan Square to meet Sir James O'Connor, Lord Justice of Ireland, who was then acting as liaison between Lloyd George and the Sinn Fein. It was to be a quiet and confidential meeting where I was to learn something authentic concerning the Irish situation. There were the four of us at the luncheon-table, Marguerite and Arnold, Sir James and myself, but chiefly Marguerite. For nearly three long weary hours we sat at table, Marguerite monopolizing practically all that time in monologues extolling her beloved France and her own great self. Not one word about Ireland. Exhausted, Arnold pleaded he must have his afternoon snooze, and Sir James and I wandered on to my Savoy apartment, where we found sanctuary and had tea, and I got at first hand the real story of the Irish situation.

Like a martyr Arnold endured this growing tyranny. Never by spoken word or gesture did he waver from an intense loyalty. But finally it reached the breaking-point, for Arnold had either to give up work and ambition and peace of mind, or give up Marguerite. Even at the point of separation Arnold held to his loyalty and to his traditional Nonconformist view of the sanctity of the marriage vow. He would not consent to divorce, although he had good and satisfying grounds; rather, he made a very generous settlement: a fixed amount annually predicated upon his then earnings, to be increased yearly whenever his earnings increased, but never to fall below the stipulated amount of the separation agreement. Arnold disposed of Comarques and gave up his *pied-à-terre* in George Street, Hanover Square, and took his house in Cadogan Square, where once lived the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, one-

time Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India. In this stately house Arnold rather quickly reverted to type. Save for one room in which he preserved the best examples of his Empire furniture, the whole house was Victorian in its settings and furnishings. His butler and maids were proverbial English types. He was too fine a gourmet to permit nothing but English cookery, so his cook was a happy blend of French and English. I was with him as he moved from George Street to Cadogan Square. He was transferred in an ambulance from one house to the other, for he was suffering from an influenza which threatened pneumonia, but move he must. He would not hear of nurses but he could not be left alone in that big house, so I bribed his doctor to send day and night nurses immediately, for Marguerite would certainly again have descended upon the prostrate Arnold. However, he made a good recovery, following which he left at once with his devoted friend Frank Swinnerton for a prolonged visit to Spain and the Riviera, and the separation was legally, physically, and spiritually completed.

I was to see Marguerite once again. Prior to the separation she had been giving interpretations of classic French poetry to school and college audiences in England. She had considerable histrionic ability and the wife of Arnold Bennett was certain of a cordial reception and hearing. Encouraged by the approval of her English audiences, she decided to visit America. She was well received by American college audiences, where she appeared as a guest and not as a paid entertainer. The directors of lecture bureaus, ever on the alert for new stars or victims, approached her with suggestions for an American tour. The more substantial agencies told her very frankly that there was much doubt of her financial success and that the burden of any loss would fall on her. But one bureau speciously proposed a contract, subtly phrased, which protected them by a considerable deposit before the tour. Also all receipts should first go to them in payment of travelling expenses, rentals of halls, and publicity costs. She came to me for my judgment. I pointed out to her two things: first, that an invitation American audience was often gracious and enthusiastic in the pres-

ence of a lecturer or an artist but when it came to buying tickets these enthusiasms were not so keen; and second, that the advance payment her bureau manager required from her, together with the expenses of the trip, for which her contract made her responsible, would amount to more than it was likely she could collect from the box-office receipts. But such was her confidence in herself that my arguments had no weight. Just as one human being to another, I did not want her to invite certain loss and bitter disappointment. So I tried another tack. I said: "My dear Marguerite, do you not realize that a large part of your personal appeal to the American public lies in the fact that you are Mrs. Arnold Bennett? For you are not known in this country and our interest in French poetry is negligible." Well, I might just as well have lighted a fuse to a charge of dynamite. The quiet and graceful creature before me became an infuriated animal of the tiger family. She fumed and she raged and at the top of her very far-reaching voice insisted again and again that she knew and Arnold knew and all their friends admitted that she was the great artist of the small family of two to which she had belonged; that Arnold basked in the sunlight of her favour and genius. I was as helpless before her as I am sure Arnold had been for years. Her ego was insufferable, and I understood then some part of what Arnold had been called upon to endure. Finally her hysterics brought tears; she sank into her chair; I gave her a glass of sherry and called for my secretary to come and care for Marguerite. She did not go on with her proposed tour and I have not seen her since.

Following his return from his long excursion, Arnold took up his life in London. His fine home in Cadogan Square made a fitting and adequate background for this astounding man who by expression sought to be a modern of the moderns; yet he forever remained the Victorian—with a mellowing of the Edwardian. He resumed his more serious form of writing. *Riceyman Steps* was one of the first productions of the reincarnated Bennett. I have always thought that it was a close question whether that book or *The Old Wives' Tale* was his best. Arnold himself would not admit any comparison; *The Old Wives' Tale* was ever to him his

finest effort, but I notice that in his book *The Edwardian Era* André Maurois, reviewing the English literature of the period, brackets these two books as the best expression of Arnold Bennett's genius.

Years hence a new generation will turn to these Bennett tales of the Five Towns to learn what sort of people made up industrial England of the latter part of the nineteenth century and first part of the twentieth century, just as we now seek in the work of Charles Dickens and Charles Reade the story of the industrial and social life of lower- and middle-class England of a somewhat earlier period.

Despite all his protestations to the contrary, Arnold was an emotionalist, and in common with the major portion of his race a sentimentalist. In politics he was a staunch Liberal and as such was an advocate of personal and national peace. To that extent he was a pacifist, not because of weakness but because peace was a passion with him. However, when his country was irrevocably committed to war he gave up all scruples and joined heartily in preparations. First, he made his estate at Thorpe-le-Soken available for the training of enlisted men and his yacht he surrendered to the East Coast patrol. Later on he was to become chief of an important branch of the British Bureau of Information and Propaganda, where he served with rare distinction and effectiveness. He declined every proffered award of title and preferment, for he had only one titular ambition and that was O.M. (Order of Merit), of which there are a very limited few. During the war period Arnold wrote among other books *The Pretty Lady*, the story of the fortunes and misfortunes of a member of the oldest profession in the world in times of national stress. For this he was highly praised and roundly damned.

The war and domestic difficulties took heavy toll of this highly sensitive man and it is small wonder that his work should have suffered in some measure. But he made a gallant recovery to a more enduring position than ever before.

At Cadogan Square Arnold lived the life of a bachelor, a life for which he was instinctively and eminently fitted. True, like

most men, he required a certain amount of mothering, for his devotion to and reliance upon his mother was touching and complete. At Cadogan Square there was no fixed chatelaine, but for his receptions and dinners Arnold had many hostesses of grace and distinction. As I so regularly was guest at his home I could not fail to notice that there was one particular hostess who aspired with increasing frequency to a certain proprietary interest in Arnold's *ménage*. The Liverpool Repertory Theatre was putting on one of Arnold's plays and he was invited to attend rehearsals and the first-night production. A leading spirit in the organization and a participant in productions was Dorothy Cheston, who later came to London and was established in Sloane Street. She and Arnold were a great deal together; in fact, it soon became inevitable that to invite the one meant to invite the other, and there was unmistakable evidence of great community of interest and conjugality, but the households were rigidly separate. There could be no doubt of the mutual infatuation. Dorothy, much younger than Arnold, stimulated him to a renewal of the youthfulness of his pre-Marguerite days. To the joy of all his friends he was more care-free and light-hearted than he had been for years. To him his relation to Dorothy was much more than mere infatuation; it became a dependence that was one form of genuine love.

Then there came to me a letter from Arnold which I always call his annunciation letter. I wish I had it at hand that I might quote it to give full force to the sanctity of his emotions as he approached the dignity and romance and responsibility of pater-nity. There was no quibbling—no apology. It was the letter of a man in the truest sense espoused and his mate was to make gift to him of a child. In his soul I know he regretted that he had not yielded to Marguerite's insistence upon divorce rather than separation, but now she was adamant in refusing Arnold the release which at one time she had so craved. Now she would not relinquish to another that which she had so ardently desired—clear title to the motherhood of a child of Arnold Bennett. Arnold's letter told me that he would be abroad for the Christmas season. He was going to Rome that he and Dorothy together openly might share

the joys of their approaching happiness. Would I not join them in Rome. This I did. Never have I seen a happier couple. They radiated youth and expectancy and Arnold was as proud and exuberant as a groom in his twenties.

I returned to America and in March following I received this laconic cablegram: "Female. All well." When next I came to London Dorothy and child were firmly established in Cadogan Square. By deed of poll Dorothy assumed the name of Bennett; the child was duly and properly christened Virginia Mary Bennett and Arnold and Dorothy everywhere were cordially received as Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Bennett. And why not! That was the relationship they both desired. Through no fault of theirs they were denied the sacred rites of the Church, which would solemnly declare, "These twain shall be one flesh." If ever there was real marriage, this was it—at least for then and for some time.

Arnold now took on a new sense of dignity and importance, for after all he deemed it of significance and justifiable pride that as he approached his sixtieth year he should become a full-fledged father.

In his book *The Truth about an Author* he essayed a portrait of himself, but it was not the work of an Old Master; it had all the squares and angles and ugly corners of the post-impressionist. Even in his *Journals* recently published in somewhat expurgated form Arnold in his day-to-day entries seems always to have written with his tongue in his cheek or with a view to his diaries being read by his public. So, never does he take down his defences but rather he built them higher and more convincingly that he might not expose his inner soul to curious gaze. In his book *Denry the Audacious*, either consciously or blandly unconsciously, he portrays his real self. Like Denry, Arnold neither walked nor strutted but by some means in between these two he propelled himself afoot. He dressed as would Denry—not quite simply, not quite ostentatiously, but with a conspicuous casualness. In his work he was a machine but never mechanical. His manuscripts—mostly exquisitely bound in morocco as though in preparation and readiness for final lodgment in the British Museum

—are models of perfection in their class. In a preface to the photographic reproduction of *The Old Wives' Tale* manuscript Arnold himself tells of his exhaustive and careful study of calligraphy before he finally decided upon the style in which he was to do all his writing. He used a very slender fine-pointed architect's pen, the letters about one-half the size of the ordinary person's handwriting but clear and legible as printing itself. He limited himself to one thousand words a day of finally corrected manuscript for his more serious efforts. *The Old Wives' Tale* contains two hundred and ten thousand words and he was seven months in its writing. His practice was to awaken about six o'clock in the morning, light his spirit-lamp, brew himself a pot of tea, and proceed with his day's stint. At nine o'clock he would emerge from his study fresh and immaculate, but with his real day's work behind him. Then followed his daily post, his hour or more with his secretary, his journalism, always distinct from his creative work. Then either a session with his piano or his palette, for he was a self-taught musician and a self-taught artist. If he did not excel in either of these arts he at least gave himself the opportunity of developing hobbies which brought him real relaxation and manual expression. After luncheon, long walks, on which I frequently accompanied him. For an hour on end we would walk in silence, until one day I said to him, "I suppose in these silences you are actually phrasing your thousand words for tomorrow." "Yes," he admitted. The first draft in his own hand had few alterations. His secretary transcribed on the typewriter triplicate copies, one of which he read and corrected. Then he was finished. His secretaries read proofs from this amended typewritten transcription and I very much doubt if he ever again read any of his books. He said to me that once he was finished he was finished; he had done his best and further attempts at revision could only be destructive.

In his youth and early manhood Arnold was denied many creature comforts which in his heart he craved. If he had not been successful, I am certain he would have become a Socialist if not a Red, but he was given opportunity to gratify all his tastes and

instincts for opulence. He could name his own price for his work, and he had such an orderly mind that he always knew just where he stood. On more than one New-Year's Day, he has told me, by consulting his diary, what his earnings had been for the year which closed the night before, even to the exact number of pounds, shillings, *and* pence. Strangely enough, his yearly income was always either a little under or over £20,000. He recorded even the number of words he had written during the year, and these numbers were appalling: in 1907, 375,000 words; in 1908, 423,500; and so on.

His first ideal of luxury was to own a yacht to take him to any port in Great Britain and a comfortable motor car to meet him anywhere. Next he must have an English gentleman's country estate, and this he found in Comarques. He must have extensive travel under most favourable auspices and conditions. His home must be Victorian, but like all affluent Victorians he must have his Continental flings and freedoms. Not content with the writing of successful plays, he wanted to have a hand in actual production and theatrical proprietorship, so he associated himself with Sir Nigel Playfair (recently deceased) and others in the enterprise of rehabilitating the Lyric Theatre at Hammersmith. He familiarized himself with the best restaurants in London and on the Continent and in spite of a weak digestion became something of a gourmet, often to his regret the next morning.

Arnold Bennett was coming to be one of the established institutions of London—75 Cadogan Square was his castle. The *Evening Standard* made him a dictator in the world of letters. While he was so sought that he could choose his friendships from all over the world, he chose those which nourished his soul rather than his vanity. He was friend and counsellor to young writers. His rare common sense and sound judgment made him arbiter of disputes and contentions between his contemporaries and their publishers or their producers, and so unimpeachable was his integrity that his findings were accepted without question.

For the most part, he was a contented man, particularly when in the company of his chosen intimates. But those same intimates

could not escape the fact that all was not going too well at Cadogan Square. I never have been able to understand why so wise a counsellor for others, so penetrating and accurate a discerner of woman in general, should in his own immediate household have twice been the victim of dominating, egotistical women. But it has its explanation—he was gentle and tolerant in his admiration and loyalty. He was generous in mind and in pocket-book. Above all else he craved peace, and ceded everyone the privilege of the pursuit of happiness. He was so secure in his own position he could not conceive of anyone in his own home being driven by an inner conflict. The first notable change was a hint from Arnold that he would be giving up his place in Cadogan Square. It was too lofty—too many staircases, too few conveniences. Soon he announced his removal to an apartment in Chiltern Court, an apartment-house built alongside and over a railway terminal. The change was appalling. After the quiet dignity of Cadogan Square and its exquisite taste in furnishing and decoration it was nothing short of sacrilege to find Arnold in an apartment consisting of a series of rooms strung along a narrow corridor like state rooms on the alley of a ship. Gone all the familiar friendly comfort of the study, drawing-room, and reception-room and the old adored atmosphere which were a part of Arnold himself. Instead, modernism rampant—Cubist furnishings and lightings, uncomfortable chairs and settees. The noise and distraction of the incoming and outgoing trains were sufficient to drive one insane. Yet here they were these two, Arnold and Dorothy, each accusing the other of blunder in making such a change.

If this manner of living were of Arnold's choosing it certainly was made as a hostage to peace, for he was not only content in Cadogan Square but he was justly proud of its dignity and seclusion. Perhaps Arnold's great sense of precision, his punctuality, his intolerance of tardiness or carelessness, made him a trying and exacting mate for one who could not share these meticulous enthusiasms. But these surely were minor idiosyncrasies to be met and humoured by his household, for after all he was bread-winner, luxury-winner, position-winner, the foundation and keystone of

all that life held for him and his dependents. He had such an abhorrence of indolence that he was constantly stimulating those around him to some sort of real intellectual activity. With all his prescience he seems to have reckoned without full count of the vanities and frailties of the untrained mind, especially of the genus female. Then again he suffered acutely from the impediment in his speech which in an intimate controversy drove him to silence, for his efforts to speak were swamped by the sheer struggle for expression. So he was a ready victim to the facile tongue of subtle woman.

The grace and charm which had so attracted Arnold in Dorothy Cheston had changed under his tolerance and stimulation to unreasoning tyranny and suffusing ego. The projects of her ladyship's repertory theatre were of transcending importance compared with the mere matter of writing and earning. Arnold's study must be the common property of two. His secretary must first do the bidding of mistress rather than that of employer. The household was made for woman, not woman for the household. The Rolls-Royce was her ladyship's chaise and not its master's convenience. Arnold's friends themselves were being stifled in vacuity. And not one spoken word of criticism or discontent from Arnold, but the drooping spirit—the eagerness with which he welcomed club luncheons and stag dinners was eloquent of his growing discontent and unhappiness. This then was the atmosphere in which Arnold moved from Cadogan Square to Chiltern Court.

Arnold had put on considerable weight in the passing years, and realizing that it was cumbersome and unnecessary, he took up a slimming diet, exercised more freely, and succeeded quickly in reducing by about fifty pounds—a dangerous experiment for the sixties.

He visited friends in France late in December, 1931. He returned to London in January and immediately under the advice of his physician took to his bed, the alleged malady being the prevailing influenza from which London suffers continuously during winter months. Although he seemed to be convalescing, he was not permitted to leave his apartment and used to telephone

me daily to come and have tea with him—alone. We talked together in great intimacy; he touched upon matters and confided in me in a way he had never done before, for somehow he seemed to be losing his grip on himself and was clutching for support—a gesture entirely foreign to the normally self-sufficient Arnold. However, we planned various things to do and for the following week we were to have a little luncheon for six cronies. My first intimation of trouble was a call from his secretary that he had suffered a relapse and could not keep the luncheon appointment. My next shock was that he was so ill he was denied visitors. Then confidentially came word that his malady was paratyphoid, later to be diagnosed as true typhoid fever. He passed the crisis of the disease successfully, but two weeks later sank into a coma and did not regain consciousness before he died.

Twice in my lifetime have I been conscious of a great and devastating public bereavement. With the sinking of the *Titanic* and its loss of many lives New York became a unit and in silence mourned the tragedy and its victims. With the passing of Arnold the London in which I was living at the time mourned the passing of a beloved friend. No matter how great may be his fame then and in the years to come, he is mourned and survives in his intimate circle not as genius and artist but as friend incomparable.

It was inevitable that there should arise animosities and recriminations between the two surviving Mrs. Bennetts. They cast lots, not for his clothing, but as to which was relict, not of material things, but of the heart and soul of Arnold. It was and still is a tragic and pathetic struggle of these two egos, each claiming that due to her influence and affection Arnold was made happy and brought to his great position of recognition and prominence. Dear old Arnold! I am glad he is not here to become a further victim to their wiles, and while one of them claims to be in direct spiritual communication with Arnold, I am certain that he is resting quietly and peaceably in that far country where there is no marrying or giving in marriage.

Funeral arrangements became somewhat complicated as between Arnold's own blood-relations, Marguerite, and Dorothy. So

Alistair (Duff) Tayler as executor under Arnold's will took matters into his own hands and ordained a simple cremation at Golder's Green. A very few of us attended that final ceremony. It was such a travesty that it would take the pen of Arnold himself adequately to picture it. In a shabby room, more like a criminal-court room than a chapel, a gaunt and haggard character of a man, garbed in the soiled robes of a curate of the Established Church, read or mumbled through a form of service designed for the use of the departed, be he Episcopalian, Jew, Roman Catholic, Nonconformist, Universalist, or Atheist. It did not matter to Arnold, I do not know that it mattered especially to anyone, but he was too fine and tender and great to be thus summarily and thoughtlessly dismissed to ashes.

That same afternoon a memorial service was held in the Church of St. Mary's in the Strand. It was a fitting memorial, simple in its grandeur. There gathered those who loved Arnold and whom Arnold loved. They paid simple tribute to the Man from the North, to Denry, or to the Great Man as their varying relationships dictated, but all with one accord mourned the passing of a friend. They came from every rank of English life—lords and ladies, members of the cabinet and of the House of Commons, authors, artists, bankers, merchants, gentlemen of leisure, and servants.

On the four-page programme of the order of service were printed two hymns, "Rock of Ages" and "Abide with Me," with the notation that these were Arnold's favourite hymns. This gave me pause, for the only time in our long and intimate association when Arnold and I came into violent disagreement was when he was insisting that there was no God—at least not the God of his youth and Nonconformity; that there was no immortality and no survival of personality. I told Arnold he could no more deny his faith than he could his nationality and that he would die, as secretly he had been living, not an atheist but a Nonconformist. No one will ever know, for his mind had been clouded for many days before he died.

Notwithstanding all his great earnings for a quarter of a cen-

tury and more, and despite his acumen and shrewdness, Arnold left so small an estate that when the taxing officials had set a value on his literary property there were not sufficient realizable assets to provide the necessary funds to pay death-duties. He had been much more generous and open-hearted than we had suspected.

This is my contribution to the memory of my dear friend. I lay no claim to artistic technique, but I would crave the genius to present Arnold as he survives in my mind. Then there would be the merry twinkle in his eye, the expressive, gentle gesture of the hands, the rather nervous movement of the lips, the impressive pause as he struggles for utterance, and then his incisive dictum, "I say, you are all wrong—here are the f-a-c-t-s." And they were.

CHAPTER XVI

WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM

IT was in 1915 that I first met William Somerset Maugham, and then *in absentia*, by way of his first really great novel, *Of Human Bondage*. In this same year this book was published jointly by myself and William Heinemann, London, effecting two of the most notable, satisfying contacts of my publishing life. For, were I given freedom of choice as to that book which I would first choose to have written had I the genius and wit, it would be *Of Human Bondage*, for of all my reading of the early and modern writers this book remains in my mind as the cleverest and most revealing of novels, a real and imaginative, clinical, narrative biography. Similarly, again had I adequate qualification, I would choose to be a second courageous, discriminating, and gratifyingly successful Heinemann.

The year 1915 was not a fortunate one into which to introduce

even so great a novel as *Of Human Bondage*. The world rang with the war-time spirit—fear, heroics, tragedy, valour, failure, and triumph. It was not until some years later and following the publication of *The Moon and Sixpence* that proper attention was directed to *Of Human Bondage*. *The Moon and Sixpence* had the heartiest sort of reception by critics and the public at large. Its sale in America alone in the first six months following publication was close to 100,000 copies. The public would have more of the work of this genius. The interest in *Of Human Bondage* revived so that the book became a standard, and has sold continuously until now its American sale alone is far in excess of 250,000 copies.

In a way, I am not quite accurate in saying that *Of Human Bondage* was Maugham's first great novel. While still a medical student in St. Thomas's Hospital, London, and at the age of twenty-three, he had written *Liza of Lambeth*, a model of incisive realism. His publisher was the long-bearded, patriarchal Barabbas, T. Fisher Unwin of Adelphi, London. For this brilliant work of genius Unwin paid Maugham the munificent sum of £25 sterling for all rights. While to the needy medical student this appeared to be a considerable sum, nevertheless it discouraged Maugham from writing as a profession. Subsequently this book was to be revived both in England and America and Maugham reaped a somewhat belated recognition and compensation. In some ways there is a definite parallel between the writing careers of Maugham and his distinguished American contemporary Theodore Dreiser, whose *Sister Carrie* was long buried in the lists of a timid publisher.

Maugham's next adventure was in drama. Here Maugham found acclaim and compensating return, and while he published some books in the interval between *Liza of Lambeth* and *Of Human Bondage*, neither he nor his public takes great pride in them. It was not until after *The Moon and Sixpence* and some related circumstances that Maugham determined to become chiefly a writer of books rather than a dramatist. From that time onward, while he still wrote and produced many successful plays, his great

effort was to become a writer of distinction. From *The Moon and Sixpence* onward his work has shown rapid and sure development in quality and technique, until today he has most assuredly arrived as the foremost realist in English letters.

Whether it be in the realm of novel or travel, Maugham excels. In *The Gentleman in the Parlour* he gives a model of succinct observation. To the reader he presents places and countries not by way of graphic description of scenery, but he so reflects atmosphere of drama, tragedy, high romance, and accurate portraiture that one must be dull indeed who does not absorb a complete picture of places and peoples, whether it be in metropolitan or rural England, the south of France, Tahiti and the South Sea Islands, Borneo, Java, China, or Japan. In his books of short stories Maugham presents the highest expression of his genius. Into thirty short pages he compacts a wealth of incident and philosophy which would furnish the ordinary writer with material for a full-length novel. He has a clairvoyant power of analysis and an almost uncanny power of reading other people's thoughts. His criticism is incisive and illuminating. One day I asked him if he had read Hugh Walpole's *Harmer John*, which I had just published. "No," he replied. "Why should I? Jesus has already done that story so completely." To a greater degree than the meticulous and precise Arnold Bennett, Maugham is a master craftsman, without, however, suggesting cogs in the machinery as did Bennett. Nor was he to be lured into the paths of journalism. He is a shrewd bargainer, with a proper and equitable appraisal of the value of his work for magazine or book publication or for the stage. But ever he is loyal to his producing friends. He is the friend and mentor of many young writers in whom he has discovered the divine spark, while he is impatient and contemptuous of the maudlin and inarticulate writer.

The reason why I did not meet Maugham until after the Armistice was that all during the war he was in the service of his country. In his *Ashenden, British Agent*, he gives some insight into his life as a secret-service operative. It is difficult to think of this sensitive, somewhat diffident artist engaged in this hazardous

pursuit, yet he was as successful in this as in all of his undertakings.

Cakes and Ale is probably the most bitterly sardonic novel of modern times. Its criticism was so composite and well veiled that several of his contemporaries felt he was aiming at them and reviled him. The one writer at whom Maugham's shafts were most obviously directed artfully wrote to Maugham and congratulated him on the brilliance of this book. When a year or two later an envious contemporary retorted with under-the-belt thrusts in *Gin and Bitters*, Maugham at first applauded, then bitterly resented the riposte. I think this was the only unsportsmanlike gesture I have ever known Maugham to make, but he was so outraged that he took steps to prevent the publication of this book in Great Britain.

Readers of *Of Human Bondage*, and they are legion, need not to be told that Maugham's early life was no bed of roses. The struggle of those early days is reflected in his manner of living, for in personal habit he is careful to the point of frugality; at the same time as a host he is generous, lavish to the point of prodigality in hospitality. He has selected for his place of residence, citizenship, and luxurious exile his beautiful Villa Mauresque at Cap Ferrat on the French Riviera. Villa Mauresque is an old château of Moorish construction and design, with surrounding acres on the lowermost slopes of the Maritime Alps as they gracefully descend to meet the Mediterranean. He has completely remodelled the interior of this centuries-old house. It is lavishly but not ornately furnished, and embellished with trophies of his travels in far-away places, enriched by furniture and pictures carefully and slowly selected from the rich treasures of the antiquaries of the Riviera, Paris, and London.

The acres surrounding the villa have been reclaimed and developed under Maugham's personal supervision until now it has reached the point where it is one of the real show-places of one of the most picturesque and brilliant spots on the footstool. Here he has brought plants from all parts of the globe—the grape-fruit from California, the casuarina-tree from the Pacific Islands, Golden

Bantam corn from the sunshine of Long Island, and rare and exquisite flowering shrubs in great profusion and from many lands. It is a privilege to be accorded the hospitality of this Eden where one is surrounded by a wealth of nature's beauty and a veritable museum, were it not so definitely homelike, of art treasures. Here one meets in Maugham's friends many distinguished men and women, for Villa Mauresque is one of the world's most attracting salons.

Maugham's study is a penthouse annex atop the villa, adequately provided with the necessities of comfort and utility; walls covered with shelves contain his favourite books for reading and research. This spot is the retreat of an ascetic, a craftsman, and a *littérateur*. It has windows on all sides; to the south an uninterrupted view of the Mediterranean; to the north the hills of the Maritime Alps, the lower levels outlined by the Corniche Road; to the east Monte Carlo; in the west Villa France and the long vista of the Riviera from Nice to Cannes. No spot could be more inspiring. Yet with it all Maugham has developed a great nostalgia for his homeland and with increasing frequency he revisits England. It is obvious that his chief pride in life is the fine recognition his own people give him.

Maugham, in personal appearance, would give a first impression of being not exactly frail but distinctly precious. One would not think of him as an athlete or a sportsman, yet now in his late fifties he is a vigorous and practised sportsman in at least three directions. Seated on a high chair on top of his aquaplane, tethered to his speedy launch he skips over the Mediterranean at a speed of fifteen or twenty knots an hour, exhibiting a daring unsuspected of the artist and the student. He is not exactly a star tennis-player but he is a valorous contender and partner. Maugham's golf is strenuous, and reflects, as golf always does, the character of the player. He disdains the beaten path of the fairway, the "pretty," as the English will have it, adventuring to the right and to the left and to the slightly discovered bramble or gorse. As he emerges his sentences are scarcely printable, but on the putting-green his accuracy restores his score to approximate par. So great is his zeal

that I am inclined to think that he would almost rather win a hotly contended game of golf than write a new play.

His favourite indoor relaxation is contract whist, at which grand game he is an expert. Maugham shines in his grace, poise, and consideration. His play is courageous and forward. He accepts victory or defeat with equanimity and emerges the grandest of ardent sportsmen.

Maugham has reached that point of competence where he may choose precisely what he wishes to do. In an interview in London not long since he made the statement that he would write but one more play. I wonder. His dramatic sense is so keen that I confidently look forward to many more plays, even if they are only published and not produced, for these plays of his are fine reading. I have been with him on two occasions when he gave emphatic evidence of his freedom. One was when he returned a cheque for \$25,000 offered to him if he would write a brief scenario for one of the earliest of the talking-picture producers. The other was when he returned a contract which involved the payment within twelve months of not less a sum than \$150,000 if he would write talking-picture scenarios. He was totally unwilling to risk the hazard of any misrepresentation of his art.

Maugham is a devotee of music, the opera. He times his visit to London to synchronize with the Covent Garden season—to Paris, Milan, Salzburg, and Munich, to Seville for the great Easter Festival. He is also an expert critic of art, a connoisseur and discoverer. He doesn't try to buy the high-priced masters but chooses rather the work of the newer artists. His judgment and discrimination have been vindicated in several notable instances. He made one misstep. At the time of his purchase of Villa Mauresque it contained a few pictures which became his property. One of these he sold to a Paris art-dealer for some trifling sum. One day as he and I were walking through Forty-fifth Street in New York, he saw this picture in a gallery window. He asked me to inquire the selling-price: \$4,500! I do not think he altered his judgment but there were many things he would like to do with this sum.

William Somerset Maugham has much more than arrived. He has achieved a certain immortality. He has mastered the art of artistic condensation. His shorter stories are cameos, his longer books brilliant canvases of exquisite and painstaking detail and caricature. His contemporary in the drama, the brilliant Frederick Lonsdale, always speaks of Maugham in a sort of reverential awe as *The Master*. So say we all of us.

CHAPTER XVII

H. G. WELLS

TO me the greatest and most versatile mind I have ever encountered is that of Herbert George Wells, affectionately known to so many as H.G. Perhaps "affectionately" is much too emotional a word for so self-controlled a man. However much he may conceal, he holds his emotions so completely in check that no one may ever know just what warmth of feeling lies behind that inscrutable countenance, its steely blue eyes, its shaggy eyebrows, and the slightly falsetto voice.

Only once in my many meetings with H.G. did I see him at all overcome by emotion. We were dining by ourselves in my window overlooking the Thames. He was obviously distraught and he confessed to me he had just learned that Jane (his name and that of her intimate friends for his wife Catherine) had only a few more months to live. As he talked of her, tears rolled down his cheeks and every other interest was gone. I ventured the suggestion that it was merely a temporary separation, for knowing H.G.'s somewhat atheistic point of view, I was curious to know just how he would feel about immortality. He was unmoved in his belief, or lack of it. He said that to him she was as a beautiful flower. She had been germinated. She grew, she budded, she evolved into full leaf and

blossom. She exhaled fragrance. She radiated beauty. She reached a full and exquisite bloom. She languished, she faded, she failed. The plant that once was Jane returned to the earth from which it came. In time from that immortal animate vegetable matter might arise another and even more glorious bloom, for even scientists and atheists agree that matter is indestructible; but save as she had imparted her spirit to those about her, in the mind of H.G., she had ceased to exist except as a memory. At her bier and later in his memorial volume, *The Book of Catherine Wells*, H.G. referred to her as the flower which had bloomed and passed. We talked more about immortality that evening, but got nowhere. The simple faith I had salvaged probably struck him as childish, while I was amazed that anyone, even H. G. Wells, could speak with such starkness in the face of such a separation. He who has the greater mind must be a sadder man than he who somewhat blindly accepts the Infinite as possible, probable, and actual.

Believing as he does, H.G., one among a very few, has had the sublime courage of his convictions. His order of life definitely is man-made. He is a remarkably clever business man. It is his boast, not entirely supported by the records, that no publisher ever made money out of him—H.G.'s way of saying he can drive a shrewd bargain. While he would not and does not violate the mechanical conventions of the social order, the divine law as codified by Moses in the Ten Commandments exercises no special restraint on his life and activities. As a matter of polity, the sixth, the eighth, and the ninth of these commandments find their place in his social economy, for he would neither kill, steal, nor bear false witness against anyone. He has no special necessity to be covetous, nor is he. The other six are meaningless to a man who does not believe in the sort of a God whom Moses presented to the world. The seventh is peculiarly meaningless, yet H.G. did marry and beget children. Also he dared certain premeditated adventures in progeny.

One day he was a few minutes late in his appointment with me. His explanation was candid in the extreme: He had come from the celebration of the twenty-first birthday of his daughter. I had met and known his two sons, his only official offspring so far as I

had known. He took great pains to explain how fond he was of his daughter and how fond she was of him and that on this particular day he had made a handsome settlement on her. He has a third son by a carefully calculated eugenic arrangement. It will be interesting to follow these careers to discover if another Alexander Hamilton or a Sarah Bernhardt has been given to the world. Certainly the children, now the recognized members of conventionally organized households, are the only ones who need feel vital interest or concern in these bold experiments in parenthood. These are matters of no special concern to other than the directly interested persons, save as they serve to demonstrate the courage and consistency of H.G. and the sublime nobility of Jane, who acquiesced, even though passively, in these departures from the orthodox acceptance of matrimony. She was great enough to extend her maternal care and concern to include these two children of her man, for H.G. was her man to the end of her days.

To help his bronchitis, H.G. maintained a separate *ménage* far from the cold and fogs of London on the side of a hill near Grasse in Provence. Here he built a home in the centre of an old olive-orchard, and for some years lived through the winter months happily with his chatelaine. "This house was built by two lovers" is engraved over the fire-place in the reception-room. And so it was, but there do come times when such a permanent record of a liaison has its embarrassment. The Nazimova-like, alluring Odette, the Levantine, is now master and mistress of Lou Pidou, the one-time sanctuary of the lovers.

So much for the human being, Herbert George Wells.

The writer emerged in 1893 when he was twenty-seven. Prior to that time, he had been a teacher, had graduated from the normal school of science in Kensington, had been an apprentice in a draper's shop in London, and a small boy in the home of his father, a small tradesman and a professional cricketer. From all of these sources he derived material for his novels. His family and H.G. himself were by religious profession Evangelical Episcopalians. Although he has not in so many words written the truth about an author, nevertheless a great deal of autobiographical material may be found

in his earlier and in some later books. In his writing, Wells exhibits a definitely compartmented mind. First his fantastic and imaginative romances, where he projects himself to some distant point and writes objectively of this world as he sees it from some extraordinary angle, as in *The Wonderful Visit*; *The War of the Worlds*; *The Sleeper Awakes*; and *The First Men in the Moon*; all of these between the years 1893 and 1900 before Wells was thirty-five. Then followed a period when he wrote his most popular and most distinguished fiction, and achieved his prominence as novelist and man of letters. It was at this time he wrote *The History of Mr. Polly*; *Kipps*; *Ann Veronica*; and *Tono-Bungay*. In 1916 he wrote *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. Everyone who knows Wells knows that Britling and Wells were one and the same.

For a little time he seemed to be dormant so far as writing of books was concerned. In reality he was gestating and writing by far his most ambitious work, *The Outline of History*. In this Wells gave evidence not only of the encyclopedic quality of his own mind but also of his great editorial executive capacity, for he pressed into service the best minds of his day to enrich his outline. It would be difficult to compute without his own records the enormous sale of this book. Years ago, before a popular edition was published, the sale in America alone was far in excess of 500,000 copies at prices ranging from \$5 upward. It has been scoffed at by scholars who use it in their own reference libraries. Chiefly it has accomplished its author's purpose, the informing of the great mass of people as to the history of their world; for a shibboleth of his is that good books should be made available to the many. Wells once said to me that America's greatest perils were the high prices and scarcity of books of information, and the low order of intelligence of our teachers in all but the higher grades.

Some ten years later he followed *The Outline of History* with *The Science of Life*, having as his collaborators Julian Huxley and his son G.P. This has scarcely yet begun to reach its public. It hasn't the popular appeal of *The Outline of History*, but it is scarcely second in importance. Wells has overcome the handicap of its necessarily scientific terminology to a certain extent by entirely rewriting

the book in his own forceful and lucid fashion. Some day it is sure to come into its own, for nowhere else can the same material be found in such concrete informing manner. There is a third encyclopedia work in the Wells programme still to come, *Man and His Work*. He has nibbled at this in some volumes, but so far has fallen far short of his projected plan. In tune with his philosophy, he wants to set what man has done up against what God has done, a truly noble idea, for regardless of the personal attitude of its author, in the final analysis man's achievements could only add glory and honour to his Creator. After this, if he has the time and financial support, Wells would like to make a general encyclopedia which would supersede in utility any existing encyclopedia. He insists that the greatest of these great works of reference utterly fails in its objective by its verbosity. Especially is he critical of the lengthy and learned articles on obscure subjects and persons. The condensation of such articles and elaboration of the number and extent of articles on practical subjects are the basis of Wells's conception of the really necessary encyclopedia. He has the talent and the genius for the direction of such an undertaking, but it is too great a responsibility for any individual purse. If this is to be accomplished it must be arranged quickly, for H.G. is no longer a young man.

As he began working on these reference works, H.G. became more or less of a tractarian. His books of fiction began to be overloaded with his philosophies and views; no longer in his inimitable light-hearted vein did he drive home truth and philosophy. He bordered on the ponderous and the pedagogical, seemingly feeling that a world since Britling was no longer teachable by the humorous parabolic style of *Tono-Bungay*, and by this he failed to reach the very audience for which he was aiming.

H.G. furnishes theses for rebels, but never yet has he been willing to be the leader of a rebellion. He has theories and philosophies of great soundness. He sees further into the future than most of his generation. He might easily be a great leader if he would but organize himself for leadership. It is no part of my province to tell so great a man how he should order his life, but I could

pray that he would now apply himself to formulating a practical working system of political and economic procedure. He can command the support and intelligence of many of the great minds of the day.

It might take some little time, but in these days of swift motion when the world responds so quickly to leadership, Wells with his comprehensive mentality, his capacity for drama, coherence, and practicability, might easily become a great figure round about whom would rally those of all manner of political faiths, not Nazi, not Fascist, but the average man who for the time being in Anglo-Saxon countries seems to be the forgotten man. In his spare moments, I hope H.G. is writing his autobiography and that he would write it as a man and not a tractarian.¹ If he would tell the exact truth, giving a real analysis of his emotions, his lack of them, take his tongue from his cheek, and say just what manner of man this H. G. Wells really is, it would be one of the most interesting contributions to the literature of Victorian, Edwardian, and Georgian days, for he is a phenomenon, none other quite like him; none other could tell his story, for his repressions are even greater than his expressions.

CHAPTER XVIII

E. V. L.

FOR just such a man as Edward Verrall Lucas, the sovereigns and governments of England have created a decoration which separates and distinguishes him from among his fellows and that is Companion of Honour. Never was title and decoration more fittingly

¹ This he has recently done in his magnificent book *An Experiment in Autobiography*, which for sheer courage and integrity achieves a first place among autobiographies of our time.

bestowed. I am hopeful that this decoration of Companion of Honour will deter him from the acceptance of any other. I cannot think of him as Sir Edward or Lord Lucas or even as the Earl of Britenden. If I were king, in the first vacancy occurring in the distinguished circle of thirty which constitute Britain's Order of Merit, I would bestow upon E.V. the O.M., the most coveted and most cherished of all decorations. If some day in the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square you should meet up with a man who personifies all you have ever conceived to be your ideal (certainly mine) of the intellectual gentleman of the old school, and who would appear to have stepped down from one of the canvases of the Old Masters, you may feel fairly well assured that you are meeting E. V. Lucas.

I must go back at least twenty-five years to my first meeting with Mr. Lucas. It was when he was literary adviser to the publishing house of Methuen & Co., when he was one of the leading contributors to *Punch* and attaining his fame as an essayist, anthologist, and critic. Temperamentally we had so little in common that I was gratified beyond measure when he opened the way to our closer acquaintance. E.V. has a quiet conclusive manner of expressing his enthusiasm and approvals, so when he began to send me on occasion some beautifully and specially bound book of my particular liking and his choosing with the inscription "To G.H.D. from E.V.L." I felt I was being admitted to the elect of his circle. There never was any avowal of friendship, but with subtle and winning grace he bound me to him and shortly he became E.V. to me, and so he is today.

Before a great while I became his publisher in America for his essays, his novels, and his verse. He had never been to the United States. His personality was one of his main charms, and only by a real knowledge of the man behind the books could any considerable public become fully conscious of his precious quality. In England he had that public, his books were eagerly sought. I fear I was disappointing to him as a publisher. In America he was best known for his Wanderer books. *A Wanderer in London . . . in Paris . . . in Venice . . . in Rome . . . in Florence*. To read any one

of them was to pilgrimage at once to the haunts and shrines of E.V.L.

I was with him in Rome as he was doing his *Wanderer of the Eternal City*. Day after day, he motored me around the Seven Hills and in and about the treasure-spots of the Ancient City. When the Arnolds Bennetts came, E.V. was busy, so it was my delight to accompany them on their first tour of Rome. For two days I took them over the city and gave them everything I could remember of Lucas. I must have been pretty good, for the Bennetts enthusiastically reported to Lucas how well I knew my Rome. Early next morning a package came to my apartment from a jeweller's. It was a neat little medallion, one side Romulus and Remus being suckled by the wolf—the Bennetts and me; on the other side simply engraven was "G. H. Doran, Courier!" E.V.'s subtle rebuke to my presumption and his compliment to my zeal as a pupil.

I had not published any of the earlier *Wanderer* books, but I was especially keen to publish the one on Rome. So I besought E.V. to let me have it. He would do his best. Impatiently I waited. One day I received a cryptic cablegram reading "*Cloud and Silver* p. 102." Turning to this book, one of his volumes of *Essays*, published in 1916, I came on the famous story of Sam Lewis, the money lender, and his reply to his Monte Carlo friends after three days' sojourn in the Eternal City—"You can 'ave Rome."

E.V.'s *A Wanderer among Pictures* had only one fault. It is by far too brief either for the reader to form any adequate conception of its author's knowledge of art and artists, or for Lucas to do justice to a subject in which he is so competent and informed. When finally he did come to America, he spent the greater part of his time in the art galleries and at private collections where he had opportunity for the first time to see many of the world's most noted pictures.

Like Robertson Nicoll, Lucas thinks and speaks in terms of writing. His soft-spoken voice flows with a polished essay-like rhythm, and if he is amused, he is subtly humorous in that same mellow tone. His nearest approach to laughter is a soft movement of the lips, and a smile which on a face less classic would become sardonic. If by any chance you deliver yourself of a bit of philos-

ophy or a fascinating incident of real life, do not be surprised if you should discover yourself beautifully paraphrased into one of E.V.'s charming paragraphs in "The Wanderer's Note-Book" in the London Sunday *Times*.

In the matter of writing alone, E.V. is a prodigious worker, and all in longhand. He begins at dawn, or long before dawn in the days of darkest England. By breakfast he has achieved what would be a full day's work for most writers.

With the passing of A. M. S. Methuen, E.V. was nominated as chairman of the Board of Methuen & Co., Limited. Under his leadership that firm has taken on a new grace, dignity, and popularity, and is one of the most financially prosperous of London's many publishing houses. There have been times when E.V. would forcefully deny that he had any commercial ability, but he has been able to select and retain the right man in the right place, to attract and hold many of the best writers of his country and ours, and to discover the proper balance between economy and prodigality—certainly the attributes of a merchant of acumen and distinction.

E.V. seems never to be in a hurry, but he is never unpunctual. He has the art developed to a science, and best known and practised by the Englishman, of the conservation of time. From Friday morning until Monday evening, while in England, he spends in his study at his country home. Here in the quiet of Sussex he surveys his publishing situation, gives final review and approval to submitted manuscripts, writes his books, his essays, and his journalism. Not an idle moment from early morning until late evening.

E.V. is the biographer of and greatest living authority on Charles Lamb. To my way of thinking, he is the Elia of his day. There was a time when, as deputy-editor of *Punch*, he was slated for succession to the editorial chair, but when the crisis came in the affairs of Methuen & Co., he chose publishing. He still acts on the advisory board of *Punch*.

E. V. Lucas came to America by way of Russia, China, Japan, and our Pacific Coast. From San Francisco he came overland, and unheralded entered New York by the back door. He made no effort to be popular. Indeed he craved to be permitted to wander

and discover New York for himself. He visited the art-centres of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. In a month a very weary but satisfied Wanderer embarked with me on the *Mauretania* for Southampton and Bucks, where he was then living. He had enjoyed America; his reaction was subtly complimentary to the United States, for he said, "For the first time I now understand England." Like Bennett and so many others, he had not fully apprehended the strengths and weaknesses of Britain until he had viewed it from the perspective of America.

E.V. is an authority on horse-racing. He is also a dog-fancier and never is without several pedigreed animals at his country place. He favors cocker spaniels and I have been the recipient of two grand specimens from his kennels.

In America he was greatly interested in baseball. It was a bit too speedy for his cricket mind, too extra-professional for his ideal of sport, as he had been trained in a country where every man is more or less a sportsman. His one great passion in the world of sport is the national game of England, cricket. He has been a life-long student of the game, and the intimate friend of its great players. One blistering hot day—yes, they do have them in England! for as *Punch* once said in Charivari, "Let us see, summer was the 28th day of June last year"—on this day must have occurred summer for that particular year, for seemingly the whole of the year's sunshine was concentrated on Broad-ha'-penny-Downs in Hampshire, where on a slightly elevated mesa was to be opened and rededicated the oldest cricket "pitch" in England. I was to learn that a pitch is a small plot of ground consecrated to one branch of the Established Religion of England, this game cricket. It was a great event in the lives and history of Englishmen; it approximated a national holiday for the district. It was first planned that the players should appear as they had centuries before in top-hats, swallow-tailed coats, and long tight trousers, but this plan had been abandoned. However, in all else the game was unaltered. There was no grand-stand, not even bleachers. The spectators either sat or stood around the pitch. Promptly at eleven the rites and ceremonies began. We sat in reverent silence as, in the

words of Ferdie Gottschalk when interpreting cricket to the French, the *bal du canon* was hurled from one wicket-end to the other. Occasionally the quiet would be pierced by "Bravo!" Then again the tense silence. One bewhiskered gentleman took his place before the wicket at the beginning of the game. I saw him ambling back and forth between the wickets, now once, now twice, and upon occasion he would walk six times; for he had driven the ball "off side." I think this is the cricket argot for sending the ball outside the limits of the pitch proper. Five or six of his running-mates had been bowled out, but apparently he had discovered the secret of perpetual motion, for at one o'clock when a truce was declared for luncheon, he was some scores of runs and "not out." The luncheon of cold roast beef and the inimitable greens was as superb as it was welcome. The stout was refreshing but between it and the sunshine and the soporific influence of the game, I was overcome with languor, so much so that when "not out" reappeared and began his maunderings from wicket to wicket, I begged E.V. to excuse me for a moment. I sought his Rolls-Royce, and its sheltering shade, and some two hours later when "not out" became "out" E.V. found me enjoying a tranquil sleep. The next week's *Punch* contained E.V.'s description of that historic game. He devoted more than a paragraph to the irreverence of Americans, to one in particular who by some mischance had been dubbed "General" in the process of a hasty introduction to an English army-officer. It was a long time before E.V. forgave this sacrilege and, luckily for me, he never again invited me to a cricket match.

As a host, E.V. is supreme. He has the great art of selecting guests who will be congenial. He is epicurean, faultless in his selection of food. He knows wines as well and as intimately as he knows Charles Lamb. In common with so many Englishmen who buy their cigarettes by the single one and their cigars by the thousand, he knows tobacco vintages as well as he knows those of champagne and brandy; so when he reaches for his capacious cigar-case, you feel assured of perfection in smoking and sink to the luxury of enjoying the wit and wisdom of E.V. and his guests.

We are about the same in years, E.V. and I. Long may he live,

and may we depart this world together, for I should like to be his companion of honour as he does his Wanderer in Eternity; I should like to meet with him those great artists and writers over the centuries of civilization with whom he has such rich acquaintance.

CHAPTER XIX

FRANK SWINNERTON

IN 1911, when Arnold Bennett was in the United States, he said to me, "There is a young writer in England whose books you should publish." That was equivalent to a signed and executed contract so far as I was concerned, so implicit was my confidence in the judgment of Arnold. The author's name was Frank Swinnerton. When next I was in London, I sought Swinnerton and consolidated our plans and publishing arrangements. At an early age, he had entered the employ of J. M. Dent, one of the leading Barabbases of his day, one of the most discerning and cultured of publishers. He grew up in publishing atmosphere. He became reader and critic, first for his own house of J. M. Dent & Son, but finding the outlook there too circumscribed, he gravitated to the old established publishing house of Chatto and Windus, which for some years had been resting on its laurels and making little attempt at progress. Immediately new authors of real quality appeared on their list and were issued in such dignified and pleasing format that Chatto and Windus again became noted for quality of publication.

One of Swinnerton's most notable acquisitions for Chatto and Windus was the work of Aldous Huxley. Another rich discovery of Swinnerton's was *The Young Visitors* by Daisy Ashford. Frank sent it to me and offered me the American rights. I took the proofs home with me to Ossining and after dinner read it aloud to Irvin

Cobb and a small company of rather jaded brilliants. We were all convulsed by the unconscious naïveté of its humour. A cable next morning quickly established us as American publishers for this little gem. The first edition of 5,000 copies sold reasonably quickly, but the furore came later. Cable despatches told that the real author was James M. Barrie, hiding behind the *nom de guerre* of Daisy Ashford. The denials of Barrie were without avail, and for a time it sold on the hypothesis that he really was its author. By this time, the little book was making its own way, and not even the written denial of Barrie could stop it. As quickly as printers and binders could manufacture we produced exactly 250,000 copies. We sold 200,000, and at this point a fickle public decided to have no more of it and the sale ceased with the abruptness of a guillotine decapitation. Finally the ten-cent stores slowly disposed of what was left.

Meanwhile Swinnerton was writing books and they were making such real headway that he felt he could no longer do justice to his own work of writing and to his job of literary adviser. Never at all robust or strong, he determined to give all his time to writing, and in addition to his novels wrote two monographs: one on George Gissing and one on Robert Louis Stevenson. In this latter he gave the great R.L.S. proper credit for much of his work; but he was courageous enough to tell the world that not all of Stevenson was inspired. About this time F.S. (for to his intimates he now became initials) made a blunder. He married the wrong woman. For a brief period of weeks he endured the agony and ignominy of unconsummated wedlock. Just what the real story of the tragedy was I never inquired, but with the dissolution of the marriage F.S. was restored to his friends, not even slightly damaged but richer in human experience.

F.S. had published his monographs with Martin Secker, a dilettante whose literary judgment always was better than his energy. Later, F.S. entered into contract with the great house of Methuen for several novels, but he was still obligated to write one novel for Secker to publish. To discharge this obligation, F.S. wrote hastily and delivered to Secker the manuscript of *Nocturne*, the novel which for all time established Swinnerton's claim to fame and dis-

inction. It came as a great shock to F.S. that this hastily produced book should have a quality of emotion, movement, and action which his more laboured work lacked. *Nocturne* was the beginning of an entirely new vitality in his work. To my surprise, for it was not at all like F.S., he used the *Nocturne* formula, modified and elaborated it is true, in his succeeding three novels. The triangle so rich in melody and discord was all very well for one or perhaps two books, but repetition made it monotonous, and Swinnerton's sales promptly declined. The author was quick to see his blunder and all his succeeding work has been characterized by individuality of treatment and art.

It has been said that F.S. came much under the influence of Arnold Bennett. As a person, perhaps yes. As a writer, most definitely no. Bennett and Swinnerton most admirably complemented each other. They were cronies and pals with great admiration of each other. As a judge of the public pulse in reading and literature, Arnold was peerless. As a superficial critic, he was strangely and intuitively correct. A profound and analytical critic he never was and never professed to be. On the other hand, F.S. recked little of public opinion or taste. He was first and foremost an accomplished critic, a precise assayer of literary values.

Intellectually F.S. is an autocrat. Socially he rather gives the first impression of an inferiority complex, but only until he has found his bearings, when his diffidence disappears. His brilliant wit and sparkle are compelling. He makes little or no effort to seek friends, yet friends find him and attach him.

As his prominence and fame extended, he was lured by a lecture bureau to visit America and to appear on the platform. He was keen to come to the United States, as so many in the United States were keen to have him come. He came, but his tour could not be called a great success. He was not naturally fitted to dominate large audiences, but I am sure he endeared himself to the smaller groups and made lasting friends among Americans.

The London *Daily News* prevailed upon F.S. to undertake the conduct of a weekly literary page. This he did with a distinction almost too distinguished for the *Daily News* audience, yet it was

one of the most sincere and genuinely critically informing of all literary pages. But the great amount of reading and study necessary to conducting this page was much too taxing on his time and energy, and after two years, he retired from this particular work. He had, some years previously, remarried; this time most happily to Mary, his friend, pal, and consort. He retired from London to the charming little village of Cranleigh in Surrey. Here in his centuries-old cottage, Old Tokefield, which has housed earlier and other brilliant men of letters, he lives in quiet retirement. He goes to London often enough to keep in touch with his own world of letters and he is precise in his friendships and his associations. At one dinner-party of men, I gave him place between two of my most distinguished guests. He arrived early and rather deliberately reviewed the place-cards. He came to me and said, "I would not be comfortable next to ——— [naming the most prominent author of the day]; he does not care for me, and I care less about him." I changed him to a more congenial setting, where I noticed he was singularly happy and so were his neighbours. In a very definite way, F.S. carries on for me the Arnold Bennett tradition of friendship and intimate companionship.

CHAPTER XX

HUGH WALPOLE

I AM indebted to Arnold Bennett for my first publication of the work of Hugh Walpole. In 1911, when A.B. was in New York, he said to me one day, "Have you ever read any books by Hugh Walpole?" "Yes," I said, "I have just read and declined his latest book, *The Prelude to Adventure*." "And why?" "Oh," I replied, "it is quite too morbid for us to publish as the initial work of a new author." His indignant response was, "For God's sake, can't you

recognize the work of an artist even in his morbidity?" "Well," I countered, "if you feel that way about it, I have such implicit confidence in your judgment that I am more than willing to arrange to publish his next three books, if Walpole is free to come to us." He was not free, for the Century Company, who had published his *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill*, had finally decided to take a small edition in sheets of *The Prelude to Adventure* with an option on his next book. Neither of these was successful enough to encourage the Century Company to take Walpole's next book, *Fortitude*, so Walpole came to us. Later, when Walpole had achieved success, I bought from Century Company *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill* and set up and reissued *The Prelude to Adventure*, both of which gave highly satisfactory accounts of themselves. Arnold negotiated the terms for us through his staunch friend and literary agent James B. Pinker.

Coningsby Dawson was chief editor in my office at this time, and his enthusiasm for *Fortitude* was so great and genuine that by our joint efforts the book not only quickly reached the best-seller class, but it became the foundation of Walpole's fame and success not only in America but in Britain as well. Its slogan, "It is not life that matters, but the courage you bring to it," was exactly the right sort of platitude to intrigue a great following of substantial sentimentalists, the back-log of the success and distinction of many an author. Many times since, Hugh has sought to deprecate, or at least to soft-pedal, that slogan; but he should cherish it, for the stone which Century Company rejected has become the head-piece of Walpole's temple. Walpole began his writing when he was in his early twenties with *The Wooden Horse*, followed in 1910 by *Maradick at Forty*, neither of which was published in America until after he had achieved recognition here.

The son of the distinguished Bishop of Edinburgh, Hugh was born into an atmosphere of culture and erudition and his education was so carefully planned that from his cradle and for the ensuing half-century he has thrived in that atmosphere. In his very early days, he lived for a short time in New York at the General Theological Seminary in Chelsea Square; then on to Edinburgh for a

time prior to his permanent residence in London, where he now has his flat at 90 Piccadilly; but his real home is in the Lake district of England, where he spends every possible hour at Brackenburn, Manesty Park, Keswick, Cumberland. Here in the peace and quiet of one of England's fairest spots surrounded by hills and dales and beautiful lakes, he does most, if not all, of his writing. He has some special hobbies which engage his particular interest. Sir Walter Scott is one, and I believe Walpole not only to be a foremost authority on Scott, but to have one of the most complete collections extant of Scott, from first editions onward. He is also a lover of pictures, his particular flair being for etchings, of which he has a precious collection. He loves music and the drama, and he not only spends the opera season in London, but he journeys frequently and far abroad for the privilege of hearing his favourite operas and their interpreters.

For lo these fifty years, Hugh has remained a bachelor. In the twenty-five years I have known him, I have watched the unavailing attacks of fair maidens on the citadel, but so far as I have been enabled to judge, the work of writing is Walpole's mistress, to whom he is faithful slave if not spouse and consort. He is an indefatigable worker, and one of the few writers of prominence and quality who is for ever at least one book ahead of his publishers. Where Bennett or Maugham and many others think in terms of their work for weeks and months, Walpole thinks in years, almost in decades, so broad does he make his programme, to which he adheres with utmost exactitude, conforming to his schedule to the day, almost to the minute. He is widely travelled. During the war he served in Russia, whence came two of his best books, *The Dark Forest* and *The Secret City*. Perhaps his favourite country outside England and Scotland is the United States, which he visits at least biennially. He is an astounding success as a lecturer, and this has built up a steady and very large demand for his books. Only once did the impeccable Hugh disappoint his loyal following by his macabre *Portrait of a Man with Red Hair*. Just how Hugh persuaded himself to untether himself from the apron-strings of the matriarchs long enough to indulge in this

gruesome frolic, God in heaven alone knows. But he did. The popular woman's magazine by which "Walpole's next novel" had been commissioned was aghast. It could not be printed. Walpole was hurt and affronted. In common justice I had to agree with the editor. I sought to persuade him to postpone publication, and by this I had my first major difference with Hugh. He centred his wrath and his disapprobation on me. I arranged for an expurgated version to be published in a less particular and more salacious magazine. Having a long-term contract with him, I was not willing to have this book go to another publisher, not even to Alfred Knopf, who sought it avidly. When published, *Portrait of a Man with Red Hair* outsold all other Walpole books with the exception of *Fortitude*. Doubtless all his old following bought it, and many sadistically minded added it to their collections. The outcome gratified Hugh, for his exchequer did not suffer, and he had gained a new if somewhat fleeting public.

Hugh must have laboured through many days of struggle and adversity as he was gaining a foothold in his world of letters; for he has a highly exaggerated idea of the value of money, to the point of penuriousness. Just naturally, he cannot with any degree of freedom separate himself from the coin of the particular realm where he may be sojourning.

His associates are for the most part of the dowager class, like the characters in *The Duchess of Wrexhe* and *The Old Ladies*. At times he becomes somewhat mystical, as in *Harmer John*. *The Cathedral* is the picture of England in the shadow of the Church, the Established Church, closer to the straight romantic than Walpole has come in any other of his books. The book had sharp criticism. Arnold Bennett was unsparing in the expression of his disappointment, for to his mind it failed utterly to live up to his expectations of the artist whom he had so proudly introduced to me. But the bigger answer was that it sold tremendously and pleased immensely the non-critical man and woman. However, from that time onward Bennett and Walpole ceased to be intimate friends.

As special editor for the *Book Club* of London Walpole has done some splendid work for the younger authors; and some of

his recommendations have resulted in quickly establishing to recognition and popularity some of England's present-day most promising writers.

He is singularly sensitive to adverse criticism, and has a curious quality of envy. Having blazed a trail on the American lecture platform, he was extremely jealous of being followed by other Englishmen. He was particularly concerned about Frank Swinerton's coming to the United States and could not hear too much of Frank's activities, another expression of a totally unwarranted fear, for he and Frank made diametrically opposite appeals. Because of some of the things which occurred in his youth, there is lacking in Walpole some of those essentials which are the attributes of the great in letters and in life. He modified the Epworth League slogan of Look up! Lift up! to, Look me up! Lift me up!—for he is for ever rather artificially seeking elevation over the heads of those who at times have served him nobly and unselfishly. In the instance of Arnold Bennett, he was forgetful of A.B.'s disinterested and unselfish loyalty.

In England there is great reward for industry, persistency, and longevity. For sheer persistence, application, and industry, William Wordsworth, Lord Tennyson, Alfred Austin, Robert Bridges were the choices of the Crown for poet laureate. Although there is no such office as novelist laureate, these same qualities of industry and persistence have created the equivalent of poet laureate. True, the reward comes only to those who have been faithful to tradition and have risen above the common herd. In two of these respects, Hugh Walpole has already excelled, for his industry and persistency have become proverbial. Longevity is the goal towards which he is now aiming. And he has risen far and high above most of his contemporaries. For some years Walpole bore with grace and dignity the mantle of Trollope, whom he admired greatly. He has far outgrown that mantle. There seem to be signs that he would be entirely receptive to the toga of Galsworthy descending upon him; and there are few other satisfying candidates available, for Walpole is a bit of real England, competent, traditional, industrious, and assuredly headed for longevity.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HUXLEYS

ALDOUS and Julian Huxley have divided the heritage of their distinguished grandsire, Thomas Henry Huxley, scientist, essayist, and philosopher, a thinker known to all England. A powerful but discriminating supporter of the Darwinian theory, he was also a vigorous disputant and evolved his own formulae of thought and philosophy. To give concrete expression to his findings, he coined two words that now seem to have been a necessary part of the dictionaries of all time: "agnostic," the scientist's confession "I do not know;" and "biology," to designate all things living. I have Oxford authority for "agnostic," and the authority of Julian for "biology."

In the rather brief hiatus between grandsire and grandsons, nature and culture rested awhile; for we hear little of the son of Thomas Huxley, father of Aldous and Julian. However, it was merely a time of respite, of gestation, for the father gave to his sons all the advantages of education and preparation for their careers of distinction and service.

To Julian descended the scientific mind of his grandfather. His writing is characterized by the clarity, lucidity, and simplicity (as simple as science dare be and remain science) of his great forbear. He has become professor of biology in King's College, University of London. He was joint author with H. G. Wells and G. P. Wells of *The Science of Life*. He has measurably romanticized science in his more popular books, at the same time writing others which have been adopted as text-books in colleges and universities. I dare not further expose my ignorance of things scientific by any attempt to analyze Julian Huxley's contributions to the world of science. I know him well, but only as a most friendly human

being deeply interested in the ordinary affairs of man and social life.

The philosophical and literary side of the great Thomas has fallen upon the somewhat frail body but great mind of Aldous. Born in 1894, he studied at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. His objective was the study of medicine; but a serious affection of the eyes, threatening blindness, interrupted his studies, forbade him his medical career, and denied him any share in the activities of the Great War period. It was not until 1920 that he made his first appearance in print and then in his classic poem *Leda*. For a time there was a spirit of morbidity and iconoclasm in his writings. He rebelled that he had been set aside from the world of activity, that he was not permitted to follow the lines of his first choosing; yet with the acclaim of his literary work he emerged into a less morbid but bitterly satiric mood, as exhibited in *Antic Hay*, published in 1923. When I issued it in New York the censor took it very seriously under review. It had been brought to his attention as a highly immoral book. He in turn reported it to the District Attorney of New York, who sent for me before taking action; for it had developed that the censor had been more struck by its irreverence than by its plain speech and morals. The District Attorney was rational and understanding. He said to me very frankly that he found the book to be fascinating and artistic, but technically some parts of the book might be misconstrued into the pornographic. His decision was this: If we continued the publication and exploitation of *Antic Hay* as a piece of literature and did not stress the pornographic aspect, or give any publicity to threatened seizure, he would make no protest. I readily agreed, for Aldous was at the parting of the ways, and I was exceedingly anxious for him not to be classed among the degenerating influences of his day. In *Those Barren Leaves* (1925) Aldous Huxley reached the high spot of his philosophic reasoning. From there onward, he was on perfectly safe ground and certain of his public and his own relation to it. In everything he writes he is the philosopher choosing that medium of expression, now verse, now essay,

but chiefly fiction, that will most adequately convey his message to his readers.

In *Point Counter Point* he has given the most clinical view of a cross-section of life as he sees it. Thinly veiled, he exposes the foibles and failures of his own world and the personages in it. Some critics and reviewers looked upon the opinions expressed as those of the writer himself, whereas he was presenting a photographic reproduction, a motion picture and a talking picture, which was in its last analysis a bitter attack on the social life of today.

When in 1932 he wrote and published *Brave New World*, Aldous Huxley had reached the point where he could relish a grand and a bold satirical frolic. He reduced to the absurd the theories of standardization and birth-control. He is not deliberately opposed to either, but he held up to superb ridicule the extremists who would dethrone humanity for theory, and personality for the vagaries of a little knowledge of things scientific.

I have always longed for the opportunity and privilege of making a journey in company with Aldous. His *Jesting Pilate* of 1926 is one of the really superb books of travel. A brief journey in point of time, it covered much territory and many countries. At one time, I commissioned him to go to the Midlands and the north of England, as a *Jesting Pilate*, to present living-conditions in those idleness-stricken regions. His pictures of distress and starvation and want were poignant, and if anyone ever thought to question the warm and vital humanity of this modern philosopher, I commend to them these sketches of his.

Apart from anything he has written, Aldous Huxley in his ordinary conversation invests his every movement with a vital personality. One day he came to luncheon with me. He had recently returned from a visit to Tunis. For an hour or two I sat entranced, as he took me to the ancient and modern parts of that fascinating city. I could almost wish that Aldous could be persuaded to give travelogues from the platform, for he sees so much that is hidden to the ordinary observer, and without photographs or mechanical device he can most graphically present a country and its people.

In his *Letters of D. H. Lawrence* and his ardent devotion to

Lawrence, Aldous has somewhat surprised me. I can go a certain distance in my admiration of Lawrence, but despite his sandy beard I cannot endow him with any of the attributes of a Messiah. To my way of thinking, Aldous is a much greater man than Lawrence and will be remembered after Lawrence is forgotten.

With all his philosophy and sophistication, Aldous Huxley is one of the most human of men: gentle, kind, and thoughtfully understanding. In appearance he is like a print from some rare old book of idealized characters. He is a combination of the Philosopher at Home, the Beloved Vagabond, the Absent-Minded Professor, and the Autocrat of the Dinner-Table. Soft-spoken, with a voice of rich melody, gentle and expressive in gesture, he is the model of the old-time savant made anew by his own richness of thought and life.

CHAPTER XXII

MICHAEL ARLEN

I SHOULD remember, but I never do, the real name of the brilliant Michael Arlen. I could look it up and put it on my records but it is of consequence only to him, for he has so completely eclipsed his native Armenian name of many syllables that although he may be buried under it he will live as Michael Arlen.

I first met up with this Michael Arlen one summer in London—not so much with him as with rumours of him and his work, for seemingly everywhere in smart literary circles there was much chatter about this prodigy. And not entirely about his writing effort, for I heard of him everywhere—at dinners, at luncheons, at prim tea-parties, at less prim cocktail-parties, at clubs, night clubs, and popular restaurants. He was ubiquitous and fast becoming a personage.

I made inquiry. He came to London and began his career as a journalist. He tells of his early struggles, which he met with a subtle fortitude and supreme confidence. For bankers he had tailors, haberdashers, and maîtres d'hôtel, whose confidence he has much more than amply repaid. Thus, well groomed and *persona grata* to a wide circle of hosts and hostesses, professional and lay, he entered upon his conquest of London, beginning with Mayfair. He had written and published two books, *The London Venture* (1920) and *The Romantic Lady* (1921), neither of which had attained any considerable popularity although both had been published in the United States and England. It was now 1923 and rumour had it that he was about completing his first long novel. I pursued my inquiry to the throne-room of the great Curtis Brown, literary agent extraordinary. Did he know of Michael Arlen? He did. Did he act as agent for him? He did.

Was there any book or books open for American publication? Fortunately there were, for Arlen's American publishers had just declined his new novel *Piracy*. The whole atmosphere surrounding this young man was such that I was more than willing to take a gamble on his future, and on the spot I agreed to publish *Piracy*, with an option on his next three books. The terms were reasonable, as befitted an author who had no considerable sales to his credit—at that moment the gamble was entirely mine.

I was eager to meet this much-talked-of young man and asked Curtis Brown to make appointment for me. This he did and next day Michael Arlen honoured me by a call at my Savoy apartment. A spruce, immaculately groomed young man in his late twenties arrived, unmistakably Levantine, equally unmistakably Jewish. At once he reminded me of one of those emigrants from southern Europe coming to New York who by their energy, industry, and genuine intellectual attainments quickly emerge from the lower East Side to Morningside and Riverside Drive and become the joy of fashionable tailors and restaurateurs. He was affable. He was more than agreeable. He was that *rara avis* among authors, he had a soundly intelligent economic point of view. Artist he was and is. Man of business he was from that first day of our meeting—and for centuries before. He was not expecting immediate fortune but he did crave a chance to make good in America. It was my business so far as I humanly could to enable authors to make good. So we had a common ground of meeting. He was confident he could write and I was similarly confident I could publish. So began a profitable understanding and agreeable partnership, which persisted until my retirement from publishing. *Piracy*, which I shall ever maintain is one of Michael's major achievements, did not startle either New York or London by its sale. It almost was just another novel—not quite big enough to crash through to the best-seller class. Meanwhile Michael had been growing up rather quickly. From his vantage-ground of Mayfair he had made clinical study of social London. An oriental, he saw life from that point of view only to discover that in the circle where he moved, the occidental differs from the oriental

merely in the matter of opportunity, not of inclination. Arlen was concerned only with a class, not quite upper class, not middle class, lower class most assuredly not, but that hybrid of the lower, middle, and upper classes which is Mayfair or Easthampton or Bloomsbury or Greenwich Village, anywhere in fact where Anglo-Saxon passions find freedom of expression with a near-oriental absence of restraint and inhibition. None but an oriental could have the keen vision and the broad perspective to see Mayfair as Michael Arlen saw it in his series of short stories which in 1924 were to be assembled and published in a volume entitled *These Charming People*, which established Michael as one of the foremost realists of the day. It immediately captured the attention of the definitely smart of London and New York and rapidly extended to so broad a public that the sale in America reached 100,000 copies—almost a record for a book of short stories.

It was a little later in this same year of 1924 that he was to startle the reading world with his novel *The Green Hat*, the first of modern novels with a nymphomaniac for a heroine. Nor was this the full measure of its sensation. Iris March, a clever composite of several of the younger Mayfairers, became identified first with one and then another of the bolder bright young things who frequent Mayfair. The banning of *The Green Hat* by the libraries gave it a much greater sale and circulation than otherwise it would have achieved. The repercussions of all this discussion reached America and this, added to the genuine acclaim given to *These Charming People*, prepared the way for a really sensational sale of *The Green Hat*. America-like, there came into being Iris March hats, green of course, Iris March gowns, and Iris March thises and thats, all of which worked no damage to the sale of the book, which after all was merely a clever tour de force and never for a moment presented Arlen at his best. However, it did sell and got me into the newspapers and trouble—not too much trouble but enough. *The Green Hat* easily sold 250,000 copies in America alone.

After the success of *These Charming People* I voluntarily revised my contract terms with Arlen so that we paid him our maxi-

num royalty rates. My gamble had succeeded far beyond my expectations. Michael was my partner; he must share fairly in my gains. Attracted by his great American success, Michael was all for an early visit to the United States. For a little time I was in a quandary. As an unknown Michael was a sensation and a hit. He was no speaker and had no platform presence. Why jeopardize in any degree popularity and fame! He had personality plus for the English, and he might have that for the American, but we were less tolerant of the Armenian and the Jew than were the British. Stupid wonderings and questionings of mine! Michael came; he saw and was seen; he made conquest where conquering mattered. Facile, good-humoured, and brilliant, he made many friends and was New York's most fêted literary guest for all the weeks of his stay. All sorts and conditions of people liked him, for all the world (American) adores a success. Even old Irv Cobb, who is not renowned for his love of the Levantine, relented so far as to remark, "I like Mike—he is the only Armenian I have met who has not tried to sell me a rug."

He arranged for the dramatization of *The Green Hat*. He had the wit and the great good sense to leave the table hungry; he chose his time of going while still he was most eagerly sought.

Then came the publication of *May Fair*, his second book of short stories in the vein of *These Charming People*—another pronounced success but not quite so great as its predecessors. The play *The Green Hat* had been announced. It was to be produced by Al Woods. The cast was superb; the leading part, that of Iris March, was to be taken by Katharine Cornell—an idol of New York's theatre-going public. Michael returned for the rehearsals; the play was a Broadway hit. With the royalties due on his books and with the income from dramatic production Michael had a considerable sum accumulating in the United States. I counselled him to incorporate himself and so arrange his affairs that he could establish a permanent independence by way of a trust fund. He was so shrewd that I felt certain of no affront when I reminded him that his vogue could not long be maintained at its present high rate of tension and speed, that he should assemble \$500,000, which

he easily did, invest it conservatively—which he did; that then he could thumb his nose to all and sundry and say, “You may all go to —; once I was Michael Arlen.” 1925 is not 1934. The exchange values have altered much in these nine hectic years, but I have no doubt that with his own native shrewdness and his competent advisers Michael has still a more than comfortable income from his American earnings.

In a year or two—perhaps only one year—*These Charming People* was pieced together into a play with Cyril Maude in the lead, not a failure but judged by Arlen’s past performances and standards not a success.

Then things began to happen to Michael. Decidedly he was becoming Anglicized, for he began the writing of English novels even though he had deserted London and Mayfair for Paris and the Riviera. Like all his race, the family urge was strong. He must marry and have his children about him. One summer day in London I had a long-distance call from Michael in Paris. I had written him of my proposed early sailing-date. I must come to Paris before I departed; I must meet his inamorata, for he was madly in love. I postponed my sailing one day from *S.S. Leviathan* to *R.M.S. Mauretania* and proceeded to Paris. En route from London I speculated as to what manner of woman finally had captured the hitherto elusive Michael. Naturally I thought of someone petite and piquant such as those I had seen on occasion temporarily holding Michael in leash. He met me at Gare du Nord with his cream-coloured Rolls-Royce roadster. He was one complete and radiant enthusiasm. He told me of her. He rhapsodized over her. The dining-hour could not come soon enough that I might behold her. We separated to meet again at eight at the then famous Russian restaurant of Paris. Michael had his table reserved and there we waited for the arrival of his princess—that she was not, merely an American heiress but with the grace of royalty and the wealth of democracy. Finally she came—a magnificent creature, tall, blonde, muscular, with a colour and complexion so divine that she was the envy and despair of the beauty-chemist. Her low-pitched voice was completely attuned to her graceful

riding-habit, for she had just arrived from following the hounds in the country. She was everything that Michael was not: Gentile, tall, athletic, dominant—cultured, yes, but meditative, no. Impossible not to admire her, equally impossible not to see that she could never be Michael's woman. Michael was not pleased by my reactions to the evening, for I told him that much as he thought himself to be in love with her, she was in love only with life. My diagnosis proved correct. Not long afterward I read of her marriage to an exiled heir to one of Europe's defunct monarchies. She had married LIFE. A year or two later, on the Riviera, we had luncheon with Michael at a famous café in Monte Carlo—the heir apparent and his courtesy princess, the former American heiress, were hosts; all was merry as several marriage bells, Michael the merriest of all, for he had escaped.

He continued his writing. Always slow in his creation, he became slower and more meticulous as to style. To my way of thinking he lost spontaneity—a judgment which his declining sales indicated the public shared. His later books found easy access to the London libraries, which had not altered their standards. He had ceased to be the oriental; he was merely a cosmopolitan. Before long, he was overtaken by a real love-affair. He became enamoured of a delightfully dainty creature—by descent she has the noble blood of Italy and Greece and the nobler blood of America. Some day unless all kingdoms fall she will be a princess in her own right with substantial dowry. Meanwhile she has given to Michael two sons, each of whom Michael has insisted be born in England, for Michael is British by adoption and citizenship. Together with his princess and his sons Michael lives in semi-regal splendour in the Côte d'Azur. Without becoming too smug he is a trifle pontifical. I do wish he would come down to earth and write an honest-to-God autobiography, for it would be a book worth the reading.

When Michael came to America and made his first call on Al Woods that forthright Hebrew bluntly said, "Mike, you're a kike, aren't you?"—to which Michael said yes. Rebecca West in describ-

ing Michael once said he was "every other inch a gentleman." Both little stories are true. Michael is a Jew and proud of it and does great honour to a proud and noble race. He may be every other inch a gentleman, but the other inches are man—for Michael is a man, every inch of him.

PART FOUR

Which Concerns a Particular Group
of Very Friendly People

CHAPTER XXIII

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

THE First Lady of the Land—the First Ladies of the Land are all in a way nominative; each automatically becomes such by virtue of election of her man to the Presidency of the United States. There have been many distinguished women among them, from Martha Washington to Anna Eleanor Roosevelt. The First Women of the Land are elective, not by ballot but by spontaneous and enthusiastic public approval and with convincing certitude. There have been Clara Barton, Frances Willard, Jane Addams, and a score of others who have achieved leadership and a great following, but all of these in fields somewhat circumscribed by fidelity to individual issues or crusades.

I know I am inviting the criticism that I am prejudiced by being a kin-in-law, a very intimate friend, and her publisher, when I nominate Mary Roberts Rinehart as among the first women of the land, if not actually the First Woman of the Land, but I feel quite competent to stand off and view this splendid woman in broad perspective and to write of her objectively. In her own books she has been highly revealing of her inner self. *My Story*, an intimate autobiography of great simplicity, tells its own story. Her books of travel and outdoor life are revealing of her activities outside her actual home. It would ill become me to make any attempt to retell any part of her story, which she has told so well.

To be justified in classifying Mary Roberts Rinehart as I have above, I must offer a substantial basis. At the time of the publication of her novel *Lost Ecstasy* in October, 1927, a series of receptions to the important authors of the day was being held in the book-section of the retail store of Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, under the superlative genius and magnetism of Marcella Burns

Hahner, the manager of this great book-shop. On one particular day Mary Roberts Rinehart was the guest of honour, and it had been announced in the public print of Chicago. These receptions began at eleven o'clock in the morning, paused at one o'clock for luncheon, and were resumed at two o'clock in the afternoon. Earlier than ten o'clock on that morning the crowds began to assemble. Great queues extended from the reception-room in the book-department clear across the fourth floor of the Marshall Field store from State Street to Wabash Avenue. The full private detective force of the Field establishment was impressed to keep the line in order. At eleven o'clock the actual reception began. As they filed past the desk at which Mary sat, she greeted them with one of the most winsome smiles God ever gave to woman. Patiently and willingly she autographed copies of her books for her devoted friends and admirers. At the luncheon period the throng, now greatly augmented because of the hour, stood patiently in line. One dignified and resplendent woman who could not wait for Mrs. Rinehart to return from lunch begged that she might be permitted to hold the pen used by Mary, a sort of the hem-of-His-garment touch which was completely indicative of the attitude of reverence and adoration of this great multitude.

Whenever Mrs. Rinehart visited New York or London or any other great city, and her presence became known, she had one succession of levees and receptions, distinguished alike by the presence of the very great and the very simple. Her correspondence is nothing short of tremendous. Hundreds and thousands of letters from all parts of the world. She would like to make some personal acknowledgment of these many tributes but she can only make a selection, and this selection is always of those calling for sympathy and help.

The place she selects for her summer home becomes the Mecca of the many who seek to do homage and to come within the radiance and grace of her magnetic personality. Upon at least two occasions my family and I have lived next to her. I remember particularly a summer spent at Eaton's Ranch, Wolf, Wyoming. It

was my first visit. Years before while her family was growing, Mary had established this wonder-spot as a somewhat permanent home. Here she had a lovely cottage on the edge of a brook in the heart of a woodland. To this cottage, which was replete with gifts and trophies from the Indians round about, came all sorts and manner of folk. Her guests would include tourists from the East and the Far West, from across the Atlantic; local ranchers who, long since, had accepted her as a permanent neighbour; cowboys, Indian chiefs with their squaws, just ordinary Indians, writers who sought the benefit of her counsel and wisdom. The same sort of thing happened at South Dartmouth, on Buzzard's Bay on the Massachusetts coast, and at Washington, D. C. Her beautiful home on Massachusetts Avenue in the capital city quickly became one of the most distinguished of the many salons in Washington, the rendezvous of Vice-Presidents, ambassadors, cabinet members, Justices of the Supreme Court, Senators, distinguished Congressmen, and visiting dignitaries. This particular form of tribute was not so much to the popular writer as to the woman herself, for while she ever remained the eternal feminine, her well-trained mind, her seemingly inexhaustible fund of general knowledge and information, and her quite remarkable intuitive faculties have given to her all the qualities of counsellor and statesman. In one administration she declined ambassadorial appointment (the first tender of this rank to any American woman), feeling that she could be of greater service to her country outside of official position. A Republican in politics, she was twice commissioned by the Wilson administration as a special envoy to the battle-front in France. Her work and her reports resulted in the correction and the alleviation of unnecessary ills from which our men at the front suffered. Her sagacity and wisdom gave to President Wilson and the Secretary of War illuminative and helpful suggestions.

Whenever it is announced that a serial story or a series of articles by Mary Roberts Rinehart will appear in any one of several of the leading magazines to which she contributes, the circulation of that magazine immediately increases at least 250,000 copies.

These salient facts known to many and not to an intimate few would seem amply to justify my nomination. She is a woman of many attributes and great versatility. These instances manifest a degree of popular approval seldom accorded to man or woman in these United States. She is a patriot and belongs to her nation. These are but a few sides of this many-sided, brilliant woman.

My association with Mary began with my publishing her first war book, *Kings, Queens and Pawns*, first contributed as a series of articles to the *Saturday Evening Post*. George Horace Lorimer, Czar of Journalism, commissioned her to make the somewhat hazardous journey to the western front as a special representative of the *Saturday Evening Post*. How well she executed that commission is best told by her own book. How much she remained the feminine and how completely she understood the hearts of men and women is best told in *The Amazing Interlude*, the most exquisitely poignant and soul-searching of all her books.

Mary Roberts Rinehart's first spectacular success was in her mystery and detective stories. She achieved immediate and great popularity through *The Circular Staircase* and *The Man in Lower Ten*, and while she has devoted most of her time and talent to more serious and romantic novels such as "K," *Lost Ecstasy*, *Dangerous Days*, and other highly popular books, intermittently she will give to the world some of the most brilliant mystery novels of the time. In company with thousands of others, I am constantly amazed at the skill, the art, and the devilish cunning of these baffling yarns.

I think if Mary were asked what work of hers brought her the greatest pleasure and reward she would say her "Tish" stories. In the last analysis, these same "Tish" stories will be reckoned her most permanent contribution to American letters, for as Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, and Arnold Bennett immortalized some types in their country which were passing, so she has immortalized some types of American womankind which are fast disappearing.

In her earlier days her play *Seven Days*, produced by Wagenalls

& Kemper, was one of the outstanding successes of several seasons. Sometime later, in collaboration with Avery Hopwood, she wrote the play *The Bat*. In loyalty she first took this play to her former producers. They had become somewhat mellowed and retiring. They were not in the actual forefront of theatrical production and were a trifle hesitant about assuming the entire risk of management and production. Nothing daunted, indeed, welcoming the opportunity, Mary Rinehart and Avery Hopwood each gladly contributed 25 per cent to production and management. The success of this play is a matter of theatre history on two continents. In America its success demanded six road-companies. Not only did Mary Roberts Rinehart receive her regular royalty income but her share of management profit was prodigious.

At about this time lecture bureaus were approaching and appealing to Mary to appear upon the platform as a lecturer. She consulted me as to the advisability of taking such a step. I was opposed to it because it would interfere with her happy family life and her important work as a writer, and in addition I warned her that if she embarked upon so popular a venture again there would be the demand for at least six road-companies.

While fully conscious of her position and power, Mary has never lost a captivating native modesty. When I complimented her one day upon her great achievement as a writer, she simply responded, "No, George, I am not a great writer, I am just a good story-teller."

Her immediate family consisted of her husband, Dr. Stanley M. Rinehart, Mary herself, her three sons, Stanley M., Alan Gillespie, and Frederick. She has nurtured them, trained them, admonished them, until now she finds herself the mother of three magnificent men of six feet and over in height. From very early days the family became a close corporation, and on any important question of family polity they invariably acted as a unit.

In 1917, at a little dinner at the Ritz in New York, my daughter, whose antics and escapades became the basis of Mary's highly humorous *Bab—a Sub-deb*, met Stanley M., Jr., a handsomely uni-

formed and caparisoned aide to General Glenn. With his regiment Stanley was about to embark for France. When he returned from France after the Armistice, Stanley joined my publishing business, became financially interested, and quickly developed fine leadership, introducing into the simpler arts of publishing some of the fineness of discipline of the army. In May of 1919 these two children of ours married. Their legacy to Mary and to me has been two glorious grandchildren. The older, now fourteen, is Mary Roberts Rinehart II. In the confusion of many Marys, she is lovingly known to us all as Bab. And here I should pause, for no grandfather may speak with tolerance and judgment of so exquisite a soul as this brilliant girl.

Fortunately for Bab and the world, she has inherited some fine qualities from her paternal grandmother. When Mary Roberts Rinehart is absorbed in writing a book, she is a person apart, she is in that book completely. For a momentary word of greeting she will be M.R.R., then the absorbed creator. Bab has her "Grand-mary's" gift of imaginative description. At eleven she had written some quite worth-while verse. One day she said to Mrs. Doran, "Amie, do you know I am two people, a little girl playing around, but when I am writing I am quite another and strange person?" In signing her little poems she has used pseudonyms, for she says, "Proud as I am to be Mary Roberts Rinehart, I have no right to use that name, I did not make it." Once during a slight illness Mrs. Doran brought her seven books, scarcely seven days' reading for this young book-lover. She read six of them; the seventh she started but dropped. Her Amie inquired why. "Well," said the wise Bab, "the author does not make me her friend"—astute criticism.

Her brother, almost eight years her junior, must labour through the world under the appellative cross of George H. Doran Rinehart. He is a sturdy lad, a real 100 per cent boy, a tonic, but not a nerve-tonic. I envy him all the years he has to travel, for I should so like to go along with him. Occasionally, and far from his mother's hearing, I recite to him one stanza from "Little

Bateese" by W. H. Drummond, that sweet singer of French Canadian life:

*But leetle Bateese, please don't forget
I'd rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken and mak dem scare,
And do w'at you lak wit your ole gran'pere,
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere,
Leetle Bateese!*

Mary and I have emerged not only as friends but as relatives in the happiest, truest, and most constructive sense, and so long as these children of our children survive and Mary and I are given life, these two grandchildren unite us in an indissoluble bond, and M.R.R. and G.H.D. will not perish from the face of the earth for at least one more generation.

I had no son. Stanley entered into my life so completely that involuntarily and proudly I welcomed him to sonship, as closely as one may give to one who is not of one's blood. We have maintained the fine intimacy of our years together. Time, the arbiter, must determine how long and how close this relationship may remain. But neither he nor I can escape the fact that we are joined by blood, that I am grandfather to his children.

The family relationship and ties of Mary extended backward to her mother so long as she lived, to her uncles and to her aunts. Horizontally to her sister, Olive Roberts Barton, and her family; forward to her sons and grandchildren. She has become a benignant matriarch. She carries the joys and sorrows and the problems of her extending clan. She is generous almost to a fault. She has been richly and properly compensated for her work. She has, in the aggregate, made a great fortune, but she has reckoned herself merely the steward of this wealth. With judgment and equity she has administered to the needs and requirements not only of her immediate family, but of many others.

In these last years Mary has suffered a great loss. She has been widowed. One would scarcely suspect that a strong character like Mary could be so stunned by even so great a grief, for in their lives one always had the impression that Dr. Rinehart and Mary

Roberts Rinehart, deeply and closely united, were nevertheless separate entities, each strongly individual in their separated fields of endeavour. But in quiet heart-to-heart talks which we had in the silences of Wyoming, Mary would tell me how impossible it was to measure her loss. Days and dates and events which formerly meant happiness had now become stations of her cross. Like Victoria, she was saddened rather than gladdened by memories. She confided to me that she was more anxious to have the approval of her consort than of anyone else. She realizes her obligation to the living, but her heart is with the companion of her youth, her struggles and her trials. Undoubtedly she will emerge grandly vital, though somewhat mellowed. Energy such as hers may not long remain subdued. In her loss her whole world of loyal admirers grieved and mourned with her.

Mary is a great and a grand human, not a goddess. Conceivably she has her faults and peccadilloes—they are hidden from me. Perhaps some day, when the great, powerful lens now in process of moulding at the Houghton Works at Corning, New York, has been mounted and I am yet living, through it I might detect some trifling blemish in my star, but not before, and even then a slight shadow would only accentuate her brilliance of soul. I think it was Emerson who said that it was not the prerogative of a friend to tell of faults; that office was reserved for enemies. Mary will never hear of her frailties—she has no enemies.

Hail, Mary! Grand and good woman, a Mother in Israel, a patriot, a loyal friend, a thorough-going sport! My First Woman of the Land!

CHAPTER XXIV

THE GIBBSES

THE Gibbs clan really belongs to a saga after the manner of Galsworthy. For this reason only do I dare to intrude upon the tranquil and contented life of my dear friend Philip (Sir Philip). A three-volume autobiographical narrative novel from Philip would make one of the most interesting contributions to the English literature of our day, for it would reflect so much of real England. I doubt if ever he could be persuaded to do it, for he is far too gentle and considerate to be willing to portray the sharp angles and shadows of his eventful and highly interesting life, and least of all would he tell of his own important part in the history of his day.

In the world of higher religion he would be a mystic—a Francis of Assisi or a Savonarola. In the world of humanity he is a friend—a superfriend to all sorts and conditions of men. He shares in the counsels of the wise and the great. He lends willing ear and purse to the needs of the lowly. Philip Gibbs has become a militant protagonist for peace, or more accurately stated, for the avoidance of war, not because of cowardice or lack of patriotism, but because he has seen so much more of the tragedy of war than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of men of all nations. In this he is not the impractical conscientious objector, for he would give his life—ten of them if he had them—for his nation and his fellows.

After a long and successful career as a journalist in association with the late William T. Stead, and later on the London *Chronicle*, Philip Gibbs was fully equipped for his share in the war. He was one of four official correspondents selected by the British Government for service with the British Army. He was appointed

chief correspondent on the western front. His correspondence and his books covering the entire period of the war will go down into history as one of the authentic source-records of the Great War. He penetrated to every salient; he was with his comrades in the trenches; in No Man's Land with the scouting parties; at G.H.Q., as the accredited representative of his government, he was accorded staff recognition. This frail, sensitive, impressionable civilian endured all the hardships of service without having terms of leave or the relaxation of days in camp behind the lines.

In the weeks following the Armistice, during an enforced rest, he dedicated himself to the service of mankind of every race and colour, to work for a heaven of just peace. As soon as it was possible he made tour of all the European countries which had been involved in the war. He made one of the first thorough surveys of post-war Europe, even before the fixation of the Polish Corridor and the arbitrary divisions of the Slavic states. Apart from his official reports he wrote *The Middle of the Road*, a novel which revealed a scarcely convalescent Europe. Later on his *Now It Can Be Told* showed certain political and international situations which could not have passed the war-days censors.

Not once, but several times since, he has repeated his visits to the unhappy countries of Europe. He has written, he has protested, he has pleaded for justice and equity—his has been a voice crying in a wilderness of poverty, unrest, and discontent. In his latest book, *The Cross of Peace*, he takes a new generation to a new Calvary where the crucifixion of justice is threatened. A mad and insane rabble may not now give heed to him and other prophets of sanity and equity, but one day assuredly his name will be honoured and revered as a leader of the brotherhood of mankind.

After he returned to England, he tried for a time the quiet and retirement of country life in a delightful, small estate in Surrey, but the calls on his time were too many and insistent. He was a zealot in the cause of world-peace and international understanding. No call was too distant, no service too onerous. He craved to be at the heart of the world so he finally established himself in his

present home in Cliveden Place, London. His home is a salon of distinction, even though it be not one of those most renowned. The hospitality of Lady Gibbs is welcoming in its simplicity and its sincerity. She is the practical one of the household. Philip is not a dreamer, but he does become absorbed in his work. She it is who creates the environment in which Philip thrives and blooms.

It is difficult for me to write with restraint of my personal feelings for this friend of mine. While for many years I have been his publisher, this relationship sank into insignificance after a first meeting or two. I sought him for the beneficence of his mind and his soul, for the information I might gain from his first-hand and intimate knowledge of countries and peoples and conditions. His is a great soul, gentle, temperate, and understanding, but with the force, courage, and commanding appeal of a Jeremiah.

I think, were I asked where and how I would choose to spend an hour, I would first seek this friend of mine and of mankind. He may not always be right—I do not always agree with his opinions and deductions—but I am refreshed and bettered because I have been privileged to know him and to love him.

The one child of Sir Philip and Lady Gibbs is son Anthony—Tony to all who are permitted to know him well. On the staircase landing at Cliveden Place hangs a portrait of the grandsire of Sir Philip. It might well be a portrait of Sir Philip twenty years hence, or of Anthony fifty years hence, so definitely marked are the resemblances. It is most interesting to study this relationship of father and son. There is the constant conflict between the two generations, never the rebellion of the younger nor the despotism of the older, yet the conflict is present: the mellowing of Philip from living through the world's Gethsemane, the impatience of Tony with the succeeding Calvary which crucified the hopes and opportunities of youth for at least one generation. Like so many of his intelligent contemporaries, he blames the disaster on the older and complacent leaders. He is a protagonist for the rights of the newer Britain. Yet they completely complement each other, for out of conflict has come a tolerance which gives to their work, taken jointly, a validity of portraiture of their times not easily to be

found elsewhere. For two persons so intimately related, not merely as father and son but as friends and companions, their work is singularly independent. At one time, for purposes of magazine publication, I asked Philip to write of his generation as he saw it through the life of Tony, and I made similar request of Tony that he write of his generation as he saw it reflected by the life of his father. Neither one knew of the writing of the other. The two manuscripts came to me separately. They covered the two hemispheres represented by their generations. There was great divergence of opinion, but there were also the meeting-points.

The second in the talented family of the Clan Gibbs is Arthur Hamilton Gibbs. I wish I had been privileged to know him better. Somewhere about 1910 I published his first book, *The Hour of Conflict*. He was a young author, I a young publisher. We each did our best, but I fear we both suffered from the faults and failings of youth. Neither of us found adequate compensation for our joint effort and, much to my regret, our ways parted.

The third brother of this gifted family is a curious anomaly. Cosmo Hamilton Gibbs became by legal processes Cosmo Hamilton; for reasons of inheritance from his maternal line he separated himself from his distinguished family name. I knew him first when as a very handsome, suave, and ingratiating young widower he had come to New York seeking to assuage his grief. He was not only the apostle of the purity of youth, but he became avidly concerned for the welfare of generations yet unborn. His book and his play *The Blindness of Virtue* dramatized the whole problem of parental obligation. His *A Plea for the Younger Generation* was a passionate appeal to mothers and fathers that they give heed to their great responsibilities of procreation, past, present, and future. Quickly he became a drawing-room idol. His jet-black hair, carefully sleeked from his forehead, revealed a face of a modern St. John, earnest, compassionate, zealous, and attracting. He became the repository of the hopes, fears, and desires of his ever increasing circle of neglected matrons, discontented spinsters, passionate maidens, and sweetly desirous virgins. He became the evangelist of sex contentment.

At the height of his popularity, he returned to England for a short time. On the voyage back to America, he met Coningsby Dawson, at that time editor in my publishing house, and an intimate friendship started between the two. It was inevitable that this close association should bring Cosmo Hamilton to my list. I accepted Dawson's estimate of his friend, both as a writer and as a man. We published some half-dozen of his books with reasonable success. These books obviously were departing from the propaganda quality of *The Blindness of Virtue*. They were becoming definitely, theoretically, and practically sex-conscious.

When Hamilton brought me the manuscript of *Joan and the Babies and I*, he made certain stipulations even before he gave me a chance to read it. One was that together he and we would spend \$20,000 in propaganda advertising, \$10,000 which we had and \$10,000 which he hoped to have. I could not agree to this, for whatever my convictions may be, I would not lend my company's name to any such scheme of propaganda. Also it did not seem fair or politic to spend so large a sum on Hamilton's book alone when I was publishing for Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Frank Swinnerton, and others of similar renown.

Cosmo opened battle. First of all he accused me of a too great interest in such writers as Arnold Bennett. He frankly confessed to me that he did not propose to write as did Bennett and Walpole—his was a nobler effort. The next attack was a challenge to me as to just what my canons of publishing were. He forced me to my first crystallization of a publishing Credo. Briefly, it was this: I would publish no book which destroyed a man's simple faith in God without providing an adequate substitute. I would publish no book which would destroy the institution of marriage without providing a substitute order of society which would be protective of the younger generations. All else I would cheerfully publish. This, in Cosmo's opinion, was confession of sheer cowardice. To this I replied that I would rather sell him \$10,000 worth of bogus mining-company certificates than permit him to obligate himself for this sum for so uncertain, if not spurious, a campaign.

We were becoming somewhat acrimonious—at heart Cosmo was

far too gentle to want an open quarrel. If we were to disagree, let it be as gentlemen. He suggested that Mrs. Doran and I join Mrs. Hamilton and himself—he had married the divorced wife of Guy Bolton—at dinner at the Plaza Hotel, where we could have a friendly chat, and if necessary, an amicable separation. We met. Naturally there was restraint, much relieved by the presence of Mrs. Doran, whose only knowledge or interest was purely social. We dined happily—being pre-war days there was an atmosphere of joy and conviviality and some excellent wine. We parted, Cosmo and I. As I understood him better, I had a great sympathy and compassion for Cosmo. While I could not follow his reasonings and idiosyncrasies, nor share his zeal for his curious ideas of virtue, still there was enough of the Gibbs in him to make me believe in his sincerity and, later on, to feel a great pity for him that his faith and his fidelity were so ruthlessly to be destroyed.

There is a great Saga of the Gibbises—perhaps Tony, years hence, may be induced to write it.

CHAPTER XXV

A MODERN APOSTLE

IN the good days of the late nineties—about 1896 or 1897—the religious press was strong, forceful, and prosperous. In its own field it enjoyed great popularity. Toronto, Canada, is the headquarters of Presbyterianism in the Dominion. Chief among the religious or denominational papers published then was the *Westminster*, first of all as a monthly magazine and later as a weekly church newspaper. It was in the days of its monthly issue when edited by the Reverend James A. MacDonald, D.D., that the *Westminster* was at the height of its success and power. MacDonald was a great Scot, with rare editorial ability. Since the *West-*

minster was a magazine for families, it was necessary that the church news should be made as romantic as possible. The home-mission fields of the church presented the best opportunities for stories of action, the Northwest missions in particular, for they were still frontier. There were trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company, ranchmen, cowboys, remittance-men, prospectors, men, women, children and, of course, the gallants of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police. It was part of the college education of every Presbyterian preacher that he must serve some months out of each of his college years in a home-mission field. One of MacDonald's principal pals and cronies was Charles W. Gordon, son of a vigorous pioneer preacher in Glengarry County in eastern Ontario. When Gordon was doing duty with the Canadian Northwest Missionary Society in Manitoba and the Northwestern territories, MacDonald asked him for some sketches in story form picturing the life and the peoples in his parish—a parish of hundreds of square miles of thinly settled country. The first story which came to the editorial desk was a thriller, not at all a dreary résumé of the spiritual work of a missionary, but filled with the red blood and passion of the prairies and the foot-hills. For some reason Gordon used a pseudonym for these articles made from the first syllable of the first two names of his society: Cannor. MacDonald looked at it, misread the name for Connor, and wondered what the man meant by using such an isolated and vagrant name. This brilliant story must appear at once in the *Westminster*. He thought a moment for some rhythmic first name for Connor and then and there christened him Ralph, and so was born Ralph Connor, MacDonald little dreaming that he had become god-father to one of the great novelists of his day.

Christenings are curious affairs. My mother's family name was Oliver and her choice for me was George Oliver. When the time came for my christening, the little name-slip was handed to the venerable Dr. Gregg, who was officiating. There was a moment of consternation, then he pointed out to my parents that my initials would be G.O.D. The name was hastily changed to George Henry.

Now Ralph Connor felt a freedom which he never could have had as Charles W. Gordon, and he wrote sketch after sketch with increasing virility and realism. He developed a running narrative, for in these sketches he used the same characters and interlocked them into an integral story. They appeared in book form under the title of *Black Rock: A Tale of the Selkirks*. The success in Canada was instant and considerable but neither United States nor British publishers could be persuaded to republish in their countries. Finally, more as a courtesy gesture, Fleming H. Revell Company, with whom I was then associated, bought an edition of 500 sheets for United States publication. Copies were sent out for review, and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, then a great and influential journal, was the first to recognize its quality. Its success was immediately so great that many pirated editions appeared, for the book had not been printed in the United States and consequently was not copyrighted. While the author and the authorized publisher derived no revenue from these pirated editions, the sale of millions of copies made Ralph Connor a household name in the United States and prepared a large public for his later books. The next book, *The Sky Pilot*, a tale of the foot-hills, had an immediate sale of nearly 250,000 copies, which later reached well over 1,000,000 copies.

Meanwhile, Charles W. Gordon had been called from the mission field to the pastorate of a smallish Presbyterian Church, St. Stephen's, in Winnipeg, Manitoba. He always felt he was a greater preacher than a writer. In fact, he has many times said to me, "I may not be able to write but, by George, I can preach!" And preach he did, for soon the little building was outgrown and a fine new St. Stephen's was built. It is characteristic of Gordon and his unselfish zeal that not only did he contribute most liberally to the building-fund of his church, but regularly for years he restored to the missionary work of his church all stipends paid to him.

In common with so many writers who live in clouds where there are no timepieces, Charles Gordon had not the slightest conception of time. He would keep his congregation waiting for ten or fifteen minutes for his arrival, and they would still be waiting but

for the vigilance of his devoted wife. He has been known to miss important meetings by full twenty-four hours. He was even worse as a writer. The beginning of each year we would make a contract for a manuscript to be delivered by July, for his readers wanted a new book by Christmas. July would come and go with only a portion of the manuscript in hand. Finally it became a recognized procedure for me to get him to Chicago, and later to New York, and literally put him under lock and key until the manuscript was completed. Once I had to ask Mrs. Doran to help me. A telegram had come insisting on his return to Winnipeg. She followed him a day later, to be greeted by Gordon with as much resentment as a minister of the Gospel dared show to his forbearing hostess and ambassador for his publisher. Mrs. Gordon rose to this occasion as to all others, and in a few days Mrs. Doran returned to me with the concluding chapters.

The first printing on each of his later books was 200,000 and sometimes we would be printing up to page two hundred fifty-six while he was writing page two hundred fifty-seven and onward. A benevolent providence must have watched over him and us, for we never failed to publish one of his books in the late autumn of the season for which it was intended even though the date would be November 25 instead of October 15, and we would be obliged to cable the last hundred thousand words to London for the British edition.

Ralph Connor prospered; each new book maintained or excelled the record of its predecessors. His income was princely but he divided it with his family and his church and his benevolences with a liberality which bordered on the prodigal. And yet there remained a constantly increasing amount for investment in the fast-growing and booming Winnipeg. Charles Gordon, now the Reverend Charles W. Gordon, D.D., D.Litt., was a national figure; he took great interest in politics from the moral and equity angles. He was on the Dominion Labor Board; he was Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He built a beautiful home on the banks of the Red River. He had such demands on his time that he reluctantly became pastor

emeritus of St. Stephen's that he might give himself more to his church at large and his nation. When the war broke out, Dr. Gordon enlisted as chaplain, with rank of major, in the Forty-eighth Highlanders, Winnipeg's volunteer regiment under the command of Colonel Thompson, an Elder in the Church of St. Stephen's, an intimate friend and legal counsel of Dr. Gordon. Before he went abroad, he told me that he was going with clear conscience, for, thanks to wise investing, he was able to make a will which provided the sum of \$100,000 for Mrs. Gordon and a like sum for each of his seven children.

The war, if it had to be, was just to his liking. Major Gordon was not only a great patriot, he was a born adventurer—even the pulpit could not entirely restrain him. He could handle a canoe with all the skill and craft of an Indian guide. He rode a horse like a cowboy. He was a crack shot. He loved above all else to get behind his racing stallion and toy with the trotting records. Not at horse-races as such but in closed seasons on the track. He was a man among men and beloved and respected of men. He went wherever his regiment went; he had to be put under a measure of restraint to prevent his going unarmed to the very firing-line, but nothing could keep him from the trenches when his buddies had need of him as friend or counsellor or padre. The British Government detached him from active service long enough to send him on a mission to the United States. This was in 1917 after our entry into the war. At the British War Mission in New York he met Pomeroy Burton, a Brooklynite, one time of the *New York World*, now become a naturalized Englishman and henchman of Lord Northcliffe. (For his war activities Burton was afterwards knighted, became Sir Pomeroy, one of a distinguished few former Americans whom the King has delighted to honour.) We organized a troupe—just we three, Major Gordon, Pom Burton, and I. Major Gordon did the fine work, built up a sympathy and an enthusiasm for the Allied cause and made ready for the dynamic Burton, whose facts and figures were clinching and convincing. I was a sort of impresario, making ready for the presentation of my stars but principally seeing to it that the

Major did not disappoint the punctual Burton and the audiences. They were great evangelists in a great cause; they were ambassadors of love and fear. After the Armistice Major Gordon shepherded his flock back to demobilization and resumed the pale and quiet life of the civilian, for he was now without pulpit or garrison. And now followed a tragedy which Dr. Gordon has kept buried in his soul. In the law firm in charge of Dr. Gordon's affairs there were three partners, Colonel Thompson and two others whose names escape me. One of these two was also an officer in the Forty-eighth Highlanders and went to France with his Colonel and his regiment. In one of the engagements round about Ypres when Canadians fought so valiantly and triumphantly, both Colonel Thompson and his fellow officer and law partner were killed, the Colonel exposing himself to what appeared to be unnecessary and unwarranted risks. Dr. Gordon went into his business affairs with the remaining partner. And such a revelation. Such deception. Such duping of a trusting and honoured friend. It is not necessary to schedule the harassing findings; the result was staggering and tragic. Instead of being worth from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000, as he supposed, Dr. Gordon not only found himself and his family penniless but by reason of certain covenant arrangements entered into by his counsel, agent, and attorney-at-large, Dr. Gordon had to face an actual indebtedness of just under \$100,000. We were together in Toronto when the full force of the blow fell. He was Scot enough to regret the money loss but only because of his family of six daughters and one son. His great grief was that his Colonel had suffered. It seemed almost impossible to convince Dr. Gordon that he was the victim of criminal mismanagement or worse. When it partially dawned upon him, his charity was almost too Christlike and forbearing, and to this day, even after the hard and bitter struggle he has had to liquidate all his debts, you cannot persuade him to join in condemnation of his traitorous friend.

Like all of his contemporaries Ralph Connor enjoyed a certain vogue. He wrote of the West at a time when Western stories were in great demand the world over. He wrote with a fineness, a pre-

cision, a distinction, and an integrity. His West became the world's West. But the West was leaving him; he was not leaving the West. He was resentful and somewhat embittered that he no longer held the heart and attention of his great and adoring public. I tried to point out to him that if Henry Ford obstinately refused to make other than his T-model cars he soon would make no cars at all, for even though model T would convey a rider just as far and measurably as well as ever, still it had successful rivals, and writers just as much as Ford must make an effort to keep up with an ever changing public. He still writes as well as ever, or nearly so, but the world has moved.

If he has somewhat disappeared from the centre of the stage as a writer, Dr. Gordon still is a great force in his own quiet fashion. He will ever remain to me the ideal of what a Christian should be. Without cant or the shadow of hypocrisy he has been and is that sort of Christian which reflects what a true man of God should be. While his stories were red-blooded thrillers, they did uphold a real religion of reverence and common sense. There is a simplicity in his faith; a manliness in his piety; a benignancy in his charity; a breadth in his dogma that takes all the world to his heart and to his God.

He is modest, retiring, and the essence of grace, yet he is the honoured friend of men in high places. The last time I saw him was in London. I was to send him a letter. "Where shall I send it?" "To Number 10 Downing Street. I am stopping with the Prime Minister," was his quiet rejoinder.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE NORRIS

IT was at least twenty-five years ago that I first met Charles Norris. It was in the good old days of the Dutch Treat Club of New York, when James Montgomery Flagg was sachem-in-chief, and Irvin Cobb, Rupert Hughes, Bill Irwin, Wallace Irwin, Joe Chase, Roy Irwin, Crosby Gaige, and others met each Tuesday noon at Keen's English Chop House for a chop and a pint of bitter, and once a year there was, as now, the Annual Show, an intimate and almost exclusive affair. At that time, apart from his budding literary attainments, "Cee-Gee" further qualified for membership as art editor of the *Christian Herald*, that ultra-evangelical weekly so shrewdly edited and managed by the Slavic Jew Louis Klopsch. Such an art-editorship somewhat reminded me of the situation in Harper and Brothers at the time of their enforced reorganization by the senior Morgan. In the make-up of the partnership "and Brothers" played an important part, for each brother had a position and title. One, I recall, was magazine-cover editor; his onerous duty was the changing each month of the date-line on the chaste permanent design of the tan-coloured cover.

Then one day in 1912 or 1913 Charles came to my office obviously tense and concerned. In his hands a packet, which he clutched convulsively. Somewhat haltingly, he confessed it was the manuscript of his first book. Would I read it and consider it. Of course I would! never dreaming that my dear old friend had any spark of the genius of his distinguished brother Frank. I was most agreeably surprised, for *The Amateur* was a really first-rate performance, and I gladly accepted it. We published it, did fairly well with it, and sold the English rights to the discriminating Willie Meredith, for publication by the Constables. Both Charles and I

were gratified and happy. He confided to me then that he had walked several times around the block before venturing into my august (!!) presence with his manuscript. But Charles always had a grand sense of the dramatic.

Shortly he appeared with his next book, *Salt*. We must have been labouring under the phobia that salt could be responsible for hardening of the publishing arteries; as I look back now, we must have had incipient sclerosis, for neither I nor my editor, Sinclair Lewis at the time, thought well enough of *Salt* to publish it. Fortunately for Charles, he did not have abiding faith in our judgment, so sadly he took his manuscript and departed. John Macrae of Dutton's believed in *Salt*, published it and several other monosyllabic-titled novels by Charles, to the great profit of the author and publisher. I am ashamed to admit the hundreds of thousands of copies of his novels Dutton sold instead of us. Charles was generous and professed, and really meant it, a great gratitude to me for publishing his first book. The real friendship started by our association over *The Amateur* has persisted and strengthened until today I count him among the few of an inner circle ever welcome to my heart and mind. He is the ebullient enthusiast of those early days, but after twenty years he has developed into a novelist of protest and vigour, not a propagandist but an impresario of characters to present and enforce some great principle which has laid hold upon his soul.

The years rolled along, Charles and I never losing touch with one another, I always hopeful that something would occur that would bring us together again as author and publisher. That something did happen. I do not know just how or why but he did give me an opportunity to read and consider the manuscript *Seed*. Here was a daring piece of work. It is an indictment of those who bring deficient children into the world and of those who hazard the chances of their children inheriting deficiencies. There is not the slightest suggestion of the use of mechanical device. His philosophy of birth-control is not quantity but quality. Proper mating, physical fitness. So intelligently did he design and develop his thesis that even the devout Romanist Kathleen could find no flaw. Eagerly

I made proposal whereby we might become its publishers and succeeded in securing this book and his next, *Zest*, in which he inscribed "To G.H.D., whose personal interest and zeal is solely responsible for the reappearance of his name on my title-pages" or words to that effect. I was proud and happy, even though I was not permitted long to enjoy this renewal of association.

Charles G. Norris is not only a great and successful novelist; he is by training and instinct a shrewd man of affairs and he handles all the negotiations for the serial and book publication of the work of himself and Kathleen. He comes each winter to New York, ostensibly for annual holiday and jubilation, but in reality to feel the pulse of his market; for he is a merchant in a large way. I think some day or other he must have partaken of the crude but wise philosophy of James Austin, founder and first president of the important Dominion Bank of Canada. Austin was somewhat uncultured, but he had a native shrewdness and acumen, for he delivered himself of this bit of axiomatic wisdom: "Things is worth just what they'll bring." Charles knows to the last penny just what he should get for the product of Kathleen's pen, and his own. And he gets it. No Barabbian sophistry can deflect him from his accurate appraisals. The Doubledays are the principal publishers for Kathleen and now for himself. The contracts are just right. If they were any more exacting, Doubleday's would not sign them. And so great is the popularity of the Norrises, and so keen the rivalry of publishers, that both authors and publishers realize that any one of half a dozen publishers would accept the terms laid down by the shrewd Charles.

It has been one of the regrets of my life that I have not known Kathleen Norris longer and better. I have just been reading Alexander Woollcott's pen-picture of her in *While Rome Burns*. I have envied him his intimate knowledge of Kathleen and even more have I envied him his rare gift of adequate portraiture; for with all his apology and modesty, he has conceived and executed a beautiful etching—and how could it be otherwise with such a subject? Nor would I be "the bolder hand" who would dare to amplify the work of this master.

It was many years after I had known Charles that I met Kathleen. Not from her books, but from the record of her activities, I had conceived a somewhat formidable person; but I found her to be formidable only in the greatness of her serenity, to most of us a totally unattainable quality. I had thought of her too in terms of a dominating materialist. Instead I found a most affable and understanding woman who is first of all comrade and friend.

She has a gentleness that is strength. She knows her *métier* and has not tried to deviate from it. Envy has never entered into her soul. I dare but timidly to touch upon her quickness of repartee. It was at a little party in my home. There were the eight of us, Kathleen, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Mrs. St. John Ervine, Sophie Kerr, Dr. Joseph Collins, Marc Connelly, Charles, and myself. There are not greater or warmer or more mutually admiring friendships among women than that existing between Kathleen and Mary. We were having a merry time until there arose between Dr. Collins and Mrs. Ervine an argument concerning American men, to whom Mrs. Ervine had not been especially attracted—or had American men failed to be attracted to her! She thought of us as rather boorish, ill-mannered, and poorly dressed. "Why," she said, "American men wear belts instead of braces." Kathleen stepped into the breach by her pertinent question to the critical lady, "How do you know?"

It is rare in the annals of authorship that husband and wife together achieve outstanding success without engendering a spirit of bitter rivalry and genuine unhappiness. Equally rare is it that one publisher can publish for husband and wife and not become the victim of the acrimony of one or the other. The answer is that Charles and Kathleen have made their union perfect. There is between them the finest loyalty, the most stalwart affection I have ever seen between man and woman; and also what is much rarer between husband and wife, a magnificent friendship. To the classic instances of David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, I should add Charles and Kathleen. I have always insisted that a great friendship was the highest expression of human emotion. One day I was contending for this point with Sir W. Robertson

Nicoll, that hard-headed Scot, as he was approaching his three score years and ten. He silenced me by "Aye, Doran, but there is iver the man and the maid." So with the Norrises, there is ever the man and the maid. From Charles I know that the call of the mate is stronger than the call of the friend. I have known him to end abruptly a trip in London or Paris to hurry back to Kathleen, or to cable her suddenly to join him. Charles and Kathleen are a duality, not quite the Norrises as denoting widely separated entities, but a unit.

PART FIVE

Which Concerns Some Men in High Places

CHAPTER XXVII

THE PRESIDENTS

ONCE during his second and last term at the White House I met Theodore Roosevelt, but it was one of those formal meetings which however much it impressed me left me but one man in a long line of others being received by the President. It did give me opportunity of meeting face to face and taking the hand of my political master, for from his days as Police Commissioner of the City of New York I had followed him and admired him to the point of worship, for his was the great note of leadership in a chaotic and party-ridden political situation. I followed him as President, for it always seemed to me that he went out to meet great issues rather than waited to have great problems come upon him, when he might be unprepared. I followed, although I did not agree with him when he relinquished his perfectly moral right to re-election in 1908 and put all his power back of his friend William Howard Taft, confidently hoping for a certain fidelity to principles and objective which he and Taft together had worked out during Roosevelt's Presidency. When he threw "his hat in the ring" for the presidential nomination in 1912 I went to the Republican Convention in Chicago—merely as a high private—to see my man nominated. But I was to see only a mendacious thwarting of the will of the rank and file of Republican voters. True, the party as a party acted in most regular fashion—technically, faultlessly correct, for no machine ever was more skilfully put together and prepared or more carefully oiled than the one designed and engineered by the crafty and efficient Big Four (and validated by their own rubber-stamp Warren Gamaliel Harding). Never was man more smilingly, ruthlessly crushed than was Theodore Roosevelt on that hot June day.

When he started his Bull Moose party I followed him with reluctance. I was a deep-dyed Republican and his candidacy and his following smacked a little too much of the evangelical, of which I was altogether too weary. But this is not political history or even the expression of my own political views, but rather to give the background for what was to develop into a somewhat intimate association. After his return from his African expedition Theodore Roosevelt took up journalism as a means of keeping in touch with his large and faithful following. It was while he was thus occupied that I first came into real personal touch with him. Our first meeting was at a luncheon given by Mary Roberts Rinehart in the Langdon Hotel at Fifty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, which Roosevelt used as his *pied-à-terre* in New York. We met at intervals following this first meeting but I was not conscious of the great turmoil of spirit through which T.R. was passing.

After the 1912 election and its repercussions, T.R. was accused of having turned the country over to the Democrats, and in many Republican quarters he was anathema—a ban and a curse which he bore with righteous fortitude. Then 1914 and war! It would be my observation that millions of Americans regardless of political affiliation devoutly wished that Theodore Roosevelt were President. Not as a Republican, not as a Bull Moose, but just plain militant, aggressive, courageous “Teddy,” who preferred peace to war but who would not for a moment tolerate intrusion upon the prerogatives of his country or his race. He chafed under inactivity. The very strength of his personality debarred him from the councils at Washington. Even the Republican party feared the great world-unrest might restore him to party leadership. So he must be content with journalism to make his voice effective. It was while he was associate editor of the widely circulated *Metropolitan Magazine* that he wrote on the subject of preparedness. At that time I was actively engaged in propaganda work on behalf of the Allies, in close contact with the British Foreign Office through the publicity organization known as Wellington House, an organization composed of such men as Sir Gilbert Parker, Colonel John Buchan, C. F. G. Masterman and many others. H. J. Whigham

was at that time editor-in-chief of the *Metropolitan Magazine* and he and I had many beliefs in common, not the least of which was that Anglo-Saxon civilization as we had known and lived it was threatened if there were any possibility of Teutonic victory. The first book by T.R. which I published was *Fear God and Take Your Own Part*, made from editorials he had written for publication in the *Metropolitan*. This book had an immediate and large sale. A few months after its publication Colonel Walter Scott of the great merchandising firm of Butler Brothers personally underwrote the publication of an edition of 100,000 copies to be sold at retail at 50 cents a copy. Needless to say, Colonel Scott was not called upon to make up any part of his underwriting, for the entire edition was quickly and eagerly bought.

At this time T.R. had frequent round-table luncheons at Hotel Le Marquis in East Thirty-first Street. To these luncheons he invited men and women of every shade of opinion and by this means kept himself thoroughly informed on the national trend of thinking. I was often guest at these luncheons and also a not infrequent guest at luncheon at Sagamore Hill. It may be no part of my province to intrude into the family life of Theodore Roosevelt, yet no one could be guest at his home more than once and not be impressed by the spirit of that family life and T.R.'s own part in it. Of course there was the great trophy-room and there was T.R.'s own particular office or den, as occasion demanded, but the atmosphere of Sagamore Hill was that of home—simple, cordial, and abundant in its hospitable simplicity. I have been at that family luncheon-table when the fate of their beloved Quentin hung in a most uncertain balance. I have been there with the great of other nations who freely discussed possibilities and probabilities—when tales of valour and tragedy have been told by participants in the war. At this time I could not but be impressed by the restraint of T.R. Never for one moment did he give the sense of seeking power. His whole being seemed to cry out for an opportunity to be of service—restless, yes, but restless with a holy discontent, for he was not born for backwaters when the whole world was involved in tremendous struggle.

Then came America's entry into the war; the story of his efforts to take an active part are history and have no place in my simple annals. If I could find it in my soul to be at all critical of my idol it would be my regret that under no circumstances was he able to see patriotism, loyalty, or good in the efforts of President Wilson. It is a simple matter to understand the great gulf between the mind of Woodrow Wilson and the mind of Theodore Roosevelt. It is natural that T.R. should have been a hurt man after being rebuffed in his offer of himself to his country, yet this incident should not have occurred. I was at Sagamore Hill on the morning when it was announced that Arthur J. Balfour was to be the head of a British Mission to the United States. Very casually I said to T.R.: "How very astute of the British Government to send to the United States such a man as Balfour, whose intellectual qualities would make so strong an appeal to President Wilson." His reply was prompt and almost gruff: "Wilson's intellectual qualities! He has none." Too bad!

He continued his editorial work and again from out of this grew his second book, so far as I know the last one he wrote. It was entitled *The Foes of Our Own Household*. It was written in a great spirit of patriotism yet somewhat under the spell of bitter disappointment. Most of it was written during the period when he had offered his services for the formation of an overseas battalion and when that particular manner of service had been rejected by the War Department. He as an individual had not been rejected, but his plans had failed of acceptance. He brought the manuscript of *The Foes of Our Own Household* to me one Monday morning. It would make a volume of over four hundred pages. It was T.R.'s declaration of faith and policy. He was desperately anxious that it should be issued without delay, for he wanted his position clear before some proffer of appointment might come from Washington which he could not possibly accept. So he asked me how quickly I could have in his hands complete bound copies of his book. I told him that if he would hold himself available for the instant reading of proofs I would promise him complete bound copies by the following Saturday

noon. He was *dee*-lighted. It was no small task to set up, proof-read, make into pages, print, and bind a four-hundred-page book in five days, but thanks to the skill and hearty cooperation of Messrs. J. J. Little & Ives Co., I drove up to Sagamore Hill at twelve o'clock noon on Saturday with twelve complete bound copies of *The Foes of Our Own Household*. If T.R. had just brought down a tiger or an elephant, if he had executed some great political coup, he could not have been more gratified. I had every sympathy for his position. He simply was concerned that his brief as plaintiff should be prepared and ready for his Judge—the American people.

So many have written so richly of Theodore Roosevelt, of T.R., of Teddy; I may add but little except to say that as a human being he gratified my soul, exemplifying just what a real man should be. He had just sufficient obvious vanities and failures to make his humanity all the more valid. To me, at least, he filled every room or place where he was with a spirit of integrity, patriotism, energy, and humanity and I was ever stimulated from having been in his presence.

Just once, for a fleeting moment, and through the courtesy of Joseph Tumulty, did I have opportunity of meeting Woodrow Wilson. It was in the autumn of 1917 and my business was concerned with the Bureau of Information, with Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, for whom we had published a book, and with the great Joseph Tumulty himself. I met President Wilson in exactly the same sense that one may meet a friend when rounding a corner—just a glimpse. My impression of Wilson, confirmed by momentary glimpse, was that he was for ever the professor elevated on a dais not less than six inches above his tallest listener and that he always talked down to his audience. My only relation as publisher to the war-time President was to publish jointly with the Review of Reviews Company two volumes of his state papers as selected, arranged, and revised by himself. I never knew him even as a passing acquaintance and yet I had a most intimate glimpse of the man—not the President. It is a matter of open

record that while president of Princeton, as Governor of New Jersey, and later as President of the United States Woodrow Wilson was an intimate friend of a Mrs. Peck, a fascinating, intelligent, and worldly-wise lady. Some gossips thought it more than friendship, but for the most part it was accepted as one of those magnificent platonic affairs which all great men are permitted. After the death of the first Mrs. Wilson, his name became more and more coupled with that of Mrs. Peck. Then came the announcement of the remarriage of the President—but not to Mrs. Peck. Mrs. Peck had never been a woman of means. She had divorced Peck, remarried, and borne a son to her second husband, from whom she was also divorced, resuming her first married name of Peck. It was about this time that I met her and the circumstances were in the normal course of publishing procedure. A competently accredited literary agent of New York made an appointment with me for a private interview on a matter of particular importance. The literary agent—a woman—came laden with a package, not very large. She explained to me that she was acting on behalf of Mrs. Peck—the Mrs. Peck, the friend of President Wilson; that her precious package contained a transcript of two hundred and twenty-four letters written by Woodrow Wilson to Mrs. Peck. An intriguing situation! Here was drama, interest, and gossip—to say nothing of the possibilities of scandal. I would like to be believed when I say that the drama and the gossip intrigued me. At scandal I stopped. We—the agent and I—discussed terms and possibilities. Of course I would have to read not only the manuscript but the original letters before I could go further than my expression of interest in the proposal. This was conceded, and the precious manuscript was entrusted to my care. I confess I was all publisher as I approached the manuscript, and very little human being. I did not even stop to think of my feelings if some of my own very intimate letters were being read by another. But if my own letters showed a fraction of the quality of integrity, devotion, confidence, and whole-hearted friendship which these letters exhibited then I should be proud to have the whole world read them.

They all began, "My dear Friend" or "My very dear Friend." They were intimate without being personal; they were concerned with the fortunes and well-being of the recipient and her son; they were especially solicitous that the illusions and vagaries of the son did not mislead the tender-hearted mother (for ever the pedagogue). They were grateful; they were confiding; they were the letters of one great friend to another. By no flight of the imagination could they be construed or misconstrued to mean anything else.

My publishing reactions were twofold. There would be a tremendous public interest in these letters, for the public would expect them to be scandalous, but my surer reaction was that their publication would for ever set at rest any question of impropriety in the relationship between Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Peck. It may scarcely be expected of Barabbas that this latter reaction prevailed and yet it did, for it provided my only possible justification for publication. After I read the transcription, I saw the original letters. Many of them were in their original envelopes postmarked variously from Bermuda, Princeton, New York, and Washington. Many were in the fine script of Woodrow Wilson. Others were on granite-tinted paper and done on the writer's own typewriting machine—each one of them a perfect model of exactitude and neatness. In many instances the stationery was embossed as coming from the White House, Princeton University, and the University Club of New York. One from this latter address I particularly recall because it was a review of the writer's estimate of his chances of the nomination for the Presidency at the forthcoming Democratic convention at Baltimore. His chief fear, indeed his only fear, was not that he would not be nominated but that he would have to run against so formidable an opponent as Theodore Roosevelt. All the letters with very few exceptions carried a sense of confidence and dependence upon the sympathy and the understanding of their recipient. Some of the letters dealt almost entirely with the Wilson home life and showed that Mrs. Peck very definitely was *persona grata* to Mrs. Wilson.

I was convinced of the authenticity and real quality of these letters and was eager to publish them, just as I would eagerly publish the letters of any great man. I submitted the manuscript to my legal counsel and was told that I was quite within legal rights in concluding a contract and proceeding with publication. The contract was drawn. The sum involved was quite a substantial amount and I agreed to pay \$10,000 on the signing of the agreement. We were to have custody of the original letters for a period of two years following the publication of the book. Everything seemed to be in order, the money was paid, and we had in our possession the working manuscript and the letters themselves.

Then fell the blow. One morning very early my attorney called on the telephone at my home and said he must see me at the earliest possible moment. We met at his office at nine that morning. There he showed me a citation from an old English law dating back to the seventeen-hundreds but which by usage and practice had become, as so many other laws had become, an integral part of American jurisprudence. Briefly, the citation was to the effect that while the actual piece of paper containing a message was the property of the recipient, the thought contained in the message remained for ever the property of its writer or his heirs. Consequently we had no moral right to print these letters without the consent of their writer and obviously such consent was impossible. Here was a serious predicament, for we were under contract to publish. However, after much negotiation the contract was cancelled by our forfeiting the \$10,000 paid on account of the contract. A sad and expensive lesson in law, for it did appear most strange to me that the possessor of letters had no property rights in their contents. Probably I should have known this years before, but the question had never arisen in my experience and my legal counsel, an eminent attorney, had no greater knowledge than I. Some day when the letters of Woodrow Wilson are published and given to the world I hope that some part of these two hundred and twenty-four may be included; not alone for their literary quality and exquisite style but that they may serve as models of

expression of those qualities which go to the making of a great and sincere friendship, whether between man and woman or between man and man. They revealed to me a heart and humanity which I had not hitherto discovered in the pedagogical Woodrow Wilson.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE AMBASSADORS

APART from very casual meetings with members of the British diplomatic service, Governors-General of Canada, and some other notables, I did not come into close relation with any of the ambassadors until, at a meeting of the Pilgrims in London on the occasion of the unveiling of a portrait of Lord Bryce, I met my old friend Walter Hines Page, then Ambassador to the Court of St. James. I was happy to find him in a setting so singularly fitted to his qualities of mind and soul. When last I had seen him it was in his office at Garden City, New York. There he was not so happy. His gentleness, his patience, and his culture were too fine for the rather materialistic atmosphere that had been generated around the Country Life Press. He had made his great contribution to Doubleday, Page & Company, and now that and all else was to be translated into property and yet more property, into sales and still more sales. The dynamic merchant F. N. Doubleday chafed at the apparent inaction of his editor-partner. Page felt the discomfort and near-humiliation of being reduced to a mere machine in a great factory-like organization.

It is an open secret that Doubleday and Page were seeking a *modus vivendi* by which the close partnership relation could be dissolved without heart-break or bloodshed. Gradually Page was being compelled towards an emeritus position in the publishing

house. From out of the blue came the appointment by President Wilson of his friend and supporter Walter Page as Ambassador to England. The crisis was passed. The remaining chief members of the Doubleday, Page organization plumed themselves by such phrases as "My partner the Ambassador to the Court of St. James." They basked in the reflected glory of Page's distinction. As for the man himself, he was a Cavalier of Virginia—by tradition and life and environment he was, like Owen Wister, one of the greatest Englishmen among American citizens. He was first and foremost an American but he was not of the melting-pot, and his roots grew and spread until they reached and took spiritual sustenance in the land of his fathers. So he was singularly happy as Ambassador to that land. He began at once his great work of cementing Anglo-American friendship, and in this he was grandly successful.

With the World War came all manner of complications. Page had to take over German diplomatic relations with Britain. He was torn between tradition and loyalty and neutrality. I could sympathize with him, for had I not faced that same great problem, the solution of which could only be found in a zeal for our common Anglo-Saxon heritage? As I watched his skill in handling the terribly difficult problems, there were times when I thought Walter Page was the greatest British Ambassador ever accredited to the Court of St. James. There were many mutterings from dissatisfied Americans and even demands for his recall. But President Wilson, himself strongly imbued with Anglo-Saxon traditions, stood staunchly behind Page and did nothing further to pacify the malcontents at home than to appoint Colonel E. M. House as Ambassador Extraordinary and Inspector-General of Embassies to all European Chancelleries.

In his memoirs Page himself fairly well confirms this judgment of mine, for there he was definitely a protagonist for his race. If I should be in any degree critical of so great and benign a man I would dare to suggest that in the writing of his letters the publisher, upon occasion, emerged ahead of the man, that many of his letters, especially those to his grandson, were distinctly ear-marked for publication and lacked a little in spontaneous sincerity.

In England his memory is revered above that of any other American. There are tablets upon tablets in his honour. I am sure, if his nation and his family would permit, he would be given a place in that great temple of patriots, Westminster Abbey.

Page was succeeded in 1918 by John W. Davis. I could have wished for his better acquaintance. He was every inch the Ambassador, and was accepted by the British people as a worthy successor to the great Joseph Choate. His was a singularly fortunate appointment, for he smoothed the way for restoring the normal relationship between America and Britain—the embrace of brothers in war must yield to the hand-clasp of friends at peace.

It was my good fortune to be introduced to Alanson B. Houghton under most favourable auspices, and he gave me generously of his friendship and attention. When Lindbergh came to London the Ambassador invited me to a supper-party of about thirty after the great afternoon and evening reception. As Mr. Houghton was particularly fond of books and literary men, one evening I gave a dinner-party for him in the Pinafore room at the Savoy. There were forty of us: Lord Birkenhead, Lord Beaverbrook, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Sir Phillip Sassoon, Sir Philip Gibbs, the Huxleys, Aldous and Julian, P. G. Wodehouse, and so many others of distinction that my dear friend Arnold falteringly exploded, "George, if a bomb were to strike the Savoy at this moment the literary life of London would be decimated."

I gave to the Ambassador, at his right, the Earl of Birkenhead (formerly F. E. Smith), one of the really great minds of Britain and a writer of distinction—but he will for ever survive in my mind as the Charles J. Fox of his generation. He was such a damned good sport. To the left of the Ambassador sat H. G. Wells, for whom Mr. Houghton had special attraction. I sat across from this trinity between Lord Beaverbrook and Arnold Bennett. Arnold said to me, "You had better keep your eye on Birkenhead, for as your dinner progresses he may become obstreperous." All went well for an hour or so, and then came rumblings of a rather violent, if one-sided, conversation. What finally came to my ears was Birkenhead's interrogation of the Ambassador, "Now tell me, Mr.

Ambassador, what have the Houghtons ever done for the world?" Mr. Houghton calmly parried and did not deign to defend his clan. Finally Birkenhead, wearied of effort to prod the Ambassador into discussion, leaned across and said, "Doran, perhaps you can tell me what the Houghtons have done for the world?" Now the Ambassador was ready for the challenge, and quietly said, "Doran, I will tell you—not so much as the Smiths, for there are not so many of them"—a very neat thrust which completely baffled the great lord.

It has always been a source of regret to me that Mr. Houghton did not write, as he tentatively promised he would, his memoirs of his diplomatic service, and that I was not privileged to publish that book, for there should be permanent record of his activities—non-spectacular as they might be, they would reflect a devotion, a patriotism, and an efficiency to the honour of both the writer and his country.

James W. Gerard, Ambassador to Germany, came within my orbit entirely as a writer of *My Four Years in Germany* and *Face to Face with Kaiserism*, so that I have paid my respects to him in my chronicle on "Publishing in War-Time."

In only one respect was Ambassador Myron T. Herrick like unto Jay Gould. You remember that when Gould was asked what his politics were, he replied, "When I am in a Republican district I am a Republican; in a Democratic district I am a Democrat; in an uncertain district, I am a Mugwump—but I am an Erie railroad man all the time." Similarly, Herrick had the wit and the genius to be a Frenchman when in France, an Englishman when in England, an Italian when in Italy, but for ever and always he was a great and a grand and a stalwart American. He served other nations that he might the better serve his own. We published his memoirs, but alas! they were prepared during his last illness and failed utterly to reflect his great and winsome and dominant personality. Indeed, I think it very doubtful if anyone, himself included, could capture the magnetism and force of this great man, who first gave the impression of extreme blandness and nonchalance. Literally he gave his life in the service of his country. I

recall the pictures of the funeral of Marshal Foch, when he walked bare-headed in the rain in the company of the diplomatic corps. Even then he was failing, shortly to be stricken. Landing in New York on his return to America, he was tendered a reception at the Union League Club—a faded and worn shadow of his early self. His memory will be cherished as a genial, forceful interpreter of America to France and of France to America.

From the considerable number of diplomats and ambassadors whom I have met and known one man stands out as the most perfect type of ambassador for any country anywhere, and he did not come up through the usual channels of English diplomatic service. Rufus Isaacs, in his very early days, ran away to sea and served before the mast. That is the legend. He first came prominently to my notice when, as one of England's great criminal barristers, he successfully defended the notorious "Bob" Sevier of the *Pink'un*. Later he became Sir Rufus, and enjoyed one of the most lucrative practices of any lawyer in England.

With the coming of the war and the advent of the Lloyd George government, he was impressed for cabinet duty and given the woosack as Lord Chancellor—to a legal man the most coveted of all government distinctions. After two years of this distinguished service, during which he was made Earl Reading, he was appointed in 1918 as Ambassador on special mission to Washington. It was in March of that year, when the war looked blackest and darkest for England, that he was given a banquet by the Lotos Club in New York. The day was one of the most fateful of fateful days on the western front. Never have I lived through a more gloomy day. The members of the British War Mission, resident at the Lotos Club, for the first and only time yielded to dejection and despair—even the chronically optimistic Scot, Sir Andrew Caird, stalked with folded arms, for all the world like a pall-bearer at the bier of his country.

I do not recall all the speakers of the evening, but among them were Chief Justice Hughes, Colonel George Harvey, and Nicholas Murray Butler. When it came time for Lord Reading to speak, he put aside his carefully prepared manuscript and for an hour he

made an impassioned plea for Anglo-American unity. He was no longer Ambassador—no longer a mere Englishman; he was a great advocate before the bar of American public opinion. He was normally an unemotional man, but tears streamed down his face as he frankly acknowledged England's great moral and financial obligation to the United States and pleaded, in the interests of Anglo-Saxons and freedom, for the continuation of friendship and harmony. The Lotos Club is cosmopolitan in its membership, but before the evening had passed there was not one of the five hundred present who was not, or had not become, Anglo-Saxon at heart. I begged to be permitted to publish the speeches of the evening. It could not possibly be a profitable undertaking, but I was keen that the soul and the sentiment of that evening should not perish. In a little volume entitled *Across the Flood*, which must still be existent in libraries, public and private, may be found the verbatim record of that night.

Several times before he left America I had occasion to see Lord Reading—notably on the day before his sailing, when he handed down judgment in the Ministry of Information case. His were the quick and wise decisions which are a Lord Chancellor's. He was sailing on an American liner before the Armistice, and, merely parenthetically, I sent to him and Lady Reading a package of books. I did not meet him again for two or three years, and then at a reception in London given him by the English Speaking Union on the eve of his departure to become Viceroy of India. Again he spoke with great earnestness and passion, and at least one-half of his address was to stress the great friendship and material aid given by the United States to his country in the time of her distress and need. During the evening he came to my table, and said he wanted to thank me for sending the books to Lady Reading and himself and to bid me adieu and wish me well. Time and again I have tried to persuade him to write his reminiscences. I hope he has them written, but it would be just like him to insist that they be posthumously published. In his zeal for empire he is a Disraeli, without the obvious suavity of the great Beaconsfield, for unlike him Reading rises far above political party or race, and is

one of the world's really great men—all the greater because of his diffidence and retiring modesty.

I am very glad to have been privileged to live during the time when great ambassadors were an essential part of fraternal relationships between nations and before envoys had become mere errand-boys for dictators and brain-trusts.

I may be ageing—yes, I know I am—but I would like to live long enough to see the return of that “governing class” without which, in the words of William Howard Taft, no great nation can survive—nor can a family or a commercial or financial institution or a Church or a society or a labor organization endure without leadership and benignant discipline.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE PRIME MINISTERS

WITH as broad and influential a company of authors as that represented by my publishing list, with my strong British connexions fostered and complemented by such allies as Sir William Robertson Nicoll, my colleague Sir Ernest Hodder-Williams, and my patron saint Arnold Bennett, it was inevitable that I should become publisher for several of the Prime Ministers of England. My first association with these distinguished personages was in the publication of two or three of the books of the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone. I had a personal pride in these, for during the later days of my schooling I was under the tutelage of a great head-master, Richard Lewis of Dufferin School, Toronto, who held Gladstone as an ideal.

I later published for Lord Rosebery, but did not meet him until long after his premiership, when he had retired to his estate at Epsom. His daughter, Lady Sybil Grant, entertained me at

her father's magnificent home in Berkeley Square, London. It was of a museum-like quality, suggesting what is the fact: that behind the forbidding blackened limestone of London's residential sections are hundreds of homes filled with the treasures of art and literature. Lord Rosebery's published books were chiefly speeches, essays, and biography.

Next in order came the Right Honourable Arthur James Balfour (later Earl of Balfour), who had been groomed for leadership and premiership by his distinguished and powerful uncle the Marquis of Salisbury, who then sought to maintain the Cecil tradition and influence. I have always thought that Mr. Balfour would have preferred to be permitted to be the philosopher, student, and mystic; for he was one of England's most profound thinkers and intellectual leaders. However, this training as a political leader made him particularly valuable to England during the World War, for his was a balancing judgment and a far-sighted view. He was a seer and a prophet, almost too remote from the great public body to be properly appreciated. His residence was close to that of Lord Northcliffe in Carlton House Terrace. Northcliffe was an early riser; before seven o'clock in the morning, he would have read and studied every London morning newspaper and was prepared to descend upon his staff at Carmelite House to praise or to censure. He was critical of Balfour, because it would be high noon before the Premier emerged into the day. His books—*A Defence of Philosophic Doubt*; *Theism and Humanism*; *Essays, Speculative and Political*; *Theism and Thought*—were a pride to the publisher but never popular.

I published the life of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. I never came into the slightest contact with him, but I had been tremendously interested in his struggle for leadership and his final success, a success somewhat less distinguished than his career as he battled toward power.

I met Herbert Henry Asquith once casually during the war but I did not have any contact with him until after I had published Margot Asquith's reminiscences, a sensational two-volume work bordering somewhat upon the indiscreet. By invitation, I called on

Margot at her home in Bedford Square. We were seated chatting in the reception-room when suddenly she said, "But you must meet my husband." She summoned a maid and despatched her in search of Mr. Asquith. Shortly there appeared a not very tall, stockily built body supporting one of the most magnificent heads in all this world. The face was clear-cut, reflecting that stupendous brain in the background, but he did not seem to me to be the alert and spontaneous mind of which I had heard so much. Rather he appeared to be a broken, saddened, disappointed, and disillusioned giant, shorn of power and force. I had heard that he resented Margot's writing, that the intimate revelations of her book, which had come to her chiefly as the wife of a great leader, were distasteful to him, whose mind was so far removed from scandal and gossip. At our meeting, however, there was not the slightest evidence of resentment or perturbation. His face lighted and his eyes beamed as he made inquiry as to the reception of Margot's book in America. When told of its great success, his delight was genuine and there appeared to be an almost youthful pride in the achievement of Margot. He had turned the tables on me. I had come to do homage to a great man. He reversed the process and was profuse in his gratitude to me. I was quite definitely embarrassed.

I published one war book by Mr. Asquith and one book of speeches. His memoirs I had opportunity to publish, but I did not think there was a sufficiently large American interest to justify the very large advance guarantee which was required by Mr. Asquith's literary agents.

In addition to the first two volumes of Margot's reminiscences, there were two later volumes and a shorter book; but these will be dealt with in another place. One other of this talented family honoured me with her publishing. For the daughter Elizabeth, Princess Bibesco, wife of the Rumanian minister to Washington, I published several books of verse and short stories, distinguished for their brilliance, cynicism, and brevity.

Following Mr. Asquith came one of the world's most fascinating and dynamic of men, David Lloyd George, the stormy petrel of

statesmen. The real story of the fall of Herbert Henry Asquith and the rise of David Lloyd George is in the three-volume reminiscent diary of Lord Beaverbrook.

As I have said in my chronicle on Robertson Nicoll, he and Lloyd George were intimate friends and fellow workers in the Liberal cause long before the war was thought of. In conjunction with Hodder & Stoughton I had published some of the speeches of Lloyd George. Even without knowing him personally, I actually felt the magnetism of the man, possibly because of the great enthusiasm of Robertson Nicoll and Hodder-Williams. During the time of his service as Prime Minister I had several opportunities of meeting him, but felt that I really had no right to impose myself on so busy and concerned a man. But I could watch his career with intense interest and admiration. It was not until his post-war visit to America that I met him, and then only as a reception guest when he was under all the restraints and confusions of a guest of honour.

At that time I heard his great speech in the Metropolitan Opera House. He began his speech rather tamely, for he was somewhat baffled by a first effort to speak into the microphone but as he warmed to his subject, I rather think he forgot the microphone, and for nearly two hours he held that vast audience spell-bound in his appeal for Anglo-Saxon unity. It was a memorable night for me. I had cabled to the *British Weekly* the brief story of my impressions of him and his speech. This seems to have pleased him, for he sent word through Hodder-Williams that he would like to see me when next I was in England. I invited him with Hodder-Williams to luncheon in my Savoy apartment. He came, prompt to the minute, at 1:15 o'clock. After greeting, I asked him how long I could hope for his company. He said he must be in his seat at the House of Commons at 2:45 that afternoon. He was in the first flush of his voluntary retirement from the premiership. The Conservative party had imposed the condition that if he were to remain in power, it must be as a Tory and not as a Liberal. So certain was he of his personal strength and popularity that he felt assured it would be only a short time before

he would be returned at the head of a greater Liberal party which would contain his own direct following of Liberals, the Left Wing Conservatives, and the Right Wing Labourites. He talked with the utmost freedom and almost abandon of his admirers, associates, critics, and enemies. My very apartment seemed electrified. I was hypnotized by the man and his brilliance. It would seem that no opposition could long withstand his power and personality. There was no sense of the ego, just the radiation of conscious power. 2:45 came and went; more than another full hour passed as Hodder-Williams and I sat spellbound. At 4:15 he arose and regretted he must be going, but said that he had had a much better time than he would have had in the House of Commons. I felt the flattery of his protracted stay, yet I could not help thinking that in the quiet backwater of my quarters he was crystallizing his thoughts for his next attack on the Bonar Law government. That was but one of several London meetings. In 1926, I met him in Rome, whither he had journeyed with his loyal Shadow Cabinet. He had been defeated and defeated but never dismayed. He invited me to a breakfast with his *entourage*. He was as ever buoyant, hopeful, certain. For over two hours that breakfast lasted. He was the interrogator, for he was eager for any word of America.

He was the world's greatest salesman. He sold the war, not only to England but to the British Empire, the English-speaking world, and all the Allies. But there has been a nation-wide revolt. The criticisms are that he ignored the more conservative forces of the nation which had really endowed him with power, that he became a self-seeker rather than a force constructive to a post-war nation, that as an administrator of a peace policy he was a failure and a menace to reconstruction and progress.

As in the United States President Harding was given a mandate for a return to normalcy, so was Stanley Baldwin given mandate for a return to "business as usual." The star of Lloyd George went into eclipse. Even when the pendulum swung toward Labour, and Ramsay MacDonald ousted Baldwin, Lloyd George could do little more than stand on the pendulum brace and impotently

follow the swinging motions. Yet even today when he is announced as a speaker the seats and the galleries of the House of Commons are filled by those who come under the spell of his convincing oratory, for, like it or not, he is more frequently right than wrong. It is now a race between time and circumstance. He is still the optimist. I am certain he feels assured of his ultimate return to leadership, but time moves relentlessly forward. A protective tariff, anathema to him, has helped solve Britain's economic problem. War, which gave to him fame and power, is the dread of the British peoples. The Versailles Treaty, for which he must assume a large responsibility, has broken down so miserably as to involve him completely in its failure. Still to me, in company with Theodore Roosevelt he is dominant in my Hall of Fame.

PART SIX

Which Concerns the Humourists and Other Ists

CHAPTER XXX

THE SPIRITUALISTS

JUST before the end of the Great War and for some years immediately following, there swept over the world, Great Britain in particular, a great wave of spiritualism, or to express it more definitely, a belief in the survival of personality after death. In the highly materialistic years before 1914 Great Britain as a whole had wandered far from the Victorian simplicities, especially in matters of religious belief and personal faith.

As the war went on, bringing suffering to countless homes, Great Britain nominally held to the "God of our Fathers, known of old," but there was not the slightest evidence of spiritual uplift—all was grim, desperate, hellish. With an external stoicism the fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers of Britain accepted their bereavements, but deep down in their souls was a terrific craving for the comfort of abandoned beliefs. Spiritual leadership and direction was at a low ebb, for it was obviously difficult if not totally impossible to urge from the pulpit the waging of a war for the extermination of a misled brotherly nation and at the same time to offer the consolations of the Christian doctrine of love.

So it came about that there were many thousands, greatly bereft, who were silently, hopefully groping for some evidence of a survival of the spirits of those dear ones who had been taken from them. There arose two great apostles of comfort and assurance: Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, each of whom had suffered the loss of sons on the battle-fields of Flanders. Each of these great men had world-wide reputation in his respective field. Sir Oliver Lodge was a scientist of first importance; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a medical practitioner of prominence

and importance, became one of the world's best-known novelists.

When these two, themselves bereaved, pronounced from their own actual experiences their belief in, and knowledge of, survival of personality after death, they attracted to themselves, their lectures, and their books a large, hopeful, and comforted following. Sir Oliver Lodge by reason of his university class-room experience and training was analytical, logical, didactic. Conan Doyle, as he is known and beloved, was more emotional, rather more of the evangelist than the teacher. Thus the intellect and the heart of Britain were touched, convinced, and comforted.

In his book *Raymond* Sir Oliver writes the biography of his son in two worlds, and from the narrative it would be difficult to discover where life in this world ends and life in the hereafter begins. From my visits to England and Sir Oliver's visits to America I came to know him, to admire him, and to have a deep affection for him. His is a wonderful, imposing, and benign personality. If I were to make choice from all the men I have ever known that one which most nearly met my conception of a Deity, I would choose Sir Oliver Lodge. While we are not so many actual years apart, I always had a feeling of son to father with him. I have never seen him when he did not radiate peace and happiness. Great as are his intellectual attainments, he is as receptive and simple as a child in matters of the spirit. We had many long and intimate talks together. It was a somewhat mutual regret that we did not see eye to eye in spiritual things. If I had given any considerable thought to the question of immortality it had always found answer in the orthodox teaching of the Presbyterian Church. Sir Oliver pitied me that I was denied this richness of experience.

One day as he and Lady Lodge were visiting with me in my office in New York, I said to him: "Sir Oliver, I do not possess any autographed copies of your books. I would very much like to have a copy of *Raymond* inscribed to me." He made no immediate response and I thought the matter forgotten, but a few minutes after his departure from my office, he returned and handed to me my copy of *Raymond* bearing the inscription "To George H. Doran from Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge and Ray-

mond," accompanying the gift with the soft-spoken words, "Raymond is very anxious that you should have this." In the few minutes' interval he and Lady Lodge must have come into the presence of Raymond, for I could no more doubt the sincerity of that gift and its message than I could doubt the existence of God or the love of my mother. I was overwhelmed that I could not share this sublimity of belief.

Years later in London upon the occasion of our last long talk I asked him if he had made further developments in his thought analysis and belief. He said to me, and I want to use his phrasing as nearly as I can recall it: "I have about reached the point where I am willing to pronounce that at death the atomic structure of the body disintegrates and disappears, but the ether which holds together this atomic structure is eternal and within it survive soul and body." Thoroughly logical, if not entirely convincing to my sceptical mind.

For years I had been publishing the Sherlock Holmes stories by Conan Doyle. I had met him in America when he was the guest of William J. Burns, the great detective. I had come to think of Doyle as a great rollicking, good-natured, adventurous man who had never forsaken his boyhood, or rather had brought the spirit of youth into his maturity. Next followed his five-volume history of the *British Campaigns in France and Flanders*, and his arousing little book *The Guards Came Through*. So I was quite unprepared for the type of book that was to follow. Sometime, somewhere, like Saul of Tarsus on his road to Damascus, Doyle must have seen a great light, for he quickly became an apostle of spiritualism and survival. Unlike Lodge, who was a teacher and depended upon the soundness of his teaching for its influence, Doyle was a militant proselyte, for he was determined that the whole world must know and accept the joys and consolations of his lately found gospel of survival of personality. Like Lodge, his belief had come to him through great personal loss and bereavement. As with Lodge, too, Lady Doyle and her remaining son were the first to share in Sir Arthur's convictions. The family circle remained intact and that chair, which to the unbelieving casua

observer was vacant, to the Doyle family was filled by the personality of the son who had passed.

Sir Arthur made at his own expense and of his own volition missionary journeys from the east to the west of Canada, throughout Australia, and from the north to the south of British Africa. No Jesuit Father ever more zealously sought to establish outposts of faith than did Doyle seek to bring faith and hope of immortality to a languishing, despondent, and war-hurt people. Where Lodge was the logician and the teacher, Doyle was tractarian and evangelist. His little books on spiritualism had enormous sales wherever English was spoken. Each of them had tremendous audiences when they visited the United States, and their books had large sales, but the people in the United States were never so completely under the spell of their doctrines as the people of Great Britain.

It was this situation which brought about the only strain in a long and happy relationship. Doyle was exceedingly restive over the fact that his books on spiritualism did not have as relatively large a sale in the United States as they had in Britain. He volunteered that all his royalty earnings from the sale of these books in America should be devoted to their wider publicity and sale. But it was difficult to persuade Americans to whom Doyle and Sherlock Holmes were synonymous to accept Doyle as the prophet of a new spiritualism.

Proud as he was of his position as a novelist, thrilled as he was by the spectacular success of his Sherlock Holmes, he had but one vital interest in life and that was his Gospel of Spiritualism. He established in Westminster in London a book-store dealing exclusively in psychic literature. The lower room of these premises he devoted to a museum to exhibit spiritualistic pictures and phenomena. He tended that book-store with the same devotion and intelligence as the old-time bookseller gave to his shop. He could not be persuaded to write on any theme apart from the psychic. His enthusiasms carried him into speculative venture such as photography of fairies; he invited the pity and the scorn of the disbeliever; he brought upon himself the criticism of his associates

and followers, and not all the ardour and force of his philippics quite restored him to the invincibility of his earlier authority and leadership. In this respect he followed the course of all great revivalists and evangelists. The glow and fervour of a great personality may not always be maintained at its passion-point, so with the return to more normal life in Britain the acute interest in spiritualism waned, but to the end Doyle remained the ardent and proselyting crusader.

At one time I had an idea which I thought might appeal to Doyle. He had been spending practically all his resources of money and time on his campaigns for the extension of spiritualism, and I had reason to believe that he might not look too much askance at some plan for additional income. Twice he had brought Sherlock Holmes from the grave to gratify the incessant demands of editors and publishers and the public. It occurred to me that since Doyle declined to write further Sherlock Holmes adventures in anything like their old form, a biography of Dr. Watson, the friend and Boswell of Sherlock Holmes, might provide Doyle with a perfectly legitimate vehicle for further cases. So I went to Doyle's headquarters in his book-shop in Westminster. I was full of the brilliance of my plan, not only for Doyle, but for some fortunate editor and for myself as publisher. I unfolded it as best I could between the interruptions of friends and purchasers. Doyle listened with a mild receptivity. The idea was good, the best he had heard for the revival of Sherlock Holmes, but really he could not take himself away from his psychic work. He took me gently by the arm as he said, "Let me show you through my museum, but first you must look at this." With that he took me to the forepart of the shop and showed me a water-colour painting that looked for all the world like a sublimated and idealized picture of the Riviera between Nice and Monte Carlo—the blue sea in the foreground, the marble and white stone palaces and chalets, the beautiful foliage, the grandeur of the mountains in the background and the opalescent sky. This, Doyle explained to me, was a picture of a section of Heaven given under guidance to

an inspired artist. And Doyle was convinced of its validity and reality.

Then he guided me to the rooms of the museum, where were many and fantastic exhibits, only one of which remains in my memory but that does most vividly, although the names of the persons and the exact locality have escaped me. That was a photograph on the wall. Doyle introduced me to this picture in something like these words: "America has given great things and great men to the world—its Edison, its Lincoln (and a number of others)—but not since its discovery by Columbus has it given to the world anything of so vital importance as the discovery made by these two simple farm maidens." The picture was the photograph of a wash drawing of a room in a farm-house in Ohio where two untutored farm girls had received a series of table-tappings and for the first time had been able to codify these into a spiritualist alphabet. To Doyle this was the most important event in his world. He was desperately sincere—nothing else mattered; perfectly hopeless to talk of his Sherlock Holmes or his Dr. Watson or any other of his great characters so beloved of his other world. It seemed almost sacrilege to trespass upon his spiritual preoccupation. So the biography of Dr. Watson has never been written—probably better so, for it is almost certain that Doyle would have made Watson to be a psychic.

While working in Sweden, he was stricken with a heart-attack that was to measure his time on earth by weeks or days. He returned to London and after a rest seemed to make partial recovery. It was during this period of convalescing that I found him in his home in Buckingham Palace Mansions. We had some last little details to settle concerning the Crowborough edition of his collected works, in which he had taken great interest and especial pride. He was seated in a high-backed chair of red leather. His figure and features stood out in fine relief and he looked every inch the apostle of a great cause. He was sorting papers from tin boxes and despatch-cases, doing everything in leisurely nonchalance. In a quiet tone, just as though he were telling what relatively inconsequential thing he might be doing that evening, he

told me that he knew his days here would be few but that not only had he no concern or fear but he looked forward joyously and happily to that slight transition from this world to the next—that there would be no separation. His face beamed as with a great light; his smile was beautiful to the point of being divine. A short time afterward he passed on. The world chronicled the death of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He merely had started on the open road of immortality, which to him in anticipation was more real than life here possibly could have been. His family has communicated with him since and he with them. I wonder. I do know that I deeply envied him his joyously happy preparation for the Great Adventure.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE HUMOURISTS

IN the eighties and nineties there was published in Toronto a weekly journal called *Grip*—a somewhat localized but brilliant *Punch*. It was edited by J. W. Bengough, a humourist, an accomplished caricaturist, a satirist, a philosopher, and a benign cynic. His slogan, taken from I know not where, was "The gravest man is the fool"—liberally paraphrased it would read, "The gravest man is the humourist." I remember after reading Edith Wharton's somewhat tragic novel *The House of Mirth*, with all its political significance, I thought it might well read "The House of Mirth is the Centre of Gravity." In a broad sense my experience with humorous writers quite justifies Bengough or the sage philosopher who first coined the phrase of his slogan.

In private life Charlie Chaplin is a quiet, demure, reticent person. He is a philosopher. None could suspect the diffident, greying little man of his antics and cavortings of the screen. Certainly none

could accuse him of brilliant humour. Bert Williams was wistful and reflective to the point of sedateness. Francis Wilson, freed from the rôles of Cadeaux in *Erminie* and other of his comic-opera parts, was a *littérateur*, a student, a serious man of affairs. His daughter, the Baroness Huard, would reflect him as a stern unyielding and unforgiving parent.

Marcelline, the dwarf clown of the New York Hippodrome palmy days, was a sober, sad little man when he had doffed the chalk and charcoal and habiliments of the stage. To them all, humour was a profession, a means of livelihood, just as the sober intoning of the preacher is his most profitable asset—his patent to his stipend.

Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb is the humourist best known to me. I am never quite sure after all these years whether Irvin quite chooses to be most remembered as such. He is much more of the meditator and philosopher. That he was born a humourist is certain; that in his youth and adolescence he was a wag is equally sure; but he has grown to be somewhat of a pontiff—a sage—an admonisher and just a trifle of a recluse, in startling contrast to his gregarious thirties and forties. We met in the suburb beautiful—unconscious humour—Parkhill-on-the-Hudson. Our first-and-second-mortgage leafy fastnesses faced stern end to across the rocky soil (beautiful garden-spot of the prospectus) of 50' x 100' lots in this mountainous region of Westchester. Observant Elisabeth, his precocious daughter of six, after contemplating the rear and kitchen end of our shady nook, hastened to inform her parents that we new-comers (name unknown) must be attractive people, for we had such nice garbage. By means of this same twinkle-toed Elisabeth and my somewhat older daughter an acquaintance was made; a friendship followed. The children went together to school and were submitted to the usual genealogical interrogations. When it came to the query, "What does your father do?" Elisabeth was baffled and to her mother she brought her problem and the question. At that time Irvin was a reporter on the New York *Evening World*. Also he conducted a humorous column in that same daily. So her mother told Elisabeth the answer was

her father was a humourist. "What is a humourist?" was the child's own question. "A humourist is a man who writes funny things for the paper," was her mother's simple definition. Elisabeth quietly observed, "He does not seem to be very funny round here."

These were the struggling days for Cobb and me; 1909, to be exact. My publishing business was just getting under way. Cobb was attaining the first bright flashes of fame. His reporting of the Thaw trial and the Portsmouth Peace Conference had brought him to the favourable notice of editors and a great public. The stories were not signed, but it became known quickly in the journalistic world that Cobb was the man who could humanize the dull proceedings of a murder trial and the duller deliberations of a Peace Conference. He told his stories by way of the personalities involved. He was the speediest longhand reporter known to newspaperdom. Many have claimed title to being the world's greatest reporter. Cobb made no claim. He was. Very soon he turned to short-story writing. His first, "The Escape of Mr. Trimmen," was sent to Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It was accepted immediately and a check for \$500 sent to Cobb. Lorimer wanted more and yet more. Cobb tried his wings. He created Judge Priest from his Kentucky boyhood experiences—the world would have more of the Judge and of Cobb. Visions of freedom from the 7:11 and the 6:02 captured the creative soul of Irvin Shrewsbury. His one doubt was the doubt of every man confronted with the problem of relinquishing a regular salary for the Goddess of Chance. Cobb was and is a courageous and fearless person. I have been with him when he faced grave personal danger. He called me to his bedside in the Copley Hotel, Boston, when he lay stricken from a sudden and exceedingly serious hemorrhage. He was too weak and exhausted to raise a finger, much less hand or head. He faced death with rare courage and equanimity. He would not have his wife and daughter come to him because they would be distressed. His sole concern in his faintly whispered instructions was for his family—would I see to it that his affairs were properly administered. But he rallied. At

the front in the Great War, when he was special correspondent, his comrades in newspaper khaki told me he was the most daring and adventurous of them all. A grand target for the enemy sniper, he wanted to be on the firing-line—to be one of the fighting boys. Failing in this he would have his story—not from the luxury of headquarters well behind the lines; the story he was to tell was of his own actual observation and experience. Again he gave evidence of great ability to present events, colossal and minute, by way of the personalities involved. He described not trenches and uniforms and shell-holes and devastated scenery but men, men, men, and the things they did. He could even bring to the nostrils of us at home the very stench of the rotting dead. His physical courage was that of a superman. His self-confidence in the pursuit of his vocation was phenomenal, his courage—some call it nerve—superb. Who but Cobb could have secured an interview with the terrible and overawing Kitchener and cabled it to Lorimer before British authorities clapped on the censorship? Yet when confronted by a change of living which was to affect the fortunes of his family he was as timid as a fawn. But if he was timid, wife Laura was not. A delicate little person, she had the soul and the courage of the most adventurous commander. She brought her troop to order; she was prepared for a new campaign. And on they marched. From one triumph to another went the mighty Cobb. His *Saturday Evening Post* stories were the sensation of their day. Basking in the sunshine of this prosperity, Cobb bloomed as a humourist of the first line—released from mortgages and interest charges, he bounded like a rubber ball. *Cobb's Anatomy* was a scream. A special dispensation sent him to hospital for a minor sort of operation. He took that operation very seriously until he was freed from the little white cot and all the stitches had been removed. He could laugh at surgeons and instruments and torture. And laugh he did. And the world laughed with him. His *Speaking of Operations* is one of the world's humorous classics. It has sold over 1,000,000 copies. It is a favourite hospital gift. Doctors recommend it; patients laugh so heartily they burst open their incisions—another job for the surgeon.

Cobb is at his noble best in a company, small or large. Stimulated by an audience, his wit is scintillating, his repartee as quick as lightning. As a *raconteur* he is without peer. His own stories are priceless. Those of others he embellishes beyond the recognition of their creator. His memory is infinite. He never needs to say, "That reminds me"—he is for ever reminded. Words and phrases drop from him with the speed and rapidity of a Mergenthaler in the hands of a skilled operator. Touch the right key and the apropos story is forthcoming instantaneously. He is the joy of the Lambs Club in New York. There he really lets loose. He is prodigal of wit and aphorism; to many a weary dramatist he has given cue for a humorous sketch. While he has written only one play—a one-night stand in one theatre only—he is the recognized collaborator in many and many a play. So frequently have I discovered him camouflaged by the verbiage of a less brilliant and alert mind.

Upon his return from his first visit to the front he was impressed by the Selwyns to go on the lecture platform—not on Chautauqua or minor circuits but to appear in the principal theatres in the larger cities. Here again his success was immediate and astounding. He took on to the lecture platform his large black cigar, his slightly drawling manner of speech. He talked to his audiences in an easy, penetrating, conversational fashion. Never having cluttered native talent by the study of oratory, he was a master of the platform and his audience.

In all he undertakes he is simple, natural, and original. He is one of the best-known figures in American life. And what a figure—it has been worth a fortune to him. He has the widest acquaintance of any man I know. This acquaintance he subdivides into four classifications: mere acquaintances, close acquaintances, friends, and cronies. He has several coteries of cronies: those with whom he hunts moose in Canada; those with whom he shoots duck on the Louisiana and Texas flats; those with whom he chases the elusive quail in the Carolinas; his Long Island duck-blind crowd; his Lambs Club inner circle. But chiefly Cobb is a grim and industrious and self-disciplined worker. In his smock at his desk he

is silent, absorbed, forbidding. Gone every trace of humour. He may be writing the world's funniest book but you could only suspect him of writing his own obituary. Fluent, facile, and easy of speech, he labours for every word and phrase in his writing. If anything, he struggles too hard for atmosphere and effect. He takes himself and his work most seriously. A magnificent shot and an expert angler, he takes his pleasures seriously. He reads omnivorously. His mind is stored with fact and fancy. He has few fads or hobbies—the collection of Indian relics and curiosities is one of them.

Never was there a more ardent patriot. He is almost a bigot in his Americanism. One of the most well-grounded and opinionated of men, he is intolerant of opposing views. He is a Democrat—a Southern Democrat, a Northern Democrat, a Western Democrat, a National Democrat. In his heart there never was and never could be a good Republican—not even a dead one. He has been offered and declined nomination for the Vice-Presidency on the Guess-What ticket. He is a clansman. He would never admit it, but as a clan the K.K.K. is an open shop compared with Cobb's fidelity to his people and his Kentucky. His affection and care for his family is tigerish in its intensity. To borrow his own expressive phrase, in religion he is an innocent bystander. At heart he is a puritan. Never having danced, the jazz age left him untouched except to earn his withering scorn. Cards, that is, contract and bridge, are a waste of time and energy. Poker and pitch were made for the gods—these are relaxations. Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb is a great man. At one time I thought he was first in train for the mantle of Mark Twain, but his fidelities and his loyalties interposed. With all his gestures of the cosmopolite he remains a Southerner, a colonel of the old guard, a Kentuckian born and raised so close to the Mason and Dixon line he could have used it for fishing; but the sun shone only from the South, the Cobb family-tree inclined and bent to the sun—Irvin Shrewsbury is the most luxuriously leafed branch of that tree. Under its sheltering boughs he would gather his clan seated while the band plays "Dixie," for Cobb maintains that that glorious air is now the

exclusive property of the 100 per cent American from Slavic southern Europe. If I have one prayer to offer for the preservation of Cobb it would be "God keep him from becoming a professional Southerner," for he is an atavist. His friends, well-wishers, and admirers would insist that he is of the nation, not of a part of it. He is a grand and good fellow—a damn good fellow. The world has been made much more joyous because of him.

A complete contradiction to my premise is Oliver Herford. Oliver looks funny, acts funny, speaks funny—he is funny. He is the quintessence of humour. He is never really serious, or at least he never gives that impression. At times he may look a little bewildered, perhaps a trifle distraught, but the twinkle never leaves his eye. His hair never lies flat as would that of a precise and exact person.

In his humorously bewildered state he would come to my office, we would chat over the outline of a perfectly screaming farce of a book. We would agree that it must be published. No talk of terms as such—the length, breadth, and height of the book had still to be determined. We had not even a title. Very sketchily its contents had been outlined. The symptoms were becoming more and more familiar. A gentle touch was imminent. What would be the advance payment on account of royalties? A very modest sum would suffice, say \$500. Could it be paid now?—the signing of a contract could come later, very much later. Oliver would have his check. He was happy. I had been amused. He reminded me of the man who in giving his note at three months in liquidation of a debt solemnly pronounced, "Thank God, that account is paid." Similarly, going joyously from my presence I am sure Oliver in self-congratulation said, "Thank God, that book is written."

He was such a beloved dreamer. Every once in so often we would flag a manuscript before it got to another publisher and another advance. He was so gregarious, gave of himself so generously to his friends, that he left himself so little time to work—he had exhausted himself and his sparkling spontaneous wit on his friends. Oliver it was who when asked why no dandruff ever

appeared on his coat-collar explained that he always sent to his tailor a specimen of his dandruff. It remained for Peggy, his wife, to create a new and revised text for the New Testament: "The wages of gin is breath." Dear Oliver—he belonged to books, he never should have been obliged to toil to produce them. He should have been endowed by the Parish of the City of Greater New York that he might be a visiting curate to the souls of his saddened and dejected friends. No germ of grief or disappointment or disaster long could survive the sunshine of his presence and his lovely wit.

It is a curious thing that imported wit is seldom successful. The English do not get the incisive bite of American humour. The American fails to get the subtlety of the English. Yet witness *Punch* and its century-old format. It survives with a vitality all its own. Throughout the war and all its tragedies this grand old weekly maintained its steady stream of wit, if anything freshened and rejuvenated because of Tommy and the trenches—while we in America took the war so seriously we did not even dare to smile on our meatless Wednesdays and heatless Mondays. While the English never seem to reach the high spots attained by our hilarity, they have a stronger undercurrent of chuckling and amusement. The English cabby or busman is a light-hearted joyous humourist in comparison with our profanely gruff and vulgar species. Probably homogeneity accounts for it. Those English can understand one another. Again a contradiction: P. G. Wodehouse is one of the world's most charming and engaging humourists. He is English. He writes of the English. A Jeeves could not exist in America, yet America loves and absorbs him. This must be said for Wodehouse: "Plum," as he is familiarly known, and the name fits him so well, has spent much time in America. If he writes of Englishmen and English life he knows how to make his caricature and portraiture acceptable and pleasing to Americans. Plum is not a sad man but he is a very serious man. He is a lonely sort of a fellow. That is, he rather chooses to be alone. He will start off at the close of a happy luncheon at his own home before his guests have all departed, a Pekinese under each arm, for a

long and solitary tramp in Hyde Park. He is diffident, really shy. Not in the slightest degree does he ever suggest or reflect the bubbling, sparkling humour which flows so readily from his pen.

He did give me a bad fifteen minutes one evening. I was having a little dinner-party in the Savoy restaurant, London. Edgar and "Jim" Wallace, Beverley Nichols and Leonora, the lovely daughter of the Wodehouse home, Plum and Ethel, his wife, Barbara Back, and myself. We sat at the edge of the *cabaret* floor—midnight, and the *cabaret* and the great rising floor ascended. Plum was nearest the platform. A gay and attracting singer and dancer after the manner of Racquel Miller was doing her turn, which concluded by a coquettish little song and the distribution of flowers from her basket. She was catholic in the distribution of her favours. She approached Plum. She leaned down a little; she offered him of her flowers—her song was sweetly sentimental. Plum coloured first red and then a deep purple; perspiration rolled across his bald head and down his darkened cheeks. Obviously he was in real agony. With difficulty I restrained him from deserting our party. Everyone save the great humourist was having a grand and glorious time—such rollicking, innocent fun. But I have never known a humourist who would tolerate a practical joke or even a joke on himself.

G. A. Birmingham, who in his private life—or perhaps more correctly, in his public life—is Canon James O. Hannay, formerly of Dublin but now of some sheltered parish in the south of England, is a jolly sort of a soul. In conversation his rather forced wit is a trifle ponderous. But his books are really deliciously humorous—subtle, gay, and charming. He knew his Ireland and his Irish. He had the skill to translate Irish into English without sacrifice of meaning and subtlety and also without imposing upon the reader of English the tiresome iteration of "Begorrahs," "Phwat," "Howly Saints," and other stock phrases of the visiting—not the native—author. In fact, G. A. Birmingham gave a true picture of the Irish supported by understandable legends. His play *General John Regan* was a happy-go-lucky farce admirably presented by grand old Charley Hawtreys, himself a humourist of

no mean order. On and off the stage he was a devil-may-care *bon vivant*; we are all a bit less gay because of his going.

I had the good fortune to publish Ring Lardner's first book, *You Know Me, Al*. I was very proud to have it, and looked forward to a long and happy association with Ring. In my absence abroad he wrote once or twice to my office. A careless and stupid editor neglected those letters and quite justifiably Ring took offence and offered his books to Scribner's, who only too gladly snapped them up. My regret was the greater because it separated Ring and myself, for he never quite recovered from the affront, for which I was officially but not personally responsible. *You Know Me, Al* is a glorious book. It will long live to mark the spot where the sport-writer became human and not technical. It made sport of sport and gave a lightness and humour to an otherwise dull page in the papers of the days before Ring and Al.

Milt Gross was a curious phenomenon in humorous writing. His *Nize Baby* was running serially in the *New York World*. It was read and chuckled over in Harlem and on the East Side and finally percolated into more Gentile districts. It was kike all the way through. Its humour was endemic but it was also contagious. First the more sedate and cultured Jews took it up and laughed at themselves and their kind. Arthur Krock, then of the *New York World* staff, very graciously sent Milt to me. Arthur's approval of any publishing project became a mandate to me. I suggested to Milt that he add a glossary to his text and his drawings. This he did. The *New York* success was immediate and substantial. Gradually the broad and infectious grin of Milt as reflected in *Nize Baby* spread to Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, then to Chicago. The grin spread to a great smile—on to the Pacific Coast, and the smile became chuckling. Soon the entire country, Jew and Gentile, was laughing boisterously with and at Milt Gross and his *Nize Baby*—but Milt laughed last and best. His royalties on a sale of over 100,000 copies brought a calm and peaceful smile to his troubled face; he was buying a new house in the Bronx.

I would give a great deal to be able to put Robert H. ("Bob")

Davis into print—he is much too elusive. No one could possibly capture that spirit and translate it. The greatest reporter in all the world, even after catching him verbatim as to work, phrase, sentence, pause, expletive, could not harness into print the dynamic glittering force of personality which made Bob Davis the great humourist of his day, and that is why I may not write of his book. There is none. There could not be. Perhaps some day he may be persuaded to put into book form his masterpiece, *The Nativity*. “Bob Davis remembers”—do let us all have a chance to remember your escape from the manger in Montana.

After all, there are not so many humourists for a land that is supposed to be so sparkling and vivacious. But it is difficult to get a humorous book that does not give the sensation of an all-caviar dinner. Some few—a very, very few—can make a meal of caviar. I expect that is why the *New Yorker* with its excellently arranged menu is the most welcome form for the digestion and enjoyment of humour—a properly balanced diet. Yet all the world would welcome another Mark Twain—or would it?

CHAPTER XXXII

THE DRAMATISTS

WRITERS of books frequently become writers of plays, and some dramatists graduate and become novelists. For my own part, I particularly like the dramatic form for my reading; for there is such condensation that one does not have to wade through pages of description to follow the author's conception, and the reader is left free to fill in his own background.

The publication of plays is a somewhat hazardous undertaking, for unless a play becomes exceedingly popular only a small circle of readers buys it.

In a way, I have no claim to include Sir James Barrie in my list of authors; but by the great courtesy of Mr. Charles Scribner and Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers for Barrie in America, I was permitted to join with Hodder & Stoughton in the publication of illustrated editions of two of his plays. Then too through Hodder & Stoughton, Sir William Nicoll, and especially E. V. Lucas, I met Barrie. The seeing of a Barrie play is a rare treat, second only to the reading and the meditating on the play afterwards. *Peter Pan*, revived each Christmastide in London, is Barrie's patent to enduring fame; *The Admirable Crichton* is one of the world's classic frolics; but for achievement of drama and condensation *The Twelve Pound Look* and *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals* are without peer, at least so it seems to me.

Barrie himself is as whimsical and elusive as any character in his plays and as temperamental as a prima donna. One evening in 1919 E. V. Lucas gave a small dinner-party for me at the Athenaeum Club, London. Always morgue-like, in January, 1919, it was sepulchral, dank, and forbidding. Few lights, and those dim. There were six in our party: Host Lucas, Sir James Barrie, John Galsworthy, Harry B. Irving, Major A. E. W. Mason, and myself. The cuisine was beyond reproach, owing largely to the epicurean art of E.V.L. The wines were vintage, for again E.V.L. is faultless in his choosing. We had a table in the strangers' room, where we were permitted to remain until 9 p.m. From the very beginning of that dinner, everything seemed to go awry. Just what was the cause, I never did discover. Lucas, a master host, seemed impotent; Mason, ebullient and effervescent, could not drag the party out of the doldrums. I sat on Galsworthy's right. Vainly I strove to make some impression on that granite monolith, Barrie, across from me, taciturn and silent and hunched into his chair seeking solace in the excellent wines. Promptly at nine, we were escorted to an upper room where we might remain until 10:30. If the dining-room was cold and forbidding, this ice-chamber was paralyzing. However, it had to be gone through with. Barrie and I sat on a divan together. I made one last effort to break through the fast-forming ice. That day I had been visiting Sir William

Robertson Nicoll at Bay Tree Lodge. It was just at the time of Theodore Roosevelt's death, and Nicoll had been mourning the passing of his great friend. He had told me a little story of Roosevelt's remarkable memory. In 1904 Nicoll and Barrie called on the President at the White House. They did not meet again until 1910, when on his returning journey from Egypt Roosevelt was given a great reception at the Guildhall, London. Nicoll described the meeting thus: "When I was still some six or seven numbers distant in the reception line, Roosevelt reached out towards me, clasped my hand, and said, 'Hello, Nicoll! and how is my friend Barrie?' A very remarkable feat of memory," concluded Nicoll. I thought that perhaps this might stir Barrie to some sign of humanity; so as dramatically as I could muster, I told the story and impressively concluded with Nicoll's "Hello, Nicoll, and how is my friend Barrie?" "Now, Sir James," said I, "was that not a remarkable feat of memory?" That calm little man simply said, "How could he forget me?" I was done. Soon the curfew hour came, and we were dismissed from the club. As we walked down Pall Mall and into the Strand, just as we passed Charing Cross Barrie, walking ahead with Lucas, turned to me and said, "Doran, have you ever seen my flat?" I had not. Would I like to? I would. Barrie took Lucas and me and at the Tivoli turned into Adelphi and up to his flat. At once the genial whimsical host, a charming entertainer. In his drawing-room was a miniature reproduction of the Scottish kitchen of Margaret Ogilvy (Barrie's mother), and everywhere were evidences of the real soul of the man. And this is my only memory of Sir James Barrie, author, dramatist, philosopher, and sage—yet forever Peter Pan.

Too much has been too cleverly written for me to dare to add to Shaviana, and yet I have known George Bernard Shaw so well that I must give him honoured place in my chronicles. Not that I can add to the knowledge of him. How considerate and meticulous in the matter of appointment! How amenable to proposal and suggestion! How forthright in his financial arrangements! He wrote for us five thousand words, or more about Russia for which we were to pay \$1 per word, *a*, *an*, *the*, and the poly-

syllables and long Russian names all one price. He explained that his government took 50 cents a word in taxation, so really he was not as exacting as he appeared. However, we need feel no compulsion to purchase, others gladly would buy it. Then he added that thirty years ago he would have sold this same material, more than \$5,000 worth, for \$65 and second-class expenses, and even then he threatened to blush; but it would be difficult to find a blush on that ruddy fresh face, it has constant and radiating bloom. Regardless of the outcome of an interview, one always leaves him with a sense of refreshment and cheer. Needless to mention his plays, for despite his prefaces I do hugely enjoy their reading and their acting. When I have been in any sort of association with him, I even feel an increasing pride that once I too was Irish.

Arnold Bennett had a passion for play-writing and the theatre. In this respect only was he a superegotist. No one could tell him anything about plays, their production, or the theatre. To his credit he has at least three major successes: *Milestones*, *The Title*, and *The Great Adventure* (this latter a dramatization of his fantasy *Buried Alive*); and several minor successes, conspicuously *The Honeymoon* and *Mr. Prohack*. *The Honeymoon*, with over one hundred performances, closely approached a stage success. Marie Tempest in her fifties was an exquisite young bride, and in *Mr. Prohack* Charles Laughton made his *début* on the London stage at the Court Theatre. He made the play by his inimitable impersonation of A.B.; such a caricaturization I have never seen before or since. The plot of *Milestones* was Bennett's; the play itself, which he wrote in seven days, was very largely Bennett, but the production and the art was that of Edward Knoblock, whose genius made from the play a small fortune for himself and Bennett. Arnold wrote many other plays, some of which were born into failure, others never reached the footlights; and yet to his last days, Arnold persisted in writing plays hoping for a repetition of his *Milestones* success.

Eddie Knoblock is a real if somewhat disappointed genius. He has had some successes other than *Milestones*, notably *Kismet*, in

which Otis Skinner starred in America and gave one of the most remarkable performances in his notable career.

Noel Coward is the marvel of his generation. Still in his early thirties, he has a wonderful record to his credit. He is the most versatile of men. He writes the play, the libretto, and the lyrics. He produces the play, and then he acts in it.

I made an arrangement for the assembling and publication three to a volume of all his plays before the production of *Private Lives*. As I read all the plays one after the other, I was much struck by the fact that this man whom I thought capable only of comedy and serio-tragedy was really an exhorter, almost an evangelist, for each play seemed to me subtly to hold up to scorn some human weakness and to point a moral. His play *Sirocco*, following two or three brilliant successes, was hissed from the stage by a cabal of critics and first-nighters who in true British fashion would teach this young upstart (he was about twenty-four at the time) that he could not stampede London theatre-goers into approval. The day following this *contretemps*, I met him at luncheon at Argyll House, the hospitable salon of Lady Colefax. There were just four of us, our hostess, Arnold Bennett, Noel, and myself. It was rather intended as a consolation party, but Noel asked for no solace. I have never seen him in a merrier mood. So well did he understand the incident that, nothing daunted, he later reproduced the play with fine success. *Cavalcade* at Drury Lane Theatre must for long years hold its place as one of the most brilliant and spectacular of productions, and it was all Noel Coward. The conception, the play, the production all were his. His coordination of over three hundred actors on the stage, the superb novelty of some of his scenes, the tragedy, the patriotism, the sympathy, the humour, the loyalty, all emanated from the fertile brain of a young man who did nothing more or less than dramatize his own generation of thirty short years. Such an exhibit of national understanding one may never again see. It captured London and England. The extraordinary stage mechanical devices necessary for production, and the requirement of a stage as large as that at Drury Lane, forbade the play being produced outside of London,

but it seemed as if all England at one time or another during its long run came to London to see *Cavalcade*. The King and Queen ordered a command performance, not at Windsor or Buckingham, but they occupied the Royal Box at Drury Lane and gave him their congratulation and approval. I hope he may never be decorated, or if he is proffered decoration, that he will decline; for Noel Coward is an institution separate and apart which may not be garnished or embellished. He is an interpreter of the world and humanity. He is not just a caricaturist of foibles; he is a philosopher, and if it be his genius to translate into popular dramatic form the sins of omission and commission of society, to gather up from all parts of the world unique spots of colour and drama, always back of it all is the serious purpose of a propagandist and a protagonist. God alone knows how long Noel Coward will survive and to what heights he will attain.

One may not take leave of Noel Coward and *Cavalcade* without a gracious bow to that queen of the London stage, Diana Wynyard, who so completely captured America in the talking-picture production of *Cavalcade*.

And Noel Coward may not pass from my picture without my doing homage to Charles B. Cochran, London's premier producer, one of the most courageous and finely visaged men who have ever dominated the stage. He has a sublimated P. T. Barnum sense of pleasing the public. He has courage beyond words; sometimes that courage may find designation by the American connotation of "nerve." For example, by reason of his many and spectacular successes, he held the goodwill of all London in the palm of his hand. So one day when he invited five hundred of the *élite* of London to a luncheon in the grand ball-room of the Savoy without any designation of purpose, there was not an empty chair. Following the luncheon, at coffee-time the host was duly announced by the gentleman usher in the pink coat with the formal "Pray, silence, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen, for your host Mr. Charles B. Cochran." He arose, greeted his guests with his winning smile, and after a brief welcoming speech, with all the form and ceremony of the unveiling of a great portrait or piece

of statuary, he drew back the velvet curtains and revealed a huge cask. Then was introduced to the discriminating palates of Londoners COCHRAN'S SHERRY, by long odds the best blend of sherry I have ever tasted. In extenuation of his coup, Cochran explained that since he was not a cocktail-drinker he had sought and found this wonderful wine, which he had had blended under his own direction. He would share his discovery with all the thirsting world. The vintners of Spain doubtless reward this impresario with the usual percentage. And Cochran got away with it, without the slightest damage to his fame and popularity. Years ago on *H.M.S. Aquitania* Cochran let me read the first half of his book of reminiscences. I do not recall just why I did not publish it, for Heinemann published it in London. It is a fascinating record of the experiences of a showman in America and England, exceedingly well written.

In accrediting Noel Coward as producer of his plays, I think I should have said director; for Cochran has been associated with Coward ever since the magnificent production of *Bitter Sweet* at His Majesty's Theatre in London, the house of the brilliant successes of Beerbohm Tree. Noel would be the first to do honour to the vision and courage of Cochran and Cochran in turn deems Noel the best director with whom he has ever been associated. Together they make an invincible team, reflecting the London theatre at its most brilliant and best. Cochran's flair for casting is born of an experience so wide—England and America and the Continent—that Coward could not hope to cope with him, and yet that same Coward made discoveries in the Malayan states and other remote spots on his travels, and these he brought to England and gave them parts in his brilliant review *Words and Music*. In passing, to the special honour of the American stage Cochran selected our own Peggy Wood for the lead in *Bitter Sweet*, one of the most delicate and sensitive of rôles, which she performed to such perfection that during an enforced absence the play suffered greatly. On the night of the last London performance, the stalls were filled by those who several times had seen the play. Her reception on the stage following the play was one of the

finest exhibitions of spontaneous, if somewhat tearful, congratulation I have ever witnessed. She was divine, to borrow from stage-craft parlance.

Cochran is the official producer for the London County Council, and upon occasion of special pageants for the British Government; he has versatility, sound judgment, unfailing good taste, and again above all else courage.

In other parts of my chronicles I have made full record of the dramatic achievements of Mary Roberts Rinehart, William Somerset Maugham, and Edgar Wallace, these distinguished master craftsmen who most wisely assured themselves of an income by writing for the stage, which gave them leisure for their serious writing.

That adorable Irishman, J. Hartley Manners, lived too short a time for his friends. He was the soul of geniality, wit, and friendship. I do not think he ever wrote a play except for his charming and distinguished wife, the beloved Laurette Taylor, another Irishman who most sympathetically interpreted Hartley's chief parts. Some of them may have been highly sentimental, but many besides the Irish do love sentiment and the stirring of the emotions. But they were both much more than mere sentimentalists; they were artists of high degree, philosophers of a no mean order, and superpatriots. For Irishmen, they were singularly and definitely British, and of course American. Hartley's war play, *Out There*, I think it was called, was a grand piece of propaganda; and Laurette's organization of an all-star cast to tour America in the interests of the American Red Cross was one of the finest examples of achievement, sacrifice, and service of the whole war period. All served without compensation and I hesitate to name the sum donated by the author, the star and the cast, and an admiring public to the funds of the Red Cross. I published all of Hartley's plays and Laurette's own story of the triumphal tour, when again all income went to swell the Red Cross treasury. Two very precious souls, Hartley and Laurette.

The friendship and acquaintance of the dramatists brought a knowing of the leading actors and actresses of my day or days,

from Henry Irving and Francis Wilson and Leslie Carter and John Drew and Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore to Dorothy Dickson, Heather Thatcher, Leslie Howard, Diana Wynyard, Katharine Cornell, John and Ethel Barrymore, and Ina Claire. And I must not forget the four Marx brothers, for three of these at least have rare qualities of culture successfully screened by their slap-stick performances. In repose they are as earnestly interesting as they are joyously entertaining in action. The three are ardent and discriminating collectors of first editions of the best of books. Groucho alone has ventured into print.

The producers too are most engaging and interesting. Charles Frohman, Daniel Frohman, Charles Dillingham, Edgar and Arch Selwyn, Arthur Hopkins, George Tyler, Crosby Gaige, and of course Charles Cochran, and Sir Nigel Playfair, Gladys Cooper, and Gerald Du Maurier as actors and joint producers. John Van Druten and his accomplished partner Auriol Lee, all going to the making of a wonderful world of unreality and reality, but always of entertainment; for dramatists, producers, and actors do mummify our world and upon occasion enable us to see ourselves as others see us.

Then there is the screen; but that is another picture, of which I have all too slight a knowledge.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE POETS

MY publishing never was any too distinguished for its number of books of verse. However, through my lists there have been given to the world some rare gems. It may be that this marked defect in my publishing effort was due largely to my own blind spot with respect to poetry. The simple ballad always pleased my sensibilities,

but the verse that pleased the real poetry-lover fell unresponsively on my all too practical soul. My editors, notably Coningsby Dawson, John Farrar, and Eugene Saxton, had a very definite flair and appreciation for real poetry, but for some reason or other we never seemed to annex much of generally recognized quality. Perhaps for these reasons the few notable exceptions stand out in all the bolder relief.

In quality and popularity by long odds the most notable book of verse I published was *John Brown's Body* by Stephen Benét. It is more of an epic than a poem, but Stephen had won for himself real distinction for his verse other than this *magnum opus*. I claim him as one of my poets, but even here my claim is too tenuous to permit my laying any special personal title to discovery, for it was John Farrar as a classmate at Yale with Benét who sensed and found in this rarely brilliant young man a wealth of real poetry. *John Brown's Body* was a choice of the Book of the Month Club, the only book of verse chosen by that organization. And while this selection gave an instant and large sale to Benét's book, its general and popular sale far exceeded that of the club's distribution and *John Brown's Body* had the astounding sale of 150,000 copies, almost a record for a book of verse of recent times. And Stephen Benét goes marching on.

The most precious of poets as published by me was Elinor Wylie. Her verse was classic and distinguished of itself, but in whatever form she chose to write she was for ever the poet. Her prose was that of the poet in its fantasy and subtlety and rhythm.

Through Robert Cortes Holliday, the Kilmers, Joyce and Aline, came to my list. "Trees" has made the name of Joyce Kilmer immortal, for so long as English verse is read, this gem will be included in anthologies and collections of representative verse. Apart from this one outstanding effort, both Joyce and his wife Aline must be remembered for the rare spiritual quality of their verse, the expression of two precious souls. The work of Aline, never profound but eternally sweet, greatly pleased my simple soul, as it did many many thousands, and I am happy that it was my privilege, through Holliday, to bring it to the world.

There was a time when I thought that Amelia J. Burr, a sweet singer of Jersey, would emerge as another Mrs. Hemans, but probably the world has grown far beyond Mrs. Hemans and her kind; Amelia Burr became disheartened at the failure of a modern world to appreciate sentiment and emotion. In any event, after six small books, both she and we were compelled to abandon hope.

Rose Fyleman, an Englishwoman, has captured the heart of the child everywhere, and her poems of children and child life have had a fine recognition. Many children of today will remember her and the melodies of their kindergarten and junior-grade days, and textbooks for schools in England and this country will make permanent her place in the hearts of children.

Hervey Allen and Du Bose Heyward, two other discoveries of John Farrar, have been so successful as novelists that the public in general has forgotten the excellence of their verse. Farrar's confidence in them and insistence that we publish their poetry before they had written their successful books brought them to our list. Hervey Allen's biography of Poe and his war book, *Towards the Flame*, may outlive *Anthony Adverse*.

Through Eugene Saxton, there came to my lists one of America's most genuinely poetic souls, Christopher Morley. He had promised his novels and essays to Doubleday, Page & Company, but he chose to be associated with Saxton and me for the publication of his verse, which had a rich feeling for the home, its fireside, and the children. Among them are *Chimneysmoke*; *The Rocking Horse*; *Songs for a Little House*; and *Pipefuls*. *Parnassus on Wheels* is a frolic among his kind. One book of short sketches, *Mince Pie*, he also published with us and in collaboration with Don Marquis, *Pandora Lifts the Lid*, a romping yarn of an imaginary Long Island adventure. Subsequently, for inclusion in the Haverford collected limited edition of his books, Doubleday, Page & Company acquired all our rights in Christopher's books, and we separated as author and publisher only to be more closely drawn together in friendship. He is the soul of loyalty in all its bold and delicate attributes, a genial, wholesome, whole-hearted human, a sublimation of

James Whitcomb Riley and Ik Marvel, and one of the few whose work will survive his generation.

There was once a man by name of Herbert Kaufman, who wrote verse and prose-verse with a great virility, and I had high hopes of him. But alas, he was a totally unorganized genius. Nothing I could say or do would persuade him to settle down to some real work. I lost sight of him long ago and I don't know whether he is still alive.

From England came a group. J. C. Squire and Thomas Moulton, real poets each, will be given in years to come a recognition which has been denied them in their lifetimes. Humbert Wolfe has had greater present acclaim than either Squire or Moulton, but it is doubtful if even his own generation will long remember him. Then there were the Sitwells: Edith, Sacheverell, and Osbert. Well, they just did not. They belong to a precious circle, and venturing beyond into a cold and critical atmosphere, shrank (like hothouse plants) and hurried to the greenhouses of Bloomsbury, where, in the artificial warmth of their own kind, they bask in a spurious synthetic sunshine and in the approval of each for the other.

The poetry of V. Sackville-West probably will survive her novels and prose, excellent as these are. Her poetry is majestic and of the eternal. Her novels are magnificent, but somewhat of the moment, although her *All Passion Spent* is an exquisite blending of the poet and the romanticist.

There is the splendid work of Aldous Huxley, who first emerged into the world of letters by way of his verse. There are many others whose less important efforts have been short excursions into rhymed expression and who have rather insisted that the publisher of their major work must also take the minor. Both the authors and I have chosen to forget these digressions. There has come into my own life a sweet singer. From the days when she was a tiny little girl in short frocks and braided hair, she has written her verse. As a pupil in Brearley School in New York, she has been encouraged by her teachers to pursue her study and her writing of poetry. So may I be forgiven for intruding into my picture my own beloved granddaughter, Mary Roberts Rinehart II, and for printing without her

knowledge these two poems of hers. The first, "A Forest," was written when she was eleven and has appeared in *Good House-keeping* both in the United States and in England.

A FOREST

*Where silver moon-beams filter through
Are lazy patterns on the ground.
The somber trees, their branches still,
In silver-checked leaves are gown'd. . . .
Above and hanging half across
A stream, is green and tender moss.
From leafy branches, hanging low,
It shields from sight the timid doe
Who comes to drink of waters sweet,
And bathe and cool its tired feet. . . .*

*The moon, a pearl-shaped ivory tear,
In the brook its image sees.
It hangs, suspended in the sky,
Above the tangled mass of trees. . . .
Violets take a silver hue,
And shadows of their turquoise blue,
With emerald trees and flowers fair,
And webs of moon-light in the air,
If you, by chance, this scene should see,
It stays with you eternally. . . .*

The second, written when she was thirteen, was awarded the poetry prize at Brearley for pupils in the Middle School.

THE INDIAN FLUTE

*A slumbering bonfire by the cliff
Where an old man stood, a flute in his hand.
His hair was black, and his eyes were, too,
And his face was bronzed, as copper, and tanned.*

*Softly he blew on his flute, like a sigh,
And the crimson flames leapt to the sky.*

*Trembling, throbbing, plaintive, and sweet,
The notes soared out on the quiet air.
Singing of love and of triumph and pain,
The heights of joy, and the depths of despair.
While the flute sang on, now low, now high,
The orange flames leapt up to the sky.*

*Though the old man stood so still, at his feet
His shadow weirdly capered and swayed
In time to the blaze as it shot up the cliff,
And in time to the lyrical notes that he played.
The flute sang on, and as if in reply,
The golden flames leapt up to the sky.*

These two reflect the quality of mind and artistry of this precious soul infinitely better than any words of mine. It may be that, like so many others who have attained fame in the world of letters, this is but a first feeble effort and she has chosen verse as the best and simplest method of expressing the thought in her soul. As years go on, her art may develop even beyond that of the distinguished forbear whose name she bears, and if there just a tiny suggestion of her maternal grandsire should appear I should be very proud and happy. Coming of writing and publishing stock, she has inherited a sense and feeling for words that gave to her even as a young child a vocabulary of adequacy and accuracy not in the slightest degree precocious or pedantic. There is every reason to expect that her own father will some day have as much pride in the work of his daughter as he has in the work of his mother.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE EXOTICS

BRILLIANT, colourful, superintelligent, intriguing, baffling, subtle, erotic, these are the flora: the pansy, the narcissus:¹ indigenous to the Land of Sodom and the Island of Lesbos but now become the familiar exotics of Greenwich Village and Bloomsbury, of Oxford and Harvard, of Cambridge and Bryn Mawr, of New York's Rialto and London's Piccadilly, of Mayfair and Park Avenue and Sutton Place and fashionable Long Island, of the Riviera and Palm Beach, of the Mountains of Santa Fé and Taos, and the Seacoast of Hollywood. The commoner varieties abound in the vicinity of Times Square, New York, and Jermyn Street, London; the darker shades in great number in New York's Harlem, where grafting proceeds with Burbank-like ardor. Unter den Linden and Montmartre have obliterated the last lines of sex demarcation in outward form and dress, and here all manner of exotic bloom may be found in confusion and profusion.

These exotics profiting by the decadence of an overstimulated and blasé social order, seek the sheltered avocations of literature, drama, music, painting, sculpture, the stage, and interior decoration, where they increase their numbers by a subtle devastating, degenerating system of proselyting. No one may be associated, even in a remote and commercial way, with any of these arts or professions without coming into contact with many of these deflorates.

My first encounter goes back many years to the days when I had barely reached my teens when we lived in semi-suburban Toronto. One evening my mother sent me on an errand to her brother's

¹ Narcissus: [A youth] who fell in love with his own reflection in the water, pined away, and was changed [by the gods] into the flower of this name. (Standard Dictionary.)

house about a half-mile away. For company I sought my pal Bill Harvey, who lived a short distance away. He was not at home but a paying guest in his home—an officer of the Government Postal Service—volunteered his company. As we were passing an orchard with a high board fence shaded by overhanging branches, this man grasped my shoulders, crowded me toward the fence, and kissed me. What instinct at thirteen took full possession of me I never will know. Pushing him roughly from me, I yelled, "What you need is a wife!" I ran like a deer from him and have never since seen him, for next day he departed from our vicinity.

My next experience was more than twelve years later when I was in Chicago with Fleming H. Revell Company. We had a large retail store, the rendezvous of clerics, pastors, and evangelists. On one Saturday about noon there called, first to pay me fraternal visit and then to make purchases in the book-store, one Reverend George H. Simmonds, D.D., lately a leader of the Southern Baptist Convention with headquarters at Louisville but now a peripatetic evangelist. A junior salesman in the store, a bright young lad of sixteen with rosy cheeks and curly flaxen hair, was Earl Sargent. Just about leaving time young Sargent came to my office, his brow knitted and his face slightly suffused. Simmonds had invited him to the baseball-game that afternoon but first of all to a luncheon in his room at the Palmer House. What brought that young man and his problem to me? Was it the manner and the familiarity of the invitation? Or was it merely that protective sense which seems to surround most wholesome youths? I never did know. I had heard mutterings of why Simmonds had thought it best to leave his prominent and ecclesiastically lucrative job in Louisville. It was a simple matter for me to counsel Sargent to decline the invitation. Which he did. Not long after Simmonds accepted a call to a church in Peoria, Illinois. Shortly he married a wealthy woman of his parish. But he could not withstand the lure of the choir-boys. Exposure threatened. One morning his dead body was taken from the river. As men go he was a seemingly fine type—not a pansy, a Narcissus probably who had graduated from onanism.

This was in 1896. In those days in America busy people heard

little and saw less of the exotics—in fact, I think their operations were limited and carried out in great secrecy, for it was many years later before they were obtruded upon my attention, and then in London. In 1915 I had much business with that forceful, intelligent, and highly discriminating publisher, William Heinemann of Bedford Street, London. We published many books jointly. On this occasion he gave me for reading and consideration among others the proofs of a book of memories and recollections of a much-travelled, highly intelligent, and very widely known man-about-London whom I shall call for the purposes of this story Bertie Robinson. The book had to do with travels between London and other European capitals, interviews with Prime Ministers and ambassadors, chiefly of Russia and St. Petersburg. Undoubtedly the man had entrée to people and places of importance, but in war-time it did not seem to me to be a book that would interest any large body of readers in the United States and I so reported to Heinemann. He said to me: "Doran, you are making a mistake in passing by Bertie Robinson's book, for not only is it a fine piece of writing but, let me tell you further, Bertie Robinson is a homo (Heinemann used the stronger and more vividly descriptive word). At present he is serving a nine months' sentence for assaulting a bell-boy in the Carlton Hotel. He wrote the greater part of this book in jail. When he is released and the book is published it will sell like wildfire." Shades of Victoria and Oscar Wilde! I could not believe my ears or Heinemann. I quickly and violently protested that in my experience America and Americans had not yet reached such depths of pornography. Whereupon in defensive mood he told me this story: He was publisher for George Moore. One day in great elation Moore came to Heinemann and outlined the plot of what he termed to be a great novel. In brief, a young man of family and distinction and title falls in love with a daughter of an equally distinguished house. The marriage is arranged. The wedding takes place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. On the bridal night the bridegroom discovers his totally unthought-of and unsuspected impotency. The following day in humiliation and despondency he arranges for the dissolution of the marriage—the complete release

of the woman he loves. He makes handsome settlement and departs immediately for a protracted voyage around the world on a sailing-ship. On board he meets a plump little sailor-boy and lives happily ever afterwards. "There," exclaimed Moore, "is a plot for you!" Heinemann protested that no such book could be printed and published in England. But Moore contended: "Why not! it is simply a modernizing of the Greek practice which pleased and thrilled the male and in addition gave protection to the innocence of Grecian women." Here certainly were the beginnings of the spread of exotic growth in England. One of two things was happening: either the scales were dropping from my eyes or there was a sudden and great development of degeneracy and perversion—probably both, for certainly from then onward my eyes saw much the existence of which hitherto I had not suspected. From everywhere came evidences. In London, the men at home too young or too fragile to fight were showing unmistakable signs of sissyness—hatless, pale-faced, feminine, tenor-voiced, they abounded on the streets and in the lounges hitherto sacred to the *demi-monde*. In America the chorus-boys on the stage looked like sleek trained seals—their hair plastered to their heads with pomade varnish, their hands gesturing from limber wrists for all the world like the stunted fins of that self-same trained seal.

But these were the mere crudities. There were to be other manifestations of the spread of eroticism. The exotics were boldly appearing everywhere—in drawing-rooms and salons they were the welcome and flattered guests of hostesses who two decades before would have slammed their doors rather than admit anyone even suspected of a taint. If Oscar Wilde were to return to London to-day, he would feel himself a mere tyro. The theatres, especially fashionable first nights, saw them in pairs—two by two in trousers, two by two in skirts, but all with full-bosomed dress-shirts and white ties and high collars and closely cropped hair. These were the admitted and acknowledged high-priests and high-priestesses of the order. After theatre one would find them still in pairs but in the company of normal fashionables at the cafés and night clubs. It appeared almost as though it were becoming the perfectly proper

fad to have these exotics as guests; seemingly no real party was complete without them, and certainly they did add brilliancy, sparkle, and wit, and—scandal, a dominant modern social necessity.

It is argued that degeneracy and perversion, or sodomy and Lesbianism, if you will, are pathological, glandular, and hereditary. The same arguments and pleas are made for all major crimes and criminals. Yet we have jails and asylums. If at the present time there is an epidemic or even only a recrudescence of a pathological state which is menacing to society and in particular endangering the mental and moral well-being of the younger generation, why not readily concede the presence of a disease? Prostitution, relatively a normal and natural expression of a function, has been forbidden by law or proscribed by licence. All civilized nations have gone far to provide institutions for the segregation and control of contagious physical diseases and dangerous mental disorders. If the moral break-down is pathological, if our own and future generations are to suffer from these insidious plagues of degeneracy, why! oh, why not let us be forehanded enough to deal with them as we have been forced to deal with other epidemics of crime and disease? Let us provide sanatoriums for the elective or compulsory segregation and treatment of these intensely interesting pathological cases. From these comfortable institutions the brilliance still could radiate in literature, drama, music, painting, and others of the arts. Some stars might disappear from the firmament for a time, but only for a time, for recovery would be rapid and replacements easy. Frequently it has been stated that the most brilliant artists in literature, the drama, and painting are homosexuals. This is but a most misleading part of the truth. True, some homosexuals have written brilliantly, some great dramatists, poets, musicians, and artists have been exotics, but their number is proportionately small and their work rarely qualifies them for the immortals.

By all means let us be sympathetic to a pathological condition, but let us not choose this back door to birth-control. Let us provide colonies, sanatoriums, retreats for these pathological cases and purge society of exotics—we have such wealth of natural and fragrant bloom.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE MYSTERYISTS

CHIEF among those who write of mystery, crime, and detection must come Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, his immortal Sherlock Holmes and his faithful Boswell, Dr. Watson. Although Doyle became much absorbed by spiritualism, survival of personality, fairies and gnomes, he always had a warm spot in his heart for Sherlock. I have every reason to know that he was chief mourner because of the sudden and tragic death of his most loved creation. Who knows but that Doyle got his first impetus towards his belief in survival of personality through his own reincarnation of Holmes? I have dealt with Doyle more at length as a spiritualist not because I minimize the importance of Sherlock Holmes in our literature but because Doyle executed so curious and dramatic a *volte-face*. The world will remember Doyle. Some day, who knows, his spiritualism may be our common belief, but nothing can rob him of the enduring fame which came to him through Sherlock Holmes—a new compound proper name in the English dictionary connoting the discovery by Doyle of the science of advanced deduction.

In point of importance Edgar Wallace would scarcely be second to any of the writers of thrillers. He has not established any central figure which may long be remembered, but all the more reason why the comet-like transit of Edgar himself across the reading and dramatic heavens is all the more remarkable, for while the central star is the man himself, the spreading tail of that same comet sparkled with the brilliance of his creations.

He has made no secret of his extraction. On his parental side he was descended from a family of great histrionic ability. At the height of his favour and popularity, his mother, who had abandoned the infant Edgar to the uncertain mercies of an ironmonger,

called upon him. It must have been a difficult moment for the tender-hearted man. Yet why should not his soul have been in revolt against that woman who sought him only because of his fame, him for whom she had never manifested the slightest filial concern? That he so grandly survived the catastrophe of his birth is a tribute to his character and indomitable will.

It was long after his name had been securely established that he came to my apartment at the Savoy. Our publishing contact was so firmly established that we had no immediate business to discuss. My principal object was to persuade him to visit America. He had previously declined many and pressing invitations, but now he agreed to come during the ensuing autumn. I called my travel bureau for a list of Cunard sailings in September and October. A date was selected. We had just about concluded arrangements when he suddenly remembered that a favourite horse of his was running in an important race just at that time. He therefore settled on a date three weeks later. Then and there he reserved regal quarters for "Jim," his wife, Bryan and Michael, two sons, Pat and Penny, two daughters, Edgar himself, a governess for Penny, and two secretaries—nine in all. He did not make the slightest change afterward in any detail.

Jim told me afterwards of his return to his family. He announced his plan only to be met by pooh! poohs! That was an old story, this visiting of America. Then Edgar did me the great compliment of saying, "But you do not know George Doran—I am already on my way."

This was the auspicious beginning of one of my most prized friendships—several, not one. He took a large suite in a leading New York hotel; an equally large suite at Briarcliff Lodge in Westchester, for he and his family must have city and country life as was their regular habit. Also he must have his motors. He reminded me of a rajah with an entire floor at the Savoy. I may have shown my amazement and made silent, though presumptuous, protest. He read my mind, hastened to allay my fears, assured me that a message to *Berengaria* had assured him that a long shot had come home—he had an unexpected windfall of £5,000.

He had a grand time. The autumn meet was on at Belmont. The World Series was being played off in New York. He was in constant demand from every manner of source. Yet he remained master of his time. He did precisely those things which he most chose to do. He had no penchant for Society, as such. To be with men, to talk with men, to share in the things done by men of activity and affairs, to see the police at work—not on patrol but from headquarters in Center Street—to get behind the scenes of New York's Rialto, to become familiar with the theatrical production in America—these were the things which employed him for more than eighteen hours each day.

One evening to which I looked forward was when Edgar and I were to start on an all-night pilgrimage through New York's underworld under the chaperonage of one of New York's leading detectives. While at dinner in my apartment word came of the sudden illness of our guide. A substitute was offered, but to my amazement Edgar said no, we would have a quiet and undisturbed evening together. Just what prompted Edgar I never will know, but he began the story of his life, from his desertion at so early a time that he could not even see the place where he was left, much less understand it; of his selling newspapers, of his growing up in London's East End without ever becoming a part of it, of his journeying around the world and his protracted visit to Africa when he wrote his first books, the Red Sanders series. These came to the attention of Rudyard Kipling, who complimented and cheered Edgar by a hearty approval and enthusiasm. When he returned to London, Lord Northcliffe, of the *Daily Mail*, offered him a place on his staff, first of all to write daily serial stories.

It was as a special correspondent for the *Daily Mail* that Edgar got his first taste of crime and its detection. He was given free run of Scotland Yard and its ramifications. Astute and secretive, he gained the complete confidence of the inspectors, officers, and commissioners of London's police headquarters, from whom he gained material and atmosphere which were to serve him in good stead in his later life. He was achieving a certain degree of recognition and popularity for his mystery stories when the war came. The men at

the front and the men and women at home found in his books release from woes and worries. He was not fitted for active service but he did much more for the peace and content of his compatriots at home and abroad than if he had been in actual service. His books were read by millions. He was cheer leader in England and in the trenches.

An officer of the B.E.F. on leave fascinated and attracted his first wife, the mother of his boy and girl. Perhaps Edgar became too deeply concerned and occupied by his writing—he offered this as a possible explanation of the ensuing tragedy. His wife left him, but her joy was short-lived. Like sailors with sweethearts in every port, soldiers had sweethearts for every leave. She was deserted. Edgar might have been willing to take her back but the children had become so alienated that Edgar had to choose between wife and children. He never divorced her but supported her separately with every comfort until she died.

Some time after his wife's death, he married Jim—I never did know, nor did I know anyone who knew, that sweet woman's given name. She was Jim to those to whom she and Edgar gave their friendship. She had been Edgar's principal secretary, a really lovely soul, bright, keen, intelligent. She had become not only wife and helpmeet, but mother to Edgar's children with as enveloping a love as she gave to Penny, her child and Edgar's.

This talk was in the year 1928. A red-letter year for Edgar, for in that twelvemonth one out of every four books printed and sold in England, exclusive of Bibles, school text-books, and medical text-books, was an Edgar Wallace book. Four plays of his were running to crowded houses in London alone. Road-companies in the provinces were many and profitable. His sales in America were increasing with such rapidity that for a time he was the most popularly read author in the United States. He had become lessee of the Wyndham Theatre, London, or rather, Jim had, for by now she had taken over the management of Edgar's theatrical affairs. He was dramatist and producer.

By request of the owners of one of London's oldest and most renowned theatres he wrote a play for musical-comedy production.

On behalf of the proprietors the manager accepted the play subject to the approval of his chiefs. One day a dejected manager brought the play to Edgar with the regret that these owners (guess their race) had rejected it. Edgar's only comment was, "My God! Can those bastards read?"

Edgar's income was prodigious. He maintained his own London headquarters in a half-floor-large apartment in the Carlton Hotel, Haymarket, a large house in fashionable Portland Place, and a country estate, Chalklands, Bourne End-on-the-Thames—here he had his racing-stable. This, also, was Jim's. Each member of the family had a grand and expensive motor car, except Penny, who for the time must be content with a pony and groom. Hospitality at Chalklands was lavish; guests were numerous. It was the friendliest home within my knowledge. His study was a large, airy, sunlit room with huge kidney-shaped desk in the centre; on either wing, to right and left, reposed a dictaphone. Into these Edgar would dictate his plays and his novels. Before him sat a secretary, who, in between the bursts of inspiration, would receive Edgar's letters of the day, his journalism, and his editorials for the county paper of which he was proprietor. He was the busiest man I have known. His stimulant was England's favourite beverage, tea, and more tea and yet more tea. So great was his production that he frequently was accused of employing "ghosts" to do his writing. Never a sign of ghost did anyone ever see—Edgar was not quiet long enough to cast even a shadow. He put a quietus on these accusations by offering a gift of £1,000 to anyone within or without his household who could prove that any word of his was not of his own creation and writing.

At the great race-meets of England he was an outstanding figure. He was a typical English squire—grey top-hat, Ascot tie, double-breasted waistcoat, morning-coat, striped trousers, spats, and the inevitable umbrella. Between races the squire became journalist and he would betake himself to the press-box and send to his London paper the news of the meet. Then to Tattersall's to place his bets and back to his box to be the most enthusiastic of us all. Whether he won or lost no one ever would know, except Jim, who upon

occasion would find her jewel-box enriched by a magnificent gift.

I had promised and arranged that Edgar should go to Chicago during his visit to America. He was having such a good time in New York he rebelled at the idea of so long and tiring a journey. I convinced him he could not break faith with so large a public as that represented by Chicago. Reluctantly he went. Jubilantly he returned. Out of ninety-six hours spent in Chicago he slept six. He had the grandest time of his life, not because of public entertainment, for which he had little time or taste, but because he was welcomed and most cordially entertained by the newspaper editors and the "boys" and the police of headquarters. The result of this visit was his best and most popular play, *On the Spot*, later produced in his own theatre with Charles Laughton as star. It paid his American expenses one hundred times over.

On a later visit to London I asked him when I might see the play. He replied: "George, name the night and the entire theatre is yours, for you are father and mother, and godfather and god-mother, of *On the Spot*, for I would never have seen Chicago but for your insistence."

He was making money so fast and spending it so fast and working so hard, both ways, that I became apprehensive that the machine might break down, so I was daring enough to counsel that he let his American earnings accumulate into a trust fund for a possible rainy day—or more properly, a dry spell. He was gently but firmly repelling. He simply said: "No, I am a gambler. I can do more with my own money than any trust fund possibly could do." And that was that. He became involved in motion-picture production and other enterprises; every moment of his working-hours was occupied—novel-writing, journalism, plays, rehearsals, race-meets, jockey-club meetings. He delegated nothing save the theatre management. Small wonder he became somewhat egocentric and denied himself to his friends; this only in the last two years of his life.

He was a natural, 100 per cent he-man. His greatest aversion was the exotic of either sex—he stormed at their mention. One evening I had lured him to a stag dinner-party of sixteen. We had a glorious time: Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, J. B. Priestley,

Frank Swinnerton, Andrew Caird, Philip Gibbs, E. V. Lucas, and half a dozen others. Edgar was beaming and full of spirit and fun. As we separated he said: "Never had such a good time, George. A grand party and not a homo among us."

He was generous—much too generous. No needy person or institution ever appealed to him in vain. With his family he was lavish, nothing small or large was ever denied to them. A born actor, he would assume a savage mien, so realistic that he put the fear of God into his family—in the end they got more than they asked.

He became so self-centred, so sure of himself and his judgment, that he admitted no counsel. He was omnipotent, but he should have admitted the other two to a triumvirate; at least he should have had a manager and an accountant. His cheque-book was ever open. So long as he had cheques there must be plenty of money.

I am far from agreeing with the cynical Bibesco in the New York *Herald Tribune*, who wrote, "I think I have read Edgar Wallace's two books as often as he has written them," for he never did repeat himself or slavishly follow a set model; nevertheless both in his writing and in his plays Edgar was showing signs of fatigue. In appearance too he was failing somewhat; his ruddy complexion was sallowing, his clothing hung rather loosely on his erstwhile rotund figure.

When he was pressed to accept a princely sum to go to Hollywood he welcomed the adventure and the change of environment. Full of a renewed zest he started off with his secretary and his valet. Here was a new world to conquer. His daily letters to Jim told their own story of a revived energy and interest. Throughout the long journey and after arrival he was one great enthusiasm.

One February day in 1932 Jim called me and asked if I would escort her to the opening of Edgar's new play, *The Green Pack*, with Gerald Du Maurier in the lead, at Wyndham's, and to a celebrating supper afterwards. On the day of the opening she again called me confirming the arrangement but cancelling the supper, for she had a cable telling of Edgar's serious illness of pneumonia in Pasadena. She was sailing on the *Majestic* next morning at ten. We

went to the play. Already the newspaper bill-boards were placarded in twelve-inch type SERIOUS ILLNESS OF EDGAR WALLACE. The members of the cast had arrived too early to see the placards; the play was successfully presented. But gloom settled upon Edgar's box.

Next day Jim set out on her sad journey. Between Southampton and Cherbourg news came to her of Edgar's passing. She returned to London to wait for his body. The memorial service was in St. Mary's-in-the-Strand—not one-quarter large enough to hold those friends who would do last tribute to one beloved.

Then the tragedy. Never, except by evidence of abstraction and distraction, had Edgar given any sign of special worry or concern. No one but himself and his bankers had the slightest conception of his financial condition. When his affairs were known his estate showed a deficit of approximately £100,000. The loyal Jim sacrificed her home, her jewels, her own accumulated resources, to reduce the deficit and to maintain the honour of Edgar and herself. Royalties from plays and books voluntarily were pledged for the redemption of the debt, which in time will be liquidated in full. For a time Jim went on with her work of theatre management, but before long she died from worry and overwork.

To Mary Roberts Rinehart I have already made my bow. Beginning as a writer of mystery-stories, she has graduated into pure romance and social problems. Once and again she will permit herself a frolic of mystery and murder and intrigue. Her locale is at home—usually in a compact suburban centre. She involves the street-cleaner, the spinsters, the bachelors, the aged aunts, the much too modern young people, keeping one breathless in hurried pursuit of one trail after the other, only to discover that by sitting quietly by the fire-place one would find the family records revealing both motive and perpetrator.

In my boyhood days the remote and practically unattainable high-priced mystery books were represented by Anna Katharine Green's *The Leavenworth Case*, Gaboriau's *File No. 113*, and of course Edgar Allan Poe, from whose brilliance have come many pastelike imitations of today. The easily attained were the Dick Turpins and the Old Cap Colliers—a nickel apiece for these good

old yarns which today have been replaced by a perfect spate of inferior creations at prices ranging from \$2 to \$2.50. Another advantage had Old Cap Collier. He could be folded inside a reader or a speller undetected by teacher or master until, perspiring and pop-eyed, I betrayed the fact that I was thrilled beyond the possibility of any text-book. My last adventure resulted in the confiscation of *Billy the Kid and His Girl*. I was left on the edge of a precipice never to learn the fate of Billy and the girl.

The public is insisting on more and more mystery and crime books, and in this it is following the leadership of distinguished men. President Wilson, President Hoover, Lloyd George, and thousands of business and professional men all have taken refuge in such stories. I dare not say more, else I would too fully reveal my own passion for these life-saving, tonic, and mildly soporific aids to forgetfulness. As a publisher I welcome and applaud the reader. As a reader I am indebted to publishers and writers too numerous for mention.

PART SEVEN

Which Concerns Men and Women Authors
and Editors

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY: MEN

LORD BEAVERBROOK

BEAVERBROOK, 1st Baron . . . Rt. Hon. William Maxwell Aitken. Such is Who's Who's designation of a great little man known to the world as Lord Beaverbrook, to his intimates as Max. Rather short in stature, he has a splendid head, rather too large for his somewhat frail body, and ferret-like eyes. If he were to don a tawny, unkempt beard, he would resemble Hall Caine, and then it is but a step to Shakespeare.

I first came within his orbit when I published his story of the Canadian Army in France, and while he was still Sir Max Aitken. My youngest brother had enlisted and gone overseas with the Canadians. Sir Max very graciously interested himself until we both discovered that, because of his health, my brother could not go to the front and was detailed to the quartermaster's department in England. For some little time I did not see Beaverbrook again, but by way of mutual friends we maintained contact. He is of the maritime provinces of Canada, that little Scotland which has produced so many great men of the financial world, statesmen of first rank, educators, divines, and not the least of the great, Max Aitken. At the age of twenty-seven, he had made a fortune of £5,000,000 sterling. By the time of the beginning of the World War, he had made his influence felt on the political and economic life of Britain. By the close of the war, he had become a Warwick, not the maker of kings but the maker of governments, which in these days is really vastly more important. For a time Lord Beaverbrook's town residence, Stornaway House, Cleveland Row,

St. James's, was second in importance only to Number 10 Downing Street, the chief difference being that in Stornaway House, Prime Ministers were in the making to succeed to residence in Downing Street.

He was a great friend of Arnold Bennett's. He made the masterly choice of appointing Arnold to the charge of British propaganda in France. Later he invited Arnold to write a weekly page of literary criticism for the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, which ceased only when A.B.'s last illness intervened. Indeed the last writing done by Arnold was for this page.

Like Alexander of old, Beaverbrook was a conqueror, and still more like the great general, he despaired because there were no more worlds to conquer. It was said of him: "He began at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and that little city wasn't big enough. He transferred his operations to London and London wasn't big enough." He must cultivate Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, so that in limitless space he may yet find ample outlet for his boundless energy. In the small town in New Brunswick where Lord Beaverbrook was born, his father, the Rev. William Aitken, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church, from which he retired at the age of seventy. At that time, the old man said, "The evening mists are gathering," meaning thereby that he was somewhat doubtful of the doctrines he had been preaching for so many years, and this fact seems properly to validate this story of the old divine! He lived to the ripe old age of eighty-five, and it was Beaverbrook's privilege liberally to provide for his creature comforts. Upon one occasion Max had arranged a trip to Florida for his father and mother. A private car had been provided and the aged couple were prepared to travel in regal state. Taking Lord Beaverbrook aside, the old man expressed his great thanks to his son. Beaverbrook hastened to assure his father that what he was able to do and was doing was but a trifling recognition of his debt to his father. But all of this was beside the point, for the Reverend said: "It is not for these comforts I am thanking you. I am grateful beyond the telling that I do not have to preach another damn sermon."

When one is ushered into the ample drawing-room at Stornaway

House which is the throne-room of Lord Beaverbrook, he will one day pass Winston Churchill on his way from conference, on another, the Prime Minister J. Ramsay MacDonald, then others of note. Warwick has been in eruption.

D. H. LAWRENCE

I barely escaped becoming publisher for D. H. Lawrence. After reading his *Sons and Lovers*, I was all eagerness to have the distinction of his name on my list. The opportunity came, and I had arranged a three-book contract with his literary agent. The first book offered under that contract was *The Rainbow*, a grand book and after the manner of *Sons and Lovers*, but Lawrence could not resist the temptation to drag in some Lesbianism not in the slightest degree essential to the novel itself. It was issued in London first, and there it was so quickly suppressed as immoral that there was not the slightest chance of its publication being permitted in America. The London publisher was fined a modest sum upon his agreeing completely to withdraw the book from sale. I do not know of its ever being reissued in England in its original form. Upon my contention that no contract could oblige me to violate the laws of my country, the book and the contract were taken from me. B. W. Huebsch, then a publisher in his own name, issued it privately in an edition limited to 1,000 copies. As I have closely followed the work of Lawrence since that time, I have congratulated myself that I have not been his publisher. Artist he may have been, possibly always was to the end of his days, but his art took the form of the vulgar nudity of intellectualism. Very few of us would want to become members of a nudist colony. Even fewer of us would choose the language of the besmirched walls of the privy for our dinner-table conversation.

I find a parallel for Lawrence in our own John Dos Passos. I published his *Three Soldiers*, that most remarkable of American war novels. It was a stalwart book. Men felt strongly and expressed themselves strongly in those violent days. It was not possible to print the picture of those tragic days without extrava-

gance of expression, which under less vicious circumstances would never have been permitted or condoned. It was part of the most obscene picture in the history of the world, when men became less careful than the brutes, prostituting their souls and their intelligences in a vulgarity of act and speech that has become the crowning shame of our race. In order to make *Three Soldiers* fit to print, we had to edit it most carefully, deleting its most offending obscenities. Dos Passos chafed under this most necessary censorship, but even with all its paring *Three Soldiers* remained one of the most daring and boldest bits of realism to come out from the war in any country. As a document of fact, it had to be placed on the record, but never more than once; for all time it would serve as a source-book of the temporary degradation of the soldier. Hervey Allen realized this, for in his *Towards the Flame*, which rivals *Three Soldiers* in strength and masculinity, he found no necessity for recourse to vulgarity even by implication.

When Dos Passos brought along his next book he had reinstated many of his obscenities. We declined to publish in the form it was in then. He indignantly refused to be published by a coward, a coward being a man who would not wittingly offend the finer sensibilities of his mother, his sister, or his daughter. Dos Passos employed the common language of the degenerate, not the language of the uncultured or plainly vulgar. I contended that certain functions of the body need not necessarily be made topics of drawing-room or dinner-table conversation; that sex, which is the sublimest expression of the human emotions, need not be debased to its commonest nomenclature to be understood and apprehended; that we were not living in the trenches or in army camps, where some men reverted to worse than the animal. In any event, Dos Passos passed from my picture.

I have taken this rather roundabout route to D. H. Lawrence, for he would if he dared impose upon England and America the nauseating crudities and vulgarities of the original Italian edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. In his preface to the authorized English edition, published in France, his apologia is that his book is intended to instruct the adolescent in matters of sex terminology;

in effect, that it is the plea of a purist in defence of the morals of the immature; that by sheer accident certain words have found polite acceptance, while their synonyms have become vulgar and obscene. Since my knowledge of etymology fell so far short of his, I consulted every available dictionary, Webster's International, the Standard, the Century, and lastly the great Oxford Dictionary, which is the final authority on English words and is not in the slightest degree prudish or restricted. In not one of these dictionaries did I find those words for the usage of which Lawrence has so valiantly contended.

In his book of paintings, issued in England and very promptly suppressed, Lawrence exhibits his mind and his soul rather more dramatically vulgarly than would be possible in his writing; for the art of his brush is less delicate than that of his pen. In his painting, he has given full rein to the pornography of his soul.

Contrast him if you will with W. Somerset Maugham. No one possibly could accuse Maugham of lacking in courage, for he is the boldest of realists, yet he has had the supreme courage to be a man and a gentleman in all his major expressions towards life. Or Arnold Bennett, another of the realists of courage. He also painted, but his brush was for the strengths and the beauties of life. He never did require the unnatural stimulus of pornography to make him interesting or observed.

Neither Maugham nor Bennett ever felt called upon to be a Messiah-like messenger to the oversexed or sterile women. It is rather a pity that for a time Lawrence has become somewhat of a cult; but witness the members of that cult. I do not know of one wholesome woman in the whole *entourage* of Lawrence. Naturally I do not know them all, but in one community at least I do know them, and if percentages carry to other and more conventional circles, my premise is accurate. My own analysis of Lawrence in much of his writing since the magnificence of *Sons and Lovers* is that he became an impotent, or at least had developed a violent sex-inferiority complex and that his work, particularly his later work, was for the most part but the violent rag-

ings of a miserably discontented man who would have a world believe that the perversity of sex, or the absence of it, were the two most important, emotional, and spiritual qualities given to man and woman for the expression of their heaven and their hell. Patrick Francis Murphy, that premier of New York's post-prandial speakers, used to say in speaking of Mexico, "That beautiful land to the south of us where every once in a while peace breaks out." So in the case of Lawrence. Every once in a while, even in his later days, art broke out. It may be urged that the malady from which he suffered and finally died predisposed him, as it is alleged it predisposes so many of its victims, to an undue emphasis of sex; but there are so many tubercular people who have lived and died without yielding to imposition of supersexness that surely the superman Lawrence need not of necessity be overwhelmed by it. His is a voice crying not in the wilderness, Repent ye! but in the red-light district of a humanity he would debase to the level of his own puerility and intellectual degeneracy.

JOSEPH COLLINS

By appellation, he is M.D., but that is a very small part of his claim to distinction. He is a psychiatrist. So long has he studied and treated the human brain that he seems always to be thinking and seeing in terms of mental reaction. He is now purely a consultant in his profession and has turned to literature and letters. Even here he is the doctor, for *The Doctor Looks at Literature . . . at Love and Life . . . at Marriage and Medicine . . . at Life and Death*. When he plays at golf or bridge, it is for ever the doctor looking, for it seems impossible for him to escape the thoroughly clinical approach. We have been, I trust we still are, great friends; although at times I do sense the doctor looking—at me, at friendship, at my friends and associates. As a companion he is a great tonic, a bitter tonic at times. His sense of humour is superb. Celtlike in his drolleries. One has to know him well to realize that for the most part his wit is benignant. He is impatient of hypocrisy utterly intolerant of snobbery, and has a most uncanny sense for

the unreal in character and personality. He is one of my most welcome of dinner-guests, but at times I have experienced a sense of great relief when we have arisen from the table. Not that he has been ungracious, but his silences have been thunderously disquieting if by some mischance he encountered someone he considered unreal.

He is frank to the point of cruelty. At one time I brought to his professional attention the case of a very dear friend of mine. It was a difficult case. One had to be very loving and considerate to be tolerant of the vagaries and inconsistencies of the man. After I recited all the symptoms as I had observed them the first reaction of Collins was, "Is he worth saving?" A startling and Prussian observation, yet after all perfectly fair and reasonable from the psychiatrist's point of view, who had had such wide experience with the better-deads. If ever I should be desperately ill, I think I would send for Collins, tell him the truth, and have him tell me the truth, and together we would determine if I were then worth the saving.

He is somewhat of a mystery man. He lives alone seemingly a bachelor all his days, yet every once in a while there is the suggestion that at one time he was married, to whom or when I never thought to inquire, and he has volunteered nothing. Together we are bachelors and friends. If I feel unduly elated or proud, an evening with him restores me to a normal appreciation of myself; he can keep one humble without being too annihilating.

JAMES M. BECK

In the days of the American Security League, much emphasis was placed on the Constitution and its interpretation. Stanwood S. Menken was President of the League. Through him I became the publisher of James M. Beck's book on the Constitution. Such a struggle to get a book published I had never had before or since.

Finally the first edition was ready. Each succeeding edition had many revisions and changes. It seemed to me at times that I was publishing only one book, Beck on *The Constitution of the United*

States, for daily I had to have conversations with its author concerning it. Finally in despair I made weekly reports, not only of aggregate sales but in detail as to where the books went. If I had had six such authors as Beck I would have been driven mad. He has written a great book, the book of a patriot and a statesman. He has been torch-bearer and he never has allowed the light of his burning Americanism to be dimmed by counter-currents or departure from the straight path of constitutional government as he sees it. If he were of a little broader human and intellectual stature, he might have become a great leader. Even yet he may, for some day, who knows, we may be flocking back to the Constitution and its custodian the Honourable James M. Beck.

MAX BEERBOHM

Almost too whimsical and elusive to capture even for a brief sketch is this charming Max Beerbohm. Properly to present him would call for a pen and a brush as delicate and as bold as his own. He is the one man of letters who executes with equal facility and refinement of expression in prose and in portrait. If one could visit an exhibit containing every one of his sketches, cartoons, and caricatures, the result would be an intimate knowledge of the characteristics of every man of the last four decades prominent in the worlds of literature, art, society, the professions, and politics. Similarly to read him—and he has written all too little—is to discover strengths and weaknesses, fancies and foibles, which have not lent themselves to the delineating stroke of his pencil and brush. He is one of the wittiest of men. At any gathering he is the centre of interest, chiefly masculine. A *raconteur*, almost peerless; a man who completely refutes the imputation that the Englishman is devoid of humour—he has sufficient for a regiment. Urbane, ingratiating, studiously naïve, he would appear to be remote from things practical; but give him six, twelve, or twenty-four hours to consider a proposed exchange of talent for cash, and there emerges one of the most acute economic minds, a perfect confusion to the designs of even a modern and regenerate Barabbas.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

If some day you should encounter a tallish, somewhat stooped-shouldered patriarchal man, looking like a combination of Moses and Omar Khayyám, with excessively penetrating eyes, you are probably encountering Havelock Ellis. He gives the impression of great benevolence and extreme simplicity. Even in intimate and long conversation, one constantly forgets that he is in discussion with the world's first authority on sex and sex problems. His cyclopedic work *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* is so complete and frank and descriptive that in the interests of public morals (*i.e.*, to prevent the merely prurient from revelling in its revelations) it is so proscribed that it may be purchased only upon the written authorization of a lawyer or medical man of unquestioned repute. It is to be found in the library of every criminologist and psychiatrist. His mail is so large that from it he has been able to make a selection of many cases which have become classic examples of perversion and derangement. He replies to each of his correspondents, his only reward being that under assumed names and altered circumstances he utilizes the information thus gained for inclusion in his books and journalism, to the advancement of the world's knowledge of legitimate sex problems. A septuagenarian, an octogenarian by now possibly, a happily married Darby to his Joan, he is enabled subjectively and from his great experience to view sex-life in its broadest possible perspective. He has no inhibitions of religion, few of morals; yet his acute knowledge of physical and mental things, his efforts to restore act and thought to perfection, make him one of the great moral leaders of his day. Havelock Ellis is a great benefactor of his race.

AXEL MUNTHE

I have never published for the curiously meteor-like Dr. Munthe. In common with many, many thousands I did read *The Story of San Michele*, in its day the most popular and widely read

of non-fiction books. As I read it, I had the same sense of unreality which I had when reading *The Cradle of the Deep*; both failed to ring true. *San Michele* had the advantage of being rather more intriguing in its Munchausen-like art. It did capture a great public, and a succeeding book in similar vein was sure of an enormous sale; and as a serial story in a magazine it would have great drawing power. It was in this last-named relation that I sought an interview with the Doctor in his home on the island of Capri. As the journey from London was a considerable one, and as the call upon Munthe was the sole object of my excursion, I was most explicit in my letter of request for an interview. There could be no misunderstanding of the purpose of my call. By cable he bade me come to him. He had nominated the day and the hour at which he would receive me. Arriving at the little port of Capri, I ascended the steep hill to Anacapri, the quaint tower above, and to the Paradise Hotel. No word of greeting there; I inquired how I might find my way to Munthe's place of living. I was given directions and suggested driving. No, that could not be done, for the castle of the Doctor's was on the further shore of the island and reachable only on foot. After half an hour clambering over rocky steps and along narrow pathways, I came to the great iron doors leading to the castle some five hundred yards distant. The gates were barred and guarded by two ferocious Great Danes. In response to my ringing, there finally came a female attendant, who seemed cowed and loth to receive me. I explained I had appointment for this hour, but she informed me that Dr. Munthe was resting and had just sent word to my hotel postponing the meeting until two hours hence. I protested that I had journeyed far and did not want to take the exhausting trip back and forth to the hotel. She would present my plight to Munthe. The doors had not been opened; so there I waited while she made the journey to and from the castle. Dr. Munthe had deigned to receive me. The barriers were raised, the dogs silenced, and I followed my guide to the Presence.

As I waited for the great man in the reception-room, I had opportunity to look about. I could not move about, so cluttered was

the place by all sorts of junk. I use the word advisedly, for while doubtless there were many articles of value, the whole atmosphere was more that of the storage-room of some dealer in antiques who had not organized his purchases. Then I was ushered into an inner room. Down a short staircase and along a passageway, glass-inclosed, I discovered a figure cautiously groping his way along. Shortly he emerged into my presence. His greeting was, "I am going blind, I scarcely can find my way." This from a tall grey-haired man, wearing dark-green glasses. I reminded him of my mission and of his invitation. Yes, he quite understood. He did contemplate another book, but work had not yet begun on it. (That was in 1931 and still no sign of it.) He would discuss terms only on one condition, and that was that the publisher who secured this next book must immediately agree to buy for some huge sum the motion-picture rights of *San Michele*. As he talked of money, his asceticism and lassitude disappeared. He moved towards his desk, sought papers and figures which he read to me with singular perception for a groping blind man. This huge sum of money he did not want for himself. Oh, no. It was for the support of his bird-sanctuaries on Capri and in Sweden. I was provoked that he was so vague, in view of my careful preparations for this meeting. But I gave him the benefit of my doubts and parried with him, but all to no purpose. These were his terms. No definite word with respect to the new book. No assurance as to when I could read it.

He suggested I might like to see San Michele, the wonder-house from which the book had drawn its title. I would. We started on the journey. He was my guide. The speed with which we travelled emphasized the miracle of his restored sight. As we journeyed along the main thoroughfare of Anacapri, we were stopped by a group of tourists who in excellent English asked if we could tell them where Dr. Munthe lived. Before I could reply, Munthe burst out, "He's dead," not so much as pausing for the obvious grief and disappointment of the tourists. Shortly we came to San Michele and again we encountered these same tourists, to whom Munthe lamely accounted for his sudden resurrection. He

explained to me that he loathed notoriety. He had been driven from San Michele to the fastnesses of his castle by the hordes who insisted upon journeying to the shrine. That is why he did not come to San Michele more than three times daily—and at the most propitious hours to greet these peripatetic vandals. Like T. E. Lawrence, he craved the silence and retirement of the vast multitude of his admirers. He took me over that curious conglomerate of architecture which is San Michele. His memory must be extraordinarily retentive, for he showed and explained to me the slightest and most obscure objects of interest in the rooms of this strange, mad house. He stopped at precisely the right spot to show me the mosaiclike tiling taken from the floor whereon Emperor Tiberius, the last of the Caesars to visit Capri, had paced in agony and perturbation on the night of the crucifixion of Christ. There were many other objects of less interest. I was glad to get to the wholesome atmosphere of my little hotel room, back to simple realities, for I had the sense of having spent three or four hours in the fetid air of artificiality where legend flourished under the direction of Axel Munthe. The only reality I had encountered was a sign on a bit of woodland which read "Bird Sanctuary, Keep Out!"

JOHN DRINKWATER

John Drinkwater had travelled a long way in the eleven years since he was secretary of the Stage Society when in 1918 his play *Abraham Lincoln*, which was to become such a pronounced success in Great Britain and America, was produced at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. His *Robert E. Lee* was not so good. A great soldier was Lee, but the idol of a section, not of a world; so the dramatist lost at least 50 per cent of his drawing attraction. Later on, Drinkwater had another play, *Bird-in-Hand*, English setting, but with a brilliant idea of sequence and form. Curiously enough, it was a greater success in America than in England. John is a poet of rank and distinction. He must have one department of his brain which exudes verse, for a less poetic or soulful man one

would go far to find. He is ponderously, not to say pontifically, cordial. I may be wrong, but it has always seemed to me that his sense of humour is completely obscured by those things which he insists concern him seriously and personally. Disposed to a life of grandeur and ease as Chancellor of his own Exchequer, he sometimes seems to be a worried and harassed person; for in England income-taxes are income-taxes, and worst of all, they are taken on the average of the last preceding three years' income. So it came about that many months after he had received and expended the income from the production of *Abraham Lincoln* he had to provide huge cash payments from the income of lean years. It must have been about this time that Arnold Bennett referred to him as "old Drinkwater," for as a matter of fact he is several years the junior of Arnold or me.

I did not publish John's verse or his plays, but I did publish his biographical works: *The Pilgrim of Eternity*, *Byron*, and *Pepys* and some others. In a day when the Strachey and the Ludwig techniques were making world-figures more dramatic and romantic than modern fiction characters, Drinkwater failed. His biographies were meticulously accurate and informing, but they lacked the poetry and drama of Drinkwater, and again sadly lacked that sense of humour which is called "lightness of touch." So his biographies became source-books for the student. In the reference departments of the larger libraries they have an honoured place; but to the great public they remain stately, austere, and dust-covered. As a lecturer in America, John suffered from being too fine-looking a person. His classic head and grand figure put him in the class of the *matinée* idol, but again he hadn't enough lightness of speech. He was reckoned too precious and remote for the lecture-going American, and John was much too luxuriously inclined for the hotels of America's second- and third-sized cities in Prohibition days. Even his valet was misunderstood. He has a lovely house in Hampstead, with one of those gardens which are the glory of England. Here he lives with Daisy Kennedy (Mrs. Drinkwater) the accomplished violinist, with her children and

his. Their musical evenings are a feature of London social life. John is happy and content, not a great figure but far above the average.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

Novelist, musician, playwright, essayist, reporter, journalist, Beverley Nichols rivals in versatility if he does not quite equal in popularity his slightly younger contemporary Noel Coward. They are not unlike in their approach to life, each being rather cynically corrective in his satires. Beginning his actual writing career with a book of essays entitled *Twenty-five*, Beverley wrote as the apostle of that emerging younger generation which had been denied participation in the Great War by reason of their youth, yet compelled to accept a situation and a burden not of their creating. He, in common with his kind, never seemed to stop to analyze just what their world would have been if their immediate forbears had not made clear their title to their native land. One other fact seems entirely to be ignored by this particular element of the post-war young people. It is a saddening contemplation, but nevertheless a perfectly true one, that the nations of the world lost many of their most brilliant young men of the years from eighteen to thirty, thus giving to the schoolboys of 1914 to 1920 a perfectly open field. Among those who by industry and genius achieved popularity and fame by reason of this decimation of literary and artistic ranks was Beverley Nichols. He was born to a certain recognition of his talent. His rise and his acclaim were accelerated by absence of competition. Under any circumstances his genius would have emerged, and my only issue with him is that he has quarrelled with fate—a fate that gave him opportunity. Nor would I appear to be chiding so precious a person and so dear a friend. I would only attempt to stimulate him to greater endeavour and success. From the publication of his first book, we have been associated, at one time in the very close relationship of publisher and editor. But we chose the wrong time and the wrong medium of expression. His novels have a certain caviar brilliance giving

promise of mellowing to later splendour. His pen-portraits of great personages are accurate and observant, not of public position, but of private and personal relation. His *The Star Spangled Manner* (a jolly good title, by the way) is an astute piece of journalistic essay-writing.

His shoulders have become stooped, although he retains his youthful face and his cherubic smile. His *Thatched Cottage* is responsible for the stoop, for its doorways were built for either the dwarfed or the humble. This cottage is miles from London on the Great North Road on the way to Peterborough. It is even more charming than its owner's portrait of it. It is a perfect expression of Beverley, solitary and aloof, yet warmly hospitable on occasion, dainty, orderly, dignified, the home of a poet who writes in prose and from which one day will come novels of power and distinction, for life is only beginning at thirty-six for this gifted man. He already is an artistic and attracting figure and in any one of several directions he may easily emerge as a really great man.

FRANK HARRIS

One day in a small circle of interested friends the conversation turned on Frank Harris. One person said he was the greatest living authority on Shakespeare. Another that he was a most competent editor. Arnold Bennett said he had written the best short story within his knowledge, "Montes the Matador." So when one day in New York Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, a Virginian woman, invited me to luncheon to meet Frank Harris I was thrilled and delighted, even though I was doomed to a trifling disappointment; for I met a man of medium stature, with thick black hair pomaded into a fixed position, a long waxed and curled black moustache. Had I met him on some fair-grounds back of a three-card-monte table, I would have thought of him as being exactly in character. Throughout the luncheon he devoted his time to food, for I soon discovered him to be a professional epicure, and after four sumptuous courses when dessert was being offered he exclaimed to his hostess, "But where are the cold meats?" We all had to labour

through another course of cold cuts. Finally the ordeal was over, and Harris relaxed. Then I began a discovery of his mind. Really he was an exceedingly clever and entertaining person, but none knew this so well as Harris. There was a peculiar fascination in him for me. I did my best to put appearances to one side and think of the man of my London conversation.

From the time of that luncheon onward, he sought me rather more assiduously than I cared for; for I had been somewhat suspicious of him. Then on one voyage on *R.M.S. Mauretania* I found him to be a fellow passenger. I saw much of him. He was the cleverest talker to whom I have ever listened. He had a rich, deep, sonorous voice. When he told a story or recited a plot, he did it with Shakespearean grace and drama. He was an exhorter; had he chosen the pulpit, he would have become one of the great preachers of all time. On that voyage I arranged for two books from him. One a volume of short stories, *The Veils of Isis*, a story by the way which I thought even better than "Montes the Matador." But this was the only bright spot in the two books. All the rest was sheer pot-boiling and mediocrity. Shortly after this meeting Harris was adjudged in contempt of court by a London judge and rather than face incarceration, Harris exiled himself. He came to America in the very early days of the war. In the pay of the German Government he wrote such criticism of France that he was denied admission to that country. Irish by birth, he had lived in Kansas from his early youth until he was of age. Because of this, he sought United States citizenship, but this was denied him. So until his death he was virtually a man without a country. He was caught up in New York for publishing a highly censorable book. He barely escaped indictment for his operations in connexion with *Pearson's Magazine*.

Having nothing to fear, I was more fearful of Frank Harris than of any other human I have ever met. He was so brilliant and so sinister. Blackmail, with or without warrant in truth, was one of the less vicious of his practices. His autobiography was a foul open sewer, running between beautifully wooded and flowered banks; for the man could also write with great beauty and charm.

A great and brilliant editor, he sacrificed position and honour in his own country in his greed for gold. Seemingly he sullied any land wherever he sojourned, until finally, unwept, unhonoured, and unsung, he passed from the picture at Nice in the south of the France he had so maligned.

THOMAS BURKE

Among the writers of England there is none for whom I have greater admiration than for my friend Thomas Burke. This as a man chiefly, and also as a literary craftsman. His *Limehouse Nights* brought him his first glimpse of fame, and yet he would almost like to deny that book and its successor as being the only unreal work he has ever done. His *The Wind and the Rain*, a choice piece of narrative biography, I would give a first place among his longer books. But there was a bit of tragedy about that book. By a sheer accident, he used the name of a man, giving his occupation. By the law of England, no living person may be characterized in fiction without his expressed consent. It so happened there was a man by name the same as the character in Burke's book, and by unfortunate coincidence he had occupation parallel to Burke's man. The result—the entire edition had to be recalled and the industrious Burke had to see his year's work go for naught, for he had to pay all costs. Some of Tommy's short stories are among the best being written, but for some curious reason, he has not found a public.

He knows his London. That is, real London, not Westminster or Mayfair, but the East End, the City itself. Tooting, St. John's Wood, Putney, in fact every borough and section where old-fashioned London still lives. If you would have a real treat, a real knowledge of the London of today which is closest to the London of Dickens, take a very early walk with Thomas Burke, beginning at Blackfriars and going east, following the line of the Thames. He will introduce you to a London you thought of as having long since passed.

Diffident to a degree, he is a warm-hearted companion. He is a

neatly tailored, trim little man, but terribly set in his proportions of life. One day I asked him to be one of my guests at an authors' dinner, telling him whom he would meet. He said, "I suppose evening dress will be worn." "Yes," I replied. "Sorry I cannot come, I never wear one." Funny, noble, all-too-honest Tommy, but he is happy and content.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY: WOMEN

MARIE, QUEEN OF RUMANIA

THROUGH my association with Hodder & Stoughton, I joined in the publishing of two books by Marie, Queen of Rumania, not very important books but being by a queen, and a woman of English blood, they made appeal to the British—but not greatly to Americans. I thought that would be my only association with Her Majesty.

One day there came to my office in New York one Zoë Beckley, feature-writer for the *Evening Mail* of New York before the blight of Frank Munsey crushed that sprightly and interesting journal. She had just returned from a visit to the Queen of Rumania and had been given access to the private diaries of Marie. She brought with her several pages of exact transcript from the diaries, all made, so she averred, with the consent of the Queen.

The pages I read were astounding. It appeared that Marie might have been Queen of England, but that she had spurned George while Clarence, Prince of Wales, was living and engaged to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, grand-daughter of Queen

Victoria, then Queen of England. She paid her respects to her King and husband Ferdinand. It appeared that her marriage was even less than one of convenience. And so on went these pages, with the frankest possible revelations and observations. Even if a queen had not written the words, they were intensely revealing of the heart of a disillusioned woman. Of course I was more than interested; for here was opportunity for a great coup by Hodder & Stoughton and ourselves. I was about to start for England and begged that I might be permitted to take the manuscript pages with me and arrange for joint publication. To this Zoë Beckley more than gladly agreed. The first thing I did upon reaching London was to bring this treasure to the attention of Hodder-Williams. He read a few pages, his beetling eyebrows raised first in surprise, then amazement, then horror. Such a book could not be printed in England, certainly not ever without the consent of Buckingham Palace. This was an unexpected hurdle. But wait! Marie of Rumania was about to arrive in London. Why not see her and receive her formal consent to publish, if only in America? The book would be a sensation in any country. Hodder-Williams was just out of luck that he dare not publish in England. Thereupon I wrote my first letter to a real queen. I told her of my sharing with her a common heritage of British birth, that such was my respect for tradition that, greatly as I had been intrigued by such parts of her intimate diary as had come to me from Miss Beckley, I hesitated to proceed with publication without Her Majesty's specific approval and consent, and I begged to remain Her Majesty's obedient servant, awaiting her commands, *etc., etc.* I sent my letter by courier to the Rumanian Embassy in London and thought nothing further of the matter until a few days later. One Monday morning following my return from a week-end in the country, I found the Savoy Hotel staff in a great ferment of excitement. It appears that from Friday evening until that Monday morning, the Queen of Rumania assiduously had been seeking me and insisted on being advised the moment of my return. She was at the home of her sister, the Infanta of Spain, at Esher on the Thames. Of course I had a certain thrill at being in such demand

by a real queen. From what I had read and heard, she was also a very real woman. I called her immediately by telephone. Her secretary came to talk with me. No, I could not come to Esher that day. Tuesday morning at eleven, yes. Early the next morning I hired a Rolls-Royce, donned my morning-coat, top-hat, spats, and boutonnière, and started upon my adventure into the realms of royalty.

It was an hour's ride to Esher. Quickly I found the home of the Infanta. I was announced and almost immediately was ushered into the presence of two women in morning-gowns, grand-daughters of Victoria, Queen of England, for all the world like two American women enjoying matutinal relaxation. One rather diminutive I discovered to be the Infanta, the rather stately and regal one was the formidable siren Marie of Rumania. I had not studied court etiquette, but vaguely I remembered that the commoner must wait to be addressed; he may not initiate conversation. That might be an impediment in dealing with a king, but as for a queen and a woman, well, she would be sure to talk. However, after all it was a business talk, and if Marie was her own literary agent all that remained for me was to act like a publisher and a gentleman. I had brought the manuscript with me. After some preliminary sparring, I tendered it to Her Majesty. She read some little way in it and then came such a burst of indignation as I have seldom heard. According to Marie, Miss Beckley had come to the palace in Bucharest to write for American journals of Rumania's Queen at home. Her Majesty had graciously received Zoë and had placed a lady-in-waiting at her disposal. The Queen herself had tendered the inspection of the diaries only to give atmosphere to Miss Beckley's research. To make extracts, never! Preposterous! unheard of! violation of confidence! traitorous! *lèse-majesté!* and so on. I protested my innocence. Miss Beckley had assured me that Her Majesty had given her full permission to make such use of these diaries as she chose. My letter surely was ample evidence of my good faith. Marie was slightly appeased. Her anger was now directed against Zoë and not at me. She forbade publication and emphasized her mandate by rising

to her full height, throwing back her head, extending her bared arms, and dramatically exclaiming, "After all I am a queen!" I assured her that I would not publish the book without her consent. She mollified and became the urbane and vamping woman of my legends. Would I not plan to come that autumn to the palace at Bucharest? Meanwhile her trusted friend, Loie Fuller, would come to see me in London for the return of the manuscript.

Next day one of the most mellifluous voices I have ever heard came over my telephone. It was Loie Fuller, whom I remembered from her torch-dance of years before, when she was positively bewitching. Our meeting-time was for four o'clock that afternoon. I was eager to meet that voice. So when the hour arrived, I was prepared for a thrill. Instead there appeared a squat person, built after the manner of Queen Victoria, unkempt, oily hair, and carelessly arranged gown. Very quickly we despatched our business. The voice disappeared with the grotesque figure. An illusion shattered.

When Queen Marie came to America I was the guest of Nelson Cromwell at the reception in her honour at the Ritz-Carlton. She was every inch a queen. No need now for her to defend her title. As the line approached the improvised throne, she just looked straight through me, not a quiver of recognition.

I never did get the manuscript. I should have liked it for my curiosity shop.

REBECCA WEST

In his excellent book of reminiscences, Pett Ridge gently admits that while he has been acclaimed the Mark Twain of England, in verity it should be said that Mark Twain was the Pett Ridge of America. In a similar vein of humorous ambiguity and as interchangeably complimentary, I think of Rebecca West as the Dorothy Parker of England, and Dorothy Parker as the Rebecca West of America. They both will be forgiving, for what I really intend to say is that they are the most conspicuously brilliant women of their respective countries. My misfortune is that only

once did I meet Dorothy Parker, and that in most casual fashion. My compensation is that I have known Rebecca very well over a number of years. Around each of these sparkling women, as around Abraham Lincoln, has grown a legendry. If one-half their alleged ripostes are authentic (and I am sure they all are), they are among the cleverest and most discerning of humans. It is exceedingly difficult to write of one so nimble-witted as Rebecca. Her voice is soft and mellifluous, her words apparently honied, yet as they form themselves into phrases and sentences and fall upon the highly sensitized plates of memory, they etch the most clinically accurate and grotesquely illuminating caricatures of friend and foe alike.

She is one of the ablest literary critics in all the world. Her fund of literary knowledge is seemingly inexhaustible. As a journalist she is superb. Every event of every day is to her a something vital and important. She achieved one notable success in fiction: *The Judge*. Her second novel stopped half-way in its writing. Why, I never could discover. And there has been no third or fourth or fifth.

Rebecca is a woman of wide and varied experience. She has plumbed to its depths every major emotion of life. She has lived dangerously, and tempestuously. Now she lives the contented life of a happily married woman. However, she maintains the dual personality of Miss Rebecca West and Mrs. Henry Andrews. Her home is in a sumptuous apartment in Mayfair, her excursions are to Paris, Berlin, Salzburg, Munich, and the Riviera, and many other places where she keeps in intimate touch with the intellectuals. Still a youthful woman, she has learned scientific control of her time.

Years ago Rebecca used to come to dine with me; then time was of no account. She would sit before my fire and hold me brilliantly entertained until midnight or one or two o'clock in the morning. That was the restless, unattached Rebecca West. Later on I have been a guest at dinner in her home, when friend husband was on an important financial mission to Berlin or Vienna. After dinner we adjourned to the fireside in her lovely reception-

room. Promptly at ten, her maid brought to her her pedigreed and highly intelligent Sealyham. Intermittently Mr. Sealyham made voyages to the front door, and very knowingly returned to me. The trips increased in frequency. About 10:45 o'clock Rebecca said to me in those dulcet tones, "George, I really think he wants you to go." This was the clever, relaxing, and wise Mrs. Andrews. I went.

MARY WEBB

Having been greatly impressed by *Gone to Earth*, I was much interested when her literary agent offered me the opportunity to become Mary Webb's publisher. I had met her only through this one book of hers, but here I discovered a writer of rare quality and power. If one did not know who the author was, one would be at a loss to decide whether it was written by man or woman. I would have thought that only a man could have written it; for it had those elements of passion and balancing mysticism which one would associate with the masculine mind, or possibly I was rather blinded and keen to arrogate to my sex sole capacity for such strength and brilliance. Later, very much later, I was to discover in her verse and in her essays the germination of that exquisite quality in her novels which made them a rare combination of vigour, passion, gentleness, understanding, and a humanity that breathed a native piety not to be found within the confines of any codified religion. But whether it be verse, essay, or fiction she was for ever the poet, seeming finally to have chosen the fiction form as best adapted to her broad and colourful canvases. In her essays and poems the maiden Gladys Mary Meredith was merely trying her wings for her later magnificent flights of fantasy and realism; for it was not until after the publication of her first novel, *The Golden Arrow*, that the volume of essays was accepted and published, and it was not until after her death that her poems were assembled and issued in volume form. In several anthologies her work had been accorded honoured place. Although born in England, she was of Welsh extraction, which accounts

largely for her vigorous emotionalism and scarcely concealed mysticism. Her home was among the hills of Shropshire, where in 1881 she was born in the little village of Leighton. Of her native Shropshire she made a Wessex or a Thrums or a Drumtochty, so richly did she endow it with personality and charm. Her love of nature and out-of-doors was a legacy from her father; her hatred of the stupidity of fox-hunting sprang from that same love of nature and its right to an untrammelled freedom. *Gone to Earth* was published in 1917 in those dark days when every ounce of British earth seemed precious and sacred. I recall in the war years, as I would journey from landing-port to London, passing through the lovely country-side of England I discovered just how precious this land was to me even if I were not native to it.

I began publishing for Mary Webb with her third novel, *The House in Dormer Forest*. It was a much more laboured performance than either of its predecessors. It suffered in that it repeated somewhat the scenes of her earlier books. Again, it sought to make of Dormer House a central character endowed with human attributes, an exceedingly difficult task for even so great an artist as Mary Webb. From the point of view of the American reader, the Shropshire dialect presented difficulties. We had been trained to accept the subtleties of the Scottish school, for from the days of Sir Walter Scott onward Americans have been avid readers of the work of the writers of Scotland. Then too the Scottish was a national language, not merely a local dialect made obscure by idioms and curious contractions. James M. Barrie and Ian Maclaren had given a broad public a taste for the Scotch of literature. Now in the renaissance with which Mary Webb is honoured posthumously, even her Shropshire has been accepted, though not entirely understood. I was proud to be the publisher of this *House in Dormer Forest*, but it had chosen a sorry time for its appearance; for in 1921 all America was deeply concerned in its own affairs of post-war readjustment, and this fine book had no quality of release. It was more of a psychological study, and even the memory of *Gone to Earth* failed to stimulate American interest. The press was more than generous. It had a

succès d'estime, but its sales in both England and America were bitterly disappointing to its author and its publishers. When *Seven for a Secret* came to me in manuscript, I read it with greatest interest and unbounded admiration. I did not then know that it was her purpose to dedicate it to Thomas Hardy. My own reaction was that she had written as great a book as any of Hardy's. It would never occur to me that she had come specifically under the influence of Hardy, merely that she had accepted his genre as that most suited to her. We published *Seven for a Secret* with high hopes of a great success. That we were justified in these hopes is corroborated by Robert Lynd in his introduction to this book in the new uniform edition, for he gives it high place. Again we were doomed to disappointment. Although we spent \$4 in exploitations for every \$1 of sales income, we could not raise the sale above 1,500 copies, a pitifully small number for so grand an effort. Later, in comparing sales with Walter Hutchinson of Hutchinson & Co., its London publishers, I found they had been able to sell only 1,100 copies throughout the entire British Empire. Never have I been more keenly disappointed in the sale of any book.

It was at the time of our publication of *Seven for a Secret* that I had arranged a meeting with Mary Webb in London. Very graciously she made the appointment to come to my hotel. When she was announced, I was ready to receive some stalwart, husky female of the soil. Imagine my surprise when there was ushered into my apartment a tiny little woman meekly gowned in grey, with very prominent, almost bulging, eyes of a rich and penetrating blue. She bore evidence too of a malady which was sapping her vitality and of which I had no previous knowledge. She was not quite peevish, not entirely discontented and critical, but she was very close to all three. In a way, I could not blame her, but I did have a clear conscience with respect to my stewardship for her. Often since I have wished that I had known her background before that interview. For I had not known of her childhood illness which had prostrated and permanently weakened her. I had not known of her trials and difficulties, that her husband

was sickly and that upon her had fallen the obligation to provide for the family budget. Nor had I known of her prodigal charities. I could not reasonably be expected to come to her financial assistance, for we had been more than liberal in our advance payments, but I could have been in a more benevolently receptive mood. She complained bitterly of the apathy of the public to her work. As a publisher I took this as rather the personal criticism of a needlessly and unfairly dissatisfied author. It was not possible not to have great sympathy for the frail plaintive little creature—the last person one would think of as the writer of *Gone to Earth* and *Seven for a Secret*. Under the circumstances, I could only offer to release her from any further obligation to us. And that is why I did not have the great distinction of becoming the publisher of her masterpiece, *Precious Bane*. It is small comfort to her in her eternal rest that she is now acclaimed one of the outstanding writers of her day. But there is a measure of consolation to me that I had shared with her a great confidence in the fine quality of her work.

MARGOT ASQUITH

I am sure I should say the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, but I like to remember her as I knew her as the wife of England's great Premier when he was *Mr.* Asquith, even as Gladstone was *Mr.* Gladstone, and Mrs. Asquith established herself and added lustre and fame to her husband's name and her own as Margot Asquith. History will so designate her, with her honoured title in parenthesis following. She was born for distinction. Now the title which has come to her is but the official recognition of a lifetime of nobility and *noblesse oblige*. I met her merely as the American publisher of her reminiscences, those frankly outspoken observations of people and events. She was proud and justly so of the warm reception given to these first two volumes of her somewhat sketchy life-story. She put her book together very much as a patchwork quilt is made. A bit of silk here, a vivid colour there, a piece of a nobleman's cravat, scarlet from the robe of a

duke, purple from royal raiment, sombre tints from rival statesmen, all overstitched by her deft fingers into a patternless pattern of a slice of the life she had lived and known. The whole is a thing of intriguing interest and fascination, subtly conveying the sense that her quilt was merely the covering, that underneath lay many and unrevealed secrets and indiscretions. All said and done, her book was indiscreet only by implication. Unfortunately for Margot, not only she sold outright, for what appeared to her to be a very large sum, all rights in these reminiscences, but also she gave to her London agent property rights in future work. This was to prove very embarrassing to her.

As Margot Tennant, she had enjoyed a lucrative income from her family. As the members of her family died, death-duties and taxes so reduced the principal that the voluntary income to Margot ceased. Mr. Asquith enjoyed the rather limited income which by English law the Government pays to former Prime Ministers, who by tradition are forbidden the ordinary sources of income normally available to men of their attainments. Accustomed to a very considerable income in her own right, and never in any degree dependent on Mr. Asquith's income as Prime Minister, Margot turned to writing as the most fruitful source of further income and sustained independence. It was with a great chagrin she discovered that she had sold her first literary property for only a fraction of its real earning value. At the height of her popularity in America some ill-advised counsellors of hers suggested that she make a lecture tour of America. There was not the slightest reason why I should be consulted, for my contact was indirect and through the London purchaser of her rights. Nevertheless, through this same publisher I had the temerity to suggest that such a visit for such a purpose was exceedingly hazardous. Among her own people, she was so well known that her idiosyncrasies had become virtues, while in America she was just Margot Asquith, sublimated scandal-monger and somewhat precocious female. As such her book was appraised, bought, and talked about. However, my counsel could not prevail against her somewhat avaricious London agent, the American lecture-bureau head, and her own necessities of augment-

ing her income. The tour was arranged. She started for America one stormy February on *R.M.S. Carmania*. She was scheduled for her first appearance on an American platform before an invitation audience in the Amsterdam Theatre for an afternoon in February. Her ship was two or three days late, and she had to decide whether to disappoint this first large and important audience by failure to appear, or to go directly from the pier to the platform. Very sportily but unwisely she chose the latter alternative. She was formally introduced to the American people by Irving T. Bush. She arose in that never too friendly auditorium, a nervous, *distracte* woman. The theatre was much too large for any other than a trained professional voice. She was not and is not a robust person, so when she essayed to have her voice carry to that large and critical audience, it was a pathetic failure, not in the least helped or encouraged by the insistent impatient calls of "Louder! Louder!" Such was Margot's introduction to America and America's formal meeting with Margot. It was a most unfortunate beginning, for the courageous Margot was unsparing in her criticism of her reception, of the audience, of the arrangements, and of America in general. While this made not the slightest difference to those who knew and admired her, nor did it mar her social triumph in New York, to the great public upon whom she depended for audiences for her lectures and purchasers of her books she made of herself anathema. She made a few abortive attempts to capture audiences but all to no avail. We had planned that the publication of the second two volumes of her reminiscences should synchronize with her arrival and appearance on the platform. The elusive unknown purveyor of gossip became the known and unliked critic of things American. The first section of the reminiscences had had an immediate sale of 30,000 copies, but the second section sold only a little over 2,000 copies. Such is the penalty of courage and frankness to a volatile alien public. But after all this was but the merest incident in the highly picturesque career of one of England's most notable women. At home, she is known, admired, feared, honoured, and revered. She has been the uncompromising and relentless enemy and critic of those who

accomplished the retirement of Mr. Asquith from public office. Dependent rather largely on her pen for her income, she commands very high prices for whatever she may write, and properly so, for she still has the ear of a great public in her home country.

SOPHIE KERR

Some day if you should happen to be walking on Park Avenue and should overtake a perfect figure, perfectly gowned and hatted and shod, youthful, sprightly, and attracting, you would find yourself abreast Sophie Kerr Underwood, a young woman of no especial years, just old enough to be very wise and young enough to be intriguing. Underwood is her assumed name, assumed some years ago when she made brief adventure into matrimony. It is entirely of her own choosing that she has retained it, for many there be who would have changed it for her. To her greater world, she is Sophie Kerr, the teller of tales, chiefly of the realistically social order, by which she has attained a certain and sure popularity and distinction. She may not be quite so well known as some contemporaries of her sex, but again that is entirely of her own doing, for she does insist upon telling what to her appears to be the truth rather than merely what would be the most palatable reading. By this means she keeps on most excellent terms with herself and achieves not only a competence but an independence that provides adequately for all contingencies. She maintains her excellent establishment in one of New York's old-time brown-stone houses in mid-town. Here with her Maryland cook, butler, and maid she lives in true American comfort. Her precise and exquisite taste is expressed in the furnishing and decoration of her four floors and basement. Slowly but with the shrewd discrimination of the collector she has assembled pieces of furniture and articles of silver, the envy of the antiquary. Her high walled garden gives out from her dining-room—altogether a beautiful oasis in an arid city of stone and brick. It were idle to speak of Sophie's home without mention and more than honourable mention of her two ebon-black cats Useless and Careless, who know

their mistress' voice, and more—they know of her goings and her comings, for they bid her reluctant adieu and happy greeting.

Thus lives one of America's most successful women, whether judged by income or her capacity for the enjoyment of life. She is a devotee of music and a patron of the opera, the symphony, and the recital. Summer-time, when New York is comparatively deserted, is her work-time. For at least two months of the autumn she travels abroad. Long since railway travel became much too slow and arduous for her. She flies everywhere except in crossing the Atlantic. I know of no one who gets more out of life, a life of beauty and interest which she has created for herself.

She has marvellous poise and is quick as lightning. I like this story of hers. As she was walking down West End Avenue, a limousine overtook the graceful and youthful Sophie. The car approached the curb, a head protruded from the window, and a voice carelessly but invitingly inquired, "Would you like a lift?" In one flash she recognized the man to whom she was but an attractive pedestrian. She would be glad of a lift. She entered the car, comfortably settled herself, and then turning to her host said, "And how is Mrs. Carson?"—for unwittingly the husband of a dear friend of hers had made a pick-up, to his consternation and discomfiture.

MARY BORDEN

An American woman at the Court of St. James. This is Mary Borden, one time of Chicago, now wife of Brigadier-General E. L. Spears of Number 5 John Street, Berkeley Square, London, and one of the most fearless and accomplished of the women writers of her day. I am not sure that she may not justly resent the qualification of sex, for she has a mind that is neither feminine nor masculine; it is just the mind of a writer of force. Her first real success was *Jane—Our Stranger*, a masterly piece of realism. *Flamingo* came next, a biting indictment of some phases of life in America, which she sees from the broad perspective of three thousand miles' distance. Boldly she adventures upon *The Technique*

of *Marriage*, modern to a degree. Finally she essays a life of Jesus, portrayed through the life of His mother, Mary of Nazareth. In this book this remarkable Mary Borden has dared to simulate the language of the King James version of the Gospel story. How nobly she has succeeded a great divine stated when he said, "The author's style is so near to that of the King James translation that it is difficult to tell when she is quoting." It is acclaimed too as the best study of the home and family life of Jesus ever written.

Her journalism is characterized by rare common sense and a wise appreciation of the problems of the day. She writes only on topics of her own choosing, but her choice always has some real significance.

Her short stories are brilliantly ironic and somewhat caustic. One in particular, "Meet Jesus Christ," is singularly rebuking. She had been a guest of a popular London hostess noted for her hospitality to the great and influential, a woman who genuinely sought to bring intellectuals together for their better knowledge one of the other, who had acquired, not at all fairly, the reputation of seeking renown for herself by way of her distinguished guests. On this particular day, the guest of honour had disappointed his hostess, but all throughout luncheon the chair at her right hand remained vacant. Mary Borden used this in a short story. It was so cleverly done that the hostess herself enjoys and admires it and still is the warm friend of Mary Borden. She is a Tory from the land of democracy, perhaps that is the reason why. When her husband is running for Parliament in his difficult constituency she abandons London and throws herself into the campaign with vigour and wisdom. The answer, Brigadier-General Spears is also M.P.

DAME NELLIE MELBA

Just before her final appearance in Covent Garden and while she was concluding her reminiscences, I several times met Nellie Melba, a fascinating, dominating creature even in those later years of her life. She had a lovely Adam house in one of London's

loveliest squares. Her music-room, exquisite in its appointments, was her particular pride. In it were two grand pianos, for if one should fail her she could turn to the other. At the times when I had the privilege of being her guest, I was struck by the fact that without invitation or suggestion she would seat herself at the piano and sing and trill away like a canary in a cage. I used to think of this great song-bird as constantly on trial to herself. She seemed fearful that her divine voice might fail and desert her, as later it did. It was a joy to hear her in her music-room, for her voice was admirably suited to the smaller auditorium where it suffered no strain, but it was a tragedy in Covent Garden later to hear her strain and break where once she was one of the world's greatest of prima donnas.

Apart from her singing, she was a woman of great distinction. A brilliant conversationalist as hostess or guest, she was the centre of interest of any party. I did so frequently wish that she would resist the call of the footlights and rest upon her laurels. Dear Melba tempted the gods once too often.

E. BARRINGTON

An alias is E. Barrington, as is likewise L. Adams Beck, for Lily Moresby Adams Beck, relict of a distinguished admiral of the British navy. She is lately deceased, but her works do stay, for she left some highly successful narrative biographies which a few years ago enjoyed an extraordinary vogue. As L. Adams Beck, she wrote her esoteric books, which enjoyed an acclaim far beyond the average book by other writers in this particular field. In her own married name, she wrote books of mystery and adventure, not of any particular quality. She was so jealous of her other two selves as expressed by her *noms de guerre* that she most sedulously preserved the integrity of E. Barrington and L. Adams Beck, until they became living and recognized entities, while the woman herself as expressed by the work over her real name remained obscure, baffling, and relatively unknown. Her admitted place of residence was somewhere in British Columbia, Canada, but seldom

could she be found at any special point. She was a continuous traveller, not on the main-travelled highways or sea-ways, but by obscure pathways and across infrequently traversed seas and lands. Upon one occasion she invited Mrs. Doran to accompany her on a six months' cruise. My wife had met the lady once or twice in London. At first Mrs. Doran enthusiastically welcomed the opportunity of a world-tour in the company of the romantic author of *Glorious Apollo*; *The Divine Lady*; *Chaste Diana*; and other books. A meeting was arranged to discuss details. The itinerary was outlined. It was alluring. First by ship to Marseilles, thence to Egypt through Suez and the Red Sea down to Java, Burma, then by small steamship to Japan across the Pacific to the American mainland and overland to New York. It was all to be by easy stages, with ample time to enjoy countries and cities. It quickly developed that the outwardly gracious and benign E. Barrington was not only an ascetic but a martinet. She had so many idiosyncrasies that while life about her with possibility of freedom might be tolerable, possibly enjoyable, to be restricted to the life of a ship, to be subject to her whims when ashore, would be intolerable. In addition she was a rigid vegetarian; no tea, coffee, or other stimulants. She was an esoteric. To journey aboard ship with her would be scarcely more enlivening than to travel afloat in the Battle Creek Sanitarium, for she imposed her habits of life on her immediate circle. Mrs. Doran, being free, white, and at least twenty-one, gave up the questionable joys of such a tour, for obviously E. Barrington was chiefly seeking companionship, being not at all concerned as to what she should give out.

Womanlike in matters of business, she was illogical and inflexible. Her interpretations of contract agreements were strangely at variance with the expressed conditions—altogether she was a most difficult person; not that it mattered especially, for she is past and gone, but she did succeed in making her publishing relationship very much less than agreeable.

PAULINE SMITH

After I had read the book of short stories, *The Little Karoo*, which came to me from Arnold Bennett, I expected to find Pauline Smith, their author, a woman of somewhat prodigious physical strength and energy. The tales were of South Africa, where rugged strength abounded. When I did meet Pauline Smith, it was to find the most reserved, soft-spoken—when she spoke at all, which was rarely—physically delicate woman I had met in all the world of authors. Later on, in her novel *The Beadle*, she again surprised and amazed by these same qualities, made all the more imposing by reason of the broader canvas. Never in all of my publishing experience was I more astounded than when the Watch and Ward Society of Boston sent word to us that if Pauline Smith would rewrite and modify page 107 of *The Beadle*, they would permit its sale in Boston. It was inconceivable that she could write an unpublishable sentence, yet in her vividly accurate description of the beadle's contact with the female body she had been too realistic for the puritans guarding the morals of America's most intellectual city. They failed to see with her the first revelation of beauty to the austere beadle.

Pauline Smith was a protégée of Arnold Bennett. A chance meeting in a small hotel in Switzerland before Arnold had become in any degree famous ripened into a strangely intimate and constant friendship. From some very early short stories A.B. detected the spark of genius in the timid girl. He insisted and insisted that she write. It was a slow and difficult process. It was almost as difficult to persuade her to join in conversation as it was to get her to write. From 1907 until Arnold's passing in 1931, she wrote but one novel and not more than twelve short stories, despite the fact that during all these twenty-four years she had not only the friendship but the constant urging of her master, A.B.

This friendship was always a great mystery to me, for Pauline would be the first to admit that she possessed no physical attraction. She was painfully silent in a company, almost equally so

when in company of Arnold and me or Arnold or me. Yet for some years she and A.B. corresponded weekly. He sent her books. She lived in Dorset when not en route to and from South Africa. Her visits to London were rare, but always centred about A.B. She was the frequent guest at the home of A.B. in Fontainebleau, in Paris, at Comarques, George Street, and Cadogan Square in London. She journeyed with Arnold and Marguerite to Italy and Switzerland. Arnold chided and upbraided her for her taciturnity and indolence, yet she was accepted and cherished by him as were his mother and his sisters. Among all the mourners for him, none was more stricken than was this strange silent woman, for the great light of her life had gone out. Altogether the most amazing adventure in friendship that has come within my ken.

ANNIE S. SWAN

As far back as 1885, as a boy of sixteen, I used to keep an eagle eye open for a new book by Annie Swan in a shipment of books from England. This for my mother, who had been so captivated by *Aldersyde*, that charming story of Scottish life so warmly praised by W. E. Gladstone. Someway or other, I gathered the impression that Annie Swan was a contemporary of my mother's and hence a full generation separated from me. Imagine my happy surprise when one day I met Mrs. Burnett Smith in the office of Hodder & Stoughton in London and discovered that this bright, fresh, and comely woman was the Annie Swan of my memories. She was eighteen when she wrote her most famous book, *Aldersyde*, not more than nineteen when I was sixteen. We met in 1910 when I was forty-one and she possibly forty-four, but she did not look to be thirty-five, so well had her Scotland cared for her. I explained as best I could my attitude of filial reverence, which quickly was altering to the fraternal; indeed we soon became devoted friends. As Mrs. A. Burnett Smith, she came to America at the time of the war, the only woman member of the British War Mission. She lectured and she spoke with great and telling effect. For her extraordinary services she was later decorated by

her King as C.B.E. (Commander of the British Empire). Her books, rather of a past generation now, were famous in their day. I feel she is almost too old-fashionedly wholesome for the popular mind of today. She became editor of a monthly magazine for women. She did, and still does, a vast amount of journalism for a British syndicate. She has written under at least four different names, and altogether is a woman of great capacity. Greatly as I admire her skill and capabilities, I think of her as the most charming and gracious of hostesses. The setting of her home was an ideal background. It was at Aldersyde, Gullane, East Lothian, Scotland, among the foot-hills of the Highlands. That home was like her books and herself, exquisitely comforting and satisfying. It too might be termed old-fashioned by those who would choose the hectic jazz of modern life, but I am grateful that it was old-fashioned in that sense, for never have I been privileged to enjoy a more stimulating, brilliant, wholesome atmosphere. Here she lived with "himself," that sweetest of all names for a husband, and her daughter Effie. Himself was a retired medical practitioner, a great man in his day. They lived close enough to Edinburgh to have the benefit of that city of culture. They were of themselves a trinity of real, unaffected brilliance, and I count myself fortunate in having been in a home of such quality of comfort and happiness as the world rarely sees. And Annie Swan was the soul and the spirit that made Aldersyde a garden of Eden in Scotland.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE EDITORS: EXTERNAL

PUBLISHING has its many editorial contacts, for after all there is only a slight difference between editing for regular daily, weekly, and monthly issues and book-publishing; all are inter-

related and overlapping, each having more or less trespassed upon the prerogatives of the other. Magazines, whether daily, weekly, or monthly, have usurped some of the functions of the book-publisher; and in these days of rapid change, book-publishing has become scarcely less than sublimated magazine-publishing. The Book of the Month Club is the final expression of the book magazine idea, the providing of table d'hôte reading for the uninitiated or those too intellectually indolent to make *à la carte* selection. All editing has suffered from the mechanizing processes of the times. Mass production and standardization has intruded upon the craft of publishing in all its branches, to as great, if not a greater, extent than upon any other department of industry, that of the automobile not excepted.

Someone some day should write an authentic story of the rise, decline, and fall of the Editor—American and British—before that great man finally succumbs to the N.R.A. or its counterpart.

Going back to my earliest days of editorial consciousness, I can recall but two outstanding types of editor, the political and the religious. At that time we scarcely knew how to spell, much less understand, psychology. We had two great political divisions, conservative and liberal. Newspapers were the voices of editors, not the tools of vested authority. Scarcely less impressive than the voice of God was the authoritative utterance of the editor. The newspaper was a daily Bible, counselling, admonishing, abjuring, proselyting, but on the whole highly constructive and corrective. In the religious field, there were the two grand divisions, Protestant and Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic, secure in a permanence of faith and doctrine, sought only to build up its own institutions and its adherents. For proselyting, it depended upon its charity, its benevolences, and its Jesuits. Great publicity was no part of its programme. Not so the Protestants. They had a magazine or a church paper with its editor for every shade of belief. They fought their battles and washed their dirty linen in full view of a public which loved a religious fight, if for no other reason than that prize-fighting was strictly *verboten*. So it came to pass that these men achieved fame and renown in a purely Franken-

stein sense, and long since have passed into oblivion. But that is almost ancient and totally unimportant history.

In Chicago in the late eighties and nineties, one met veritable giants. Joseph Medill was the dominant editor-proprietor of the Chicago *Tribune*, which he conducted so ably that, whether it be judged from editorial power and influence or its matchless news service or its mechanical make-up, it quite justified its slogan of "The World's Greatest Newspaper." That line of type is still kept standing and in use, now merely a memory of former greatness.

There was Victor Lawson, the Norseman, editor-proprietor of the *Daily News* and the *Morning Record*, two dailies of great circulation but more distinguished for their integrity and purity than for their militancy. However, in their negative way they performed a great social service, for their competency and wide circulations for many years held the newspaper fort against the encroachments of the peril of more modern yellow journalism. But Victor Lawson was more than a local or even a metropolitan journalist. He had a vision of empire when he founded the Associated Press, the world's largest and most important news-gathering service. In principle, it has always been a mutual organization, and for over half a century has preserved its integrity, reliability, and authenticity.

Then Melville E. Stone came, for many years the managing director and presiding genius of the Associated Press. But he was much more. He was a really great editor. Not for what he actually wrote, but for the number and importance of his discoveries. To his credit must go the discovery of Eugene Field, George Ade, the McCutcheons and through them the whole Indiana school of authors, not even excepting Booth Tarkington, Bill Nye, and James Whitcomb Riley. He was a great human. A loyal friend. He was as imperturbable as he was alert and forceful. He was first a news-gatherer. On the day of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, I called him in New York on the telephone seeking latest news. Calmly and explicitly he told me the tragic story of the moment; the great ship had gone down, the few survivors were in small

boats and on rafts. It was next morning before I learned that his own son Herbert was among the lost.

Herman H. Kohlsaas took some of his bakery fortune to acquire and edit the Chicago *Herald* following the lamented death of Scott, its founder. To the *Herald* enterprise he added the Chicago *Evening Post* and for years conducted these newspapers on a basis of stalwart integrity and quality rarely found in journalism. He was if anything too fearlessly militant in purely local affairs, thus robbing himself of title to great national leadership and causing himself great financial loss. He bought the Chicago *Times*, the organ of the senior Carter Harrison and his corrupt Democratic machine. The *Herald* became the *Times-Herald* and Republican in politics. But even his long purse could not withstand the strain, and he was obliged to seek the support of Victor Lawson, who combined his *Morning Record* with the *Times-Herald* and the *Record-Herald* was born. Kohlsaas, nominally proprietor and editor, was shorn of power and the paper became orthodoxly Lawson, later to become a part of the Hearst chain as the Chicago *Herald-Examiner*.

In the religious field, there was the veteran Dr. William C. Gray, editor of the *Interior*, the organ of Western Presbyterianism. It was owned by the firm of McCormick & Gray. The McCormick was the great harvester family, or more properly Madam McCormick, one of America's most forceful women, who not only dominated the husband and sons in the harvester enterprise but founded and endowed McCormick Seminary in Chicago, for many years the stronghold of Fundamentalist Presbyterianism. Dr. Gray, great and wise old man, was the theological mentor of the McCormicks. Through him and the *Interior* were made and unmade professors, Doctors of Divinity, and moderators. He was almost the last of a great race of religious editors. With his passing the *Interior* languished, and in common with many other religious weeklies succumbed to the inroads of materialism and the default of leadership.

In New York there were Dana's *Sun*, Greeley's *Tribune*, James Gordon Bennett's *Herald*, and even Elliott Shepard's *Mail*, each

known chiefly by reason of its editor. This was before the palsied hand of Frank A. Munsey bought only to destroy. He more than any one other person is responsible for the decay of New York journalism. Fortunately he was mortal, and while some of the evil this man did has lived after him, there has been a salvage. The *Sun*, under the able direction of William T. Dewart, has become the most important if not the most authoritative evening paper in America. Roy Howard salvaged the *Telegram*, later merged it with the *World*, and has made it the most important link in the Scripps-Howard chain. The *Tribune* acquired the *Herald*, freed it from the Munsey taint, and made of the *Herald Tribune* one of the nation's great newspapers, unexcelled for its editorial brilliance and quality. Yet all of these are still merely newspapers; they have almost ceased to be organs of opinion and influence.

The New York *Times* is in a class of its own. It could successfully contend for title to being the world's greatest newspaper. It is superb if ponderous. Its news is complete and reliable ever, but few would look to its editorial page for political or moral direction. Politically it is a straddle. Morally it is flaccidly orthodox and unoffending.

As a matter of sober fact, the advertiser is the real editor of the present-day newspaper in America.

Aloof and independent stands William Randolph Hearst and his organization. He is much more than editor. In the first instance, he is by development a great gentleman, a plutocrat. From his mother, the distinguished Phoebe Hearst, patron and chief financial supporter of the University of California, he inherited intellectual desire and attainment, and throughout her lifetime she gave to her one and only child bountifully of her counsel, wisdom, and culture. From his father Senator George Hearst he took of the ruggedness, force, acumen, and ruthlessness of the gallant and courageous Forty-niner. The combination of maternal and paternal qualities made of William Randolph Hearst a composite personality which has become one of the major American phenomena. Emerging from Harvard—I never could make out whether he graduated or merely emerged—he returned to Cali-

foria. As successor to his father's immense mining and other properties representing great material wealth there was a ready-to-wear position and importance awaiting Willie Hearst, as he had become known. In his Harvard days the newspaper offices of Boston and New York had intrigued him. He hounded the plants until he had become a master of the mechanism of newspaper production. For political purposes his father had acquired newspaper properties in California. One of these, the *San Francisco Examiner*, I think it was, captured the interest of the Senator's son. He would choose journalism rather than capitalism. To the disappointment of the father, William Randolph Hearst forthwith entered upon a newspaper career, the full story of which has so frequently been told from the first days of the reincarnated New York *Journal* to the present vast journalistic empire which is William Randolph Hearst. Within this empire are states, counties, and municipalities represented by incorporations sufficiently numerous to befog anyone save the Emperor's Chancellor. There are deputies, satraps, presidents, vice-presidents, general managers—empty titles every one, for over and above all, above bankers, attorneys, auditors, on a migratory throne sits Emperor Hearst, despot and dictator. Except in stature he is a Napoleon. Like that mighty Emperor he has a passion for property and things. He finds the same glory in the expression of a palace that did Napoleon in Fontainebleau. San Simeon in California overlooking the Pacific is the domain of a feudal lord. The palace which surmounts the hill at a distance of thirty miles from the entrance gates to the estate is of mediaeval conception and grandeur. St. Donat's Castle on the Welsh coast of the Bristol Channel is on its exterior authentic thirteenth-century. Its interior, equally authentic in its superficial expression, has been so cleverly modernized that its centuries-old stone stairways lead to apartments which once housed priests and monks in spartan simplicity and are now transformed into bath-rooms and dressing-rooms with every known luxury and convenience. The great hall—reconstructed from materials brought from some other castle of equal antiquity—is one of the glories of the many glories of Britain. At San Simeon and at St. Donat's

Mr. Hearst has assembled silver, tapestries, rugs, and furniture of priceless and irreplaceable value. In storage warehouses in London, New York, and elsewhere he has many other treasures awaiting yet another castle. He has vast holdings of real estate in New York. All of these manifestations of wealth and power are insignificant in comparison with the real sources of power and wealth, the newspaper and magazine properties of the Hearst companies—and the Hearst companies are William Randolph Hearst. When the *New York Journal* outyellowed Pulitzer's *New York World* there was great consternation—a great peril threatened New York and the nation. I shared in that apprehension. Hearst for mayor! Hearst for governor! Hearst conceivably for President! What a menace to America and its institutions. The *New York Journal* has grown to have nearly thirty brethren in twenty cities, a chain of liberal newspapers exerting enormous influence. It is necessary to take a backward look really to attempt an understanding of the psychology of Hearst. A plutocrat by instinct, choice, and birth, a man of regal proclivities, he has espoused the cause of the man slightly below the average man. With a Machiavellian shrewdness he has his newspapers so edited that Mr. Workingman cannot come to his fireside without his Hearst paper—for the backbone of the Hearst circulation is the woman interest.

Hearst has been a great political power; he may yet be a greater. He came out strongly for Herbert Hoover in 1928. His was the determining factor in the nomination of Franklin Roosevelt, for Hearst held McAdoo and California in the hollow of his hand. Yet neither one of these Presidents has satisfied Hearst. On the contrary, he has been bitterly disappointed by their performances. Hearst has not always been right but he always has been such a complete American that he has earned for himself the censure and distrust of all other nations. He is not anti-British or anti-French or anti-any-other-country. Merely he is so pro-American that automatically he becomes anti-all-other-countries. It is a strange turn of the wheel that many are now looking towards the one-time flaming yellow of the Left as the apostle of the tem-

perate if not the conservative Right. Great as is his sense of personal possession and property, I do not think that this has ever weighed with him in the pursuit of a policy. Greatly as I have feared him, greatly as I have had reason personally to distrust him, I see in Hearst a magnificence of patriotism and a far-seeing vision which make me regret that he is not the confidant and adviser of the nation's Executive.

As necessarily befits a despot, he is ruthless. His decisions are like lightning. In the affairs of his own vast organization he is apt to be swayed by the one who last has had access to his mind. He is imperturbable. I was with him on the evening of his arrival in London on the day of his deportation from France. He was the calmest of his party of thirty, whom he had assembled and transported from Paris to London all between noon and midnight. Where the King sits is the head of the table. Wherever Hearst may be, there is headquarters of his vast organization. His office is not in his hat but exactly beneath it, in the most fertile, expansive brain I have ever encountered. He is dominant, exacting, impatient of a letter of more than one hundred words or a conference of more than ten minutes. If the British Empire has "muddled through," the Hearst empire has "stumbled through," but each to a great and ever greater magnificence and power. Hearst is the great brain of his empire—a brain which senses the slightest sensation to the furthestmost part of his vast organism. He speaks in parables—may I borrow of him?

When the Reverend Sir George Adam Smith was at the war front as special spiritual director of England's Nonconformity he met an Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church. Said Sir George, "Monseigneur, we should be friends, for after all we have the same great objective. Our paths may differ but after all we serve the same Great Master." "Yes," responded the Archbishop, "there is your way and His."

I once asked Sir Oliver Lodge why all mediums used by spiritualists in the transmitting of messages from one world to another were always of a very low order of intelligence—rather moronic. His reply was, "We must use as our vehicles for thought-trans-

mission only those who could have no preconceived opinion or judgment." Q.E.D.

In the magazine field, America has produced a great race of editors. In my very early publishing days, it was a hall-mark of cultural up-to-dateness to have on the library table the current issues of *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Century*. For levity, we relied upon *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Life*. For the younger generations, *St. Nicholas* and the *Youth's Companion*. For my lady's boudoir, *Godey's Lady's Book*. And in the eighties therewith we were content, for we had the cream of the magazines, free from bewilderment of choice.

Into the placid calm the dynamic Samuel S. McClure, who had a vision almost beyond his time, thrust himself. He was the first to break through the cordon of 35 cent magazines. *McClure's Magazine* burst upon a somewhat somnolent reading world with all the brilliance of a meteor among planets. McClure had great and almost unerring flair. He it was who first brought Rudyard Kipling and Robert Louis Stevenson and in lesser degree Arnold Bennett and scores of other English authors first to the attention of American readers. Similarly he made America acquainted with some of its own richest talent, not the least among these being Booth Tarkington and O. Henry. For a time, the cultured looked askance at this intruder upon their complacent satisfaction with things as they were; but the great thirsting public which could not afford 35 cents for a library-table decoration cheerfully bought and eagerly devoured this brilliant magazine which gave \$1 worth of fine reading for 15 cents. By leaps and bounds its circulation grew, until shortly it had passed the all-time record of 1,000,000 monthly. McClure had genius and vision far beyond his economic capacity, for the finer his magazine and the greater its circulation, the more he lost, for the advertising rates could not be increased to keep pace with increasing circulation. He it was who first introduced clinical analyses of great American business and their leaders. Ida Tarbell's story of the Standard Oil Company, Burton Hendrick and Ray Stannard Baker with their forceful and mili-

tant journalism, were responsible for a new word in the picturesque American vocabulary: muck-raker. But muck-raking made great popular appeal, for hitherto no editorial David had arisen to challenge the financial Goliath. So far as America was concerned, no magazine at any time at any price had so captured the public. America had definitely become magazine-minded. McClure and *McClure's* could not hope long to remain in undisputed possession of so attractive and potentially lucrative a field. As first contender for place came the astute penny-pinching, penniless Frank A. Munsey from Maine. On a shoe-string, he began the publishing of *Munsey's Magazine*. He was proprietor, editor, author, and advertising manager. Having no funds to buy work from well-known writers, he drooled out his own serials, but he had the brilliant idea of using photographs of prominent people and places, so that his magazine had a great attraction for a wide public. He was the reverse of McClure. He had great economic genius, but little editorial flair. So it transpired that his advertising was prodigious, so great indeed that he no longer had need to write his own fiction, he no longer need be editor; and under the direction of a skilled editor, the magazine improved in its literary quality, but just sufficiently less good than *McClure's* to cut a little deeper in the reading strata. By instinct a plutocrat, he disdained muck-raking but reached for popularity. Munsey reduced his price to 10 cents, compelling McClure to follow suit. But the shrewd Munsey for ever kept a weather eye on the exchequer and became a millionaire, while grand old McClure laid up for himself treasures of manuscripts so numerous that to this day thousands of them remain unpublished.

Munsey branched out and published at least half a dozen magazines: the old *Argosy*, a magazine for railroad men, the first of the detective magazines, and some others. A chain of somewhat indifferent magazines, a chain of grocery-stores, the Mohegan Co., and the Yankee was on the road to fortune—but never to distinction. Even his bequest of \$40,000,000 to the Metropolitan Museum was eclipsed by the fact that in no way did he remember those who had contributed to his wealth. He was an intellectual

mummy. In an anthropological laboratory he should be preserved as the least worthy product of American materialism.

As part of this sordid story of Munsey should come the epic of Robert H. Davis, "Bob" Davis to all and sundry. A really great genius with a flair to parallel S. S. McClure. A discoverer of more real talent in American letters than any one other editor, a prodigious worker, a brilliant post-prandial speaker, the most popular and eagerly sought among men, a *raconteur* without peer. And yet he permitted himself to come under the Munsey blight. Whenever, as did frequently occur, his genius and talent were sought by other publishers, Munsey gave him the opiate that he would so remember "Bob" in his will that he would be more than compensated for any denial or sacrifice. The reliant Bob, who for ever feared the spectre of poverty—why no one ever knew—yielded to the spurious promise and persuasion of Munsey. That Greatheart left Bob Davis in his will the princely capital sum of \$10,000, just about what he could earlier have earned in any three months' service on one of several other magazines eager to attach him. Bob now contributes to the New York *Sun* the column "Bob Davis Remembers." I wish he would write "Bob Davis Discovers" and tell the world of some of those who first found their work in print by reason of his keen discernment and wise editorial counsel. Then followed John Brisben Walker and the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, the first of the prurients to invade the popular field. It had a considerable success, for America was broadening morally or immorally, as you choose, but disaster finally overtook Walker, and William Randolph Hearst acquired the property. It never did recover fully from the bar sinister inflicted upon it by its founder.

At about the same time as the *Cosmopolitan* made its *début*, two brilliant and enterprising young men, Erman J. Ridgway and John Adams Thayer, acquired *Everybody's Magazine* from John Wanamaker. It quickly commanded a circulation so large that its proprietors were nearly swamped financially. Thomas W. Lawson, disgruntled gambler and speculator of Boston, had written his *exposé* of copper flotations and this was appearing

monthly in *Everybody's*. For a time these 10 cent magazines in the standard format of their time made a clean sweep of the field; but with the advent of the *Saturday Evening Post* and other larger-paged and more frequently issued magazines, advertising patronage fell off rapidly. Today the only survivor among these four one-time leaders is *Cosmopolitan*, and even with its larger format and vigorous editing it is published at so great a loss that only such a diversified organization as the International Magazine Company could stand the drain. Its owner however is tenacious, seemingly incapable of admitting or acknowledging defeat.

The growth and development of the woman's magazine has been one of the outstanding phenomena in American publishing. The Big Four: *Ladies' Home Journal*, *McCall's*, *Woman's Home Companion*, and *Pictorial Review*: are challenging in their completeness and quality of editorial content and mechanical make-up. The rivalry is so keen that each editor and publisher is constantly stimulated to a greater excellence. The combined circulation of the four must be far above 10,000,000 copies, and if we allow only two readers to each copy, every housekeeper in America at one time of the month or another must have opportunity to benefit from these magnificent and informing journals. But perhaps the most informing and satisfying of all journals for women is *Good Housekeeping*, one of the Hearst chain of magazines. It leads the world in its field. Its cachet for any article of food or device for the home has become the acknowledged criterion of purity and worthiness. The validation of *Good Housekeeping* is as eagerly sought as the hall-mark on a piece of sterling silver.

In their day *World's Work*, edited by Walter Page, and the *Review of Reviews*, edited by Albert Shaw, most excellently served their purpose; but with the advent of the magazine supplements to the Sunday newspapers, these monthly magazines ceased to be sufficiently current to satisfy a world of rapid movement. Recently the two magazines have been merged, and in a Darby and Joan fashion are eking out a precarious existence as a unit.

Two other factors accelerated the decline and fall of the high-

priced monthly review. One was the *Literary Digest*, the best product of scissors and paste-pot ever conceived and produced. It is of interest because obviously in its benignant depredations it chooses from the best of contributions to the daily and weekly press. It shares with a Sears, Roebuck catalogue a place of honour in millions of rural homes. Its back numbers enjoy the uncertain hospitality of the waiting-rooms of the less prosperous doctors, dentists, and osteopaths. The other factor is a vital one. It is that Philistine and iconoclastic and provocative magazine *Time*, in the office of which scissors are known only to clip coupons from bonds resulting from accrued profits, for it has been one of America's most quietly profitable publishing enterprises. It demonstrates anew the force of a dominant editor and a fixed policy. It resorts to no schemes to secure purchasers or subscribers, and more than any other magazine of our time has made its way by sheer force of its personality (for magazines can be human) and sprightliness. How long *Time* will survive its founding editor remains to be seen. Let us hope Sybil Grant in her poem did not mean the magazine when she wrote:

*And all the while Eternity,
Sits and watches Time pass by.*

As a counter-irritant to the pugnacious *Time*, its proprietor-editor founded and published *Fortune*, the most exclusive and aristocratic of all magazines. It declines to appear on news-stands. It can only be bought by yearly subscription and by the elect. It is the trade journal of millionairism and corporate wealth. It is the most perfectly produced magazine in history, reminding one of John Lane's quarterly of years ago, which was to literature and Mayfair what *Fortune* is to Big Business and Park Avenue.

One other type must be noted and that was the *American Magazine* under the editorship of John Siddall, who perfected a formula often imitated but never successfully, and that was because the formula was a part of the soul of John Siddall. It was the first of the uplift magazines, and the *American* was the only one which was not obviously spurious. In his short articles "Sid Says" John

Siddall crystallized a credo for Americans, especially the younger Americans, and there are many millions today who would arise and call him blessed because of his integrity and inspiration. One fateful day, after a medical examination for what appeared to be a minor ailment, his doctor told him he had cancer and could not live longer than another year. Consultations confirmed the diagnosis. John Siddall quietly set about putting his magazine house in order, and so thoroughly and successfully did he impress his personality and policies on his magazine that the momentum imparted by him persisted for some years. His death came as a surprise and deep sorrow to his family and his large list of friends, for not by word or action had he given slightest suggestion of his malady. A great and a grand soul, it was a privilege to be numbered among his friends.

By far the most astounding and outstanding magazine publishing enterprise in America is the Curtis Publishing Company of Philadelphia, founded by Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Maine, who came to the City of Brotherly Love—how many years ago I cannot say, but it is quite within my own memory—and on less than a shoestring began with his wife the publication of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. To say that Cyrus Curtis was not an editor is technically correct, if his genius for telling editors how to edit be disregarded. For Mr. Curtis was first and foremost a publicity man, not an advertising man, but the apostle of a sound publicity which included advertising. If he finally achieved for his journals the greatest advertising patronage and income, the number of media considered, in all the world, he also was one of the most prodigal and consistent of advertisers. In no instance was his flair for the choice of men more completely demonstrated than in his selection of George Horace Lorimer as editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. It may be true that he had small part in the christening of the infant Lorimer, but he was the pontiff at confirmation when Lorimer was received into full Curtis fellowship.

This involves a slight throw-back. When Mr. Curtis acquired Benjamin Franklin's weekly paper the *Saturday Evening Post*, it was his plan and idea that it should be in the field of men what

the *Ladies' Home Journal* had become in woman's field. So the weekly was launched, but not before Mr. Curtis had arranged with a syndicate of financial backers for a credit of \$2,000,000 for the establishing of the *Post* on a profit-making basis. The story, apocryphal or not, is that this fund was rapidly being required to pay the enormous weekly losses. The syndicate was concerned and aroused. Members met and called Mr. Curtis to an accounting at the point when over \$1,500,000 had been expended. Mr. Curtis listened patiently and then calmly said, "But you agreed to the expenditure of \$2,000,000 for founding purposes." And that was that, except that at the million and three-quarter point the corner was turned and *S.E.P.* started on its record-breaking career. It is very interesting to run over the file of bound volumes of the *Post*. The first editor was William George Jordan, and so carefully did he follow his interpretation of the Curtis formula that it would be difficult to tell when *Ladies' Home Journal* ceased and *Saturday Evening Post* began.

Again I must have recourse to legend. Mr. Curtis, being highly dissatisfied with the editorial conduct of the *Post*, journeyed abroad in pursuit of an editor from America also travelling abroad, to replace the saccharine Jordan, who had resigned. The fortunes of the *Post* during the absence of Mr. Curtis were left to his board of directors with a young man named Lorimer as stop-gap. Mr. Curtis for some reason did not succeed in his mission abroad and returned rather perplexed over the *Post* situation. Summoning his executives, he made inquiry as to the condition of his weekly. He was met by a gloomy triumvirate of executives. The young man Lorimer was ruining the *Post*, not a trace of the Jordan or *L.H.J.* tradition. Mr. Curtis inquired, "How about circulation?" Strangely enough, it had greatly increased. "And how about advertising?" was the next question by Mr. Curtis. Still more strange, the advertising revenue was very much greater. "What appeared to be the trouble?" It seems Lorimer had the temerity to run as a serial his own story, *Letters of a Self-made Merchant to His Son* and generally to violate all Curtis canons of the past. Mr. Curtis pondered. He dismissed his counsellors and

summoned Lorimer, who appeared before his chief, bloody but unafraid and quite prepared for the threatened dismissal. This may be a somewhat garbled report of the meeting of Curtis and Lorimer. In any event, this is about how it runs:

Mr. Curtis: "You have been editing the *Post* in my absence."

Lorimer: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Curtis: "What is your present salary?"

Lorimer: "Forty dollars weekly."

Mr. Curtis: "From this day onward your salary is \$250 weekly."

Lorimer: "Yes, sir."

And the interview was over. It is only necessary again to consult the file of the *Post* to see the point where Jordan was crossed and Lorimer began. His *Letters of a Self-made Merchant* were a triumph in journalism and book publication. It is said the genius of this tour de force was P. D. Armour, the great merchant of Chicago, for whom Lorimer had been secretary; but the skill and the art of presentation was all Lorimer, and was the best masculine note in American letters to date. It was the key to Lorimer's programme for the *Post*, a programme which ever since he has ruthlessly and relentlessly kept in force. In a day when the pornographic and the obscene in motion pictures is under review and indictment, it is wise to study the course of the *Saturday Evening Post*. From the first day of Lorimer until today, there has not appeared in its columns a story, a sentence, a word, to which the most prudish might take exception. Yet it has been virile and mightily entertaining to its 15,000,000 or more regular weekly readers. In this it is but a reflection of Lorimer himself, who is one of America's finest examples of immaculate virility, and American readers and advertisers have given tangible approval by the largest circulation and the largest advertising revenue of any independently operated journal in the United States, or for that matter in the world.

Lorimer is a czar, not quite benign but absolutely on the level. It could not be expected that every article and every story and every issue should measure up to the highest standard; but such is Lorimer's faultless flair that from material available he gives

to his readers a grand, clean, informing, interesting weekly and to his advertisers a sense of solidarity and stability and integrity.

At one time I went to Lorimer in the interests of a very great friend of mine, whose first short story had been accepted and published in the *Post*, and for which he was paid \$500. The writer progressed until Lorimer, without request or solicitation for increased remuneration, was paying \$3,500 for each accepted article or story. My friend had become a regular feature of the *Post*. A rival magazine tempted him with a price of \$4,500 a contribution. I presented the case to Lorimer, not necessarily to have him meet the price but to get his reactions as to the future. Now Lorimer has one great passion, loyalty. He gives loyalty for loyalty, but he is intolerant of invasion of his created prerogatives. So he bade my friend accept this higher offer. I was intermediary and as such had Lorimer's interest as much at heart as that of my friend. So I argued that my friend had become an institution. "I made him an institution. I can make others," retorted Lorimer. And he did. Events proved that he sensed the exact moment for change. The *Post* did not suffer nor in a financial sense did my friend, but his work began to show the absence of the genius of Lorimer, and the acclaim of the far-flung *Post* family; for Lorimer has the courage to decline contributions from his best and highest-paid writers if they fall below standard; and that is the reason why they do their best work for him and why Lorimer has the confidence and support of his constituents, his subscribers, and his advertisers.

Lorimer is not a crusader. The *Saturday Evening Post* is not an evangelizing weekly, yet I doubt if any other man or any other journal has steered a steadier course or accomplished more for real sturdy American principles. One of the first to display the N.R.A. emblem, Lorimer and his *Post* has reserved the right intelligently and constructively to criticize the workings of the New Deal. The product of big business and little business made big, Lorimer and his *Post* have accepted the chastening of national madness without forfeiting a heaven-born right to individualism and personal enterprise and energy. Mr. Curtis and his chosen executives have made fortunes, and what more legitimate than the

manner of their making? Also the Curtis Publishing Company has afforded lucrative and congenial employment to many, many thousands. What new order could be more beneficent?

In my portrait gallery for years has hung a photograph of Lorimer, inscribed "To George H. Doran, publisher of my next book." Alas, that next book has never been forthcoming, and I doubt if it ever will, for as successor to Cyrus H. K. Curtis as president of the Curtis Publishing Company, Lorimer is far too much concerned with the writing of others to take time to indulge his own pen.

At one time I suggested that his next book should be *The Autobiography of a Million Dollars*. He so quickly overtook that figure in his own fortune that he passed the idea on to a romancer. So rapid was Lorimer's increase in wealth that in 1929 he might easily have written *The Life-Story of Twenty Million Dollars*, and in 1932, *The Rise, Decline, and Fall of Fifteen Million Dollars*. But with a little patience and more of Lorimer's genius and energy, he and many others in a reconstructed America may again have legitimate title to the rewards of their acumen and intelligent industry.

In Great Britain, because in the remotest hamlet the great dailies may be found at the breakfast-table on the morning of issue, these same great dailies measurably usurp the place of the magazine of great circulation. The *Daily Mail* of the Northcliffe press, the *Daily Express*, Lord Beaverbrook's creation; the *News Chronicle*, the organ of Liberalism and a certain Quakerlike purity; and the *Daily Herald*, the organ of Labour, each have circulations varying from 1,200,000 to 1,800,000 daily. The news of the day is either unduly head-lined for partisan purposes or capsuled for quick consumption. Each paper has more or less of a magazine quality for a greater part of its content, and advertisers patronize these dailies so largely as to render quite impossible the creation and establishing of the counterpart of such national weeklies as the *Saturday Evening Post*, or *Collier's*. The one sad and sordid success of a weekly in Britain is Lord Riddell's *News of the World*. This great proprietor and journalist was a curious contradiction. Personally he

was an ascetic and a puritan. In his early days if not later, he was a Plymouth Brother, one of the most strictly pious of any of the non-denominational denominations; for they avowed a perfection of life and purpose not to be found in any of the organized sects or churches. He was a man of ultra-exemplary habit, given neither to smoking nor tippling. He was a model of fidelity in his childless home. Yet each week he accepted responsibility for the distribution and reading of from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 copies of the *News of the World*, which is no more or less than a great open trunk-sewer running through and about England but never emptying to the sea. Rather it scavenges in all parts of Britain and provides an interchange of the cheap and nasty from one section of the country to the other. It is read by the less intelligent, whose morals are scarcely improved by this concept of a nation's journalistic need. With all our alleged indifference to morals, such a newspaper is an impossibility in the United States.

There is another phenomenon in the British magazine world seemingly impossible in America. This is the Amalgamated Press division of the Berry Press Chain. When last I inquired, the Amalgamated published ninety-five weekly and monthly magazines varying in price from 2 cents to 25 cents the copy. Most of them are unknown to the British at large; they find their circulations in the towns, villages, and rural districts.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE EDITORS: INTERNAL

EVERY publishing house of consequence has its competent editor-in-chief. Frequently he is a partner in the business, but rarely is he the dominant figure; for modern publishing demands the merchant of quality as director-in-chief.

I once said to Arnold Bennett that in these days, 1910 to 1930, a publisher should not be a reader *per se*, that he should not publish as a result of his own reading. Arnold's rather accurate but none the less cruel retort was, "No need for you so to declare yourself, George, for in your case it is a truism." I held and still hold my point. If a publisher published only along the lines of his own reading, he would simply be gratifying his own taste and failing broadly to satisfy a public. Later on Arnold branched out to become in effect publisher-minded, for each week he wrote a page of criticism for the *Evening Standard* of London. In this capacity he had to depend upon the discernment and reading of many scores of people to enable him to make selection of the limited number of books which he would publicize in his week-to-week articles. Confronted by this problem of selection and choice, he very graciously ceded me my point of contention, for his situation and mine had become fairly analogous; for while his criticisms were of necessity of him and a part of him, still he had to think of their appeal to a great public upon whom he ought not to impose his own individual taste. Moreover, publishers must have editors and editorial staffs if they are to build up a list intelligently.

In my very earliest publishing experience, the days of pious books, there was not the necessity for editorial organization. We had the limitations of evangelicalism. It was scarcely a question of how good from a literary point of view, but how pure, or rather more to the point, how salable. For example, Sister E. G. White's quite elemental little book, *Steps to Christ*, sold in hundreds of thousands to the faithful, because she was the high-priestess and voice of God to the Seventh Day Adventists. *The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life* literally sold by the millions on the promise of its title alone. Any book by Mary Baker Eddy would require no editorial judgment; its audience awaited its message, not its quality.

With the passing of religion and the broadening of evangelical thinking came necessity for a limited measure of editorial capacity; and this was invoked somewhat irregularly and intermittently from casual and needy readers. When I adventured into the field of

general publishing, I was conscious that I lacked editorial training. For this reason, I endeavoured always to have a wise, alert, and competent editor, several capable office readers, and a corps of specialists available for opinion and counsel on specific books coming within the range of their particular attainments.

The first of my editors was Coningsby Dawson, a young man, it is true, but he had acquired in his thirty years or less an acquaintance with and knowledge of English literature which was remarkable. His father, the Rev. William J. Dawson, D.D., was a man of wide reading and culture who had emigrated to America from England to make the most possible out of his religion. From his cradle onward, young Dawson had been nourished on books. He was living with his people in one of the smaller and more select of New England communities, where his father was pastor of a Congregational church Sundays and a writer of distinction and a lecturer week-days.

Threatened with intellectual inbreeding, the younger Dawson sought association with the publishing world in New York. It was a happy association for me, for not only was his judgment superb but his report on a book was so vivid and spontaneous that I had a source of the most convincing sort of publicity if I accepted the book. We maintained this relation of publisher and editor until that evil day when Dawson felt the call to become a novelist himself. First he wrote a mystery novel, *Murder Point*, which I published. It was academic and synthetic to a degree. This was followed by *The Road to Avalon*, a charming fantasy of the days of King Arthur's court, again synthetic. By this time, Dawson was thinking in terms of his own writing rather than of my publishing. He was a purist in literary quality and in living, a profound thinker in things philosophic, naïve in his approach to the practicalities of life, but he was learning the tricks of writing. His next book was *The Garden without Walls*. He was so dissatisfied with our efforts that he offered his new book to Alfred Harcourt of Henry Holt and Company. It was a success. Dawson spent most of his time exploiting his book from his desk in my office. Heinemann published it in London, but it fell rather flat. Dawson

visited London and roundly reproached the highly discerning Heinemann, who so affronted Dawson that their association abruptly terminated; for Heinemann's advice to Dawson was to accompany him to Boulogne, where he would have awaiting Dawson a motor car and a cocotte from Paris. Dawson was to make a month's tour of France accompanied by this personable creature, and then Heinemann assured him he would be competent to write of life. A remark that was made on his return voyage to America shows there must have been something sound about Heinemann's advice. Dawson and I were on the *Mauretania* together, so were Dave Montgomery of Montgomery and Stone, another popular comedian whose name escapes me, and my great friend Edmund Baird Ryckman of Toronto, later to be Minister of Finance in his government. Dawson sat two places away from me and was not known as my associate. He had a marvellous head of naturally marcelled hair. He was not feminine but he was not pronouncedly masculine. For an ocean voyage, he was definitely too precious and pedantic for such a relaxed period. One day at luncheon Dave said, "George, let us take him out some morning and cut them (the marcells) off and make a human being of him."

Shortly came the war. As a Britisher, Dawson enlisted in 1914; he rose to a captaincy, did grand and noble service, and despite his marcells returned a human being, devoted himself exclusively to writing, and for some years was a real success. In his passing from editor to author, I lost much, for he was thoroughly competent until he permitted his own canons to govern his literary advice and judgment.

While Dawson was still in editorial charge, a tall, red-headed, lanky, and somewhat threadbare individual, who was the most fluent talker I have ever met, called upon me from a publisher's advertising agency. He seemed to me much too intelligent to be a mere advertisement solicitor, in fact as a salesman he was practically a total loss; but as we talked from time to time, he revealed fine qualities of editorial judgment and publicity. He gave no evidence of financial success, indeed quite the contrary. One day I asked him how he would like an editorial job in my office at a

salary of \$60 weekly. He almost embraced me and was at his editorial desk on the following morning. Thus began the publishing career of Sinclair Lewis. The change from Dawson to Lewis was revolutionary. Dawson, calm and serene, wrote out his briefs for or against a manuscript in beautiful Addisonian phrases. Lewis pounded out on a typewriter the crispest of American staccato opinion and criticism, literally reams of publicity stunts. He was a dynamo of energy and freshness of thought. After he had been with me a fortnight he came to me, and in the exuberance of his happiness volunteered that he was so contented that he was settled and located for life if I would have him. I was delighted, for while he was a bit too fast for my mental processes and thoroughly impractical in many ways, he had a commendable sound sense, indefatigable energy, and downright industry, which properly harnessed would go far to the making of a young publishing house. He had written and published two novels with Harper's, and with the Dawson experience in mind, I talked with him on the wisdom of his commending authors to publish with me while he published with Harper's; but that was a situation which time and loyalty would compose.

Meanwhile his strident tones and his clattering machine gave an air of intense industry and activity to my hitherto quite sedate establishment. He exuded enthusiasm, particularly to my salesman. Then there was a week when a somewhat Sabbath calm settled upon my office. Lewis must be incubating. He was. Then came another week of renewed and still more impatient activity, and yet another week and a perfectly electrified Lewis came to me, brandishing a cheque received that morning from George Lorimer of the *Saturday Evening Post* for \$500 for that silent week's work on a short story. My \$60 now advanced to \$75 weekly could not compete with Lorimer's \$500. The lure of individual achievement was much greater than the quiet security of an editorial chair. The next week, Lewis had bought a flivver, and with wife Gracie was hitting the trail for the West and freedom and *Free Air*, shortly to be published by Harcourt, Brace. Even before *Free Air* was published Lewis told Alfred Harcourt, of the newly formed firm

of Harcourt, Brace and Howe, that his books, himself, and such funds as he had accumulated were all at the disposal of Harcourt. After *Free Air* they published *Main Street*. I was beginning to learn that a publisher is not a genius to his editors. However, there was no change in the friendship between Lewis and me. From his present lofty heights, he every now and again descends upon me, and we fraternize. From out of the first 5,000 edition of *Main Street*, I had a copy, read it, and literally worshipped it. At that time the highest compliment I could pay Lewis and his book was that he had written *The Old Wives' Tale* of America, that he had captured American types with the same meticulous accuracy as A.B. had delineated Five Towns and their people. And this was before 2,000 copies of *Main Street* of the ultimate 500,000 copies had been sold; not a genius, but a prophet. I took unction to my soul.

By this time I had built up an effective editorial department, reliant upon but still somewhat independent of an editor-in-chief. Nevertheless that same chief was an urgent necessity; so I cast about for a successor to Sinclair Lewis. Richard Hillis had been honour-man at his university. He had specialized in literature and was very well equipped intellectually. I thought, finding him young and receptive, he would adequately complete my editorial staff. And in time he might have, but he was frail and a few months' trial was sufficient to demonstrate that he was not physically equal to the position; so he retired.

In another hiatus, I had Paul Dwight Moody, son of the great D. L. Moody. He had been literary adviser to Fleming H. Revell Company, but in the schism in the Moody family Revell joined forces with W. R. Moody and Paul's association with Revell Company became untenable. He came to me only temporarily, for he was headed towards the pulpit or a college position. He left me to become assistant to Henry Sloane Coffin, D.D., in Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, later to become the successful and beloved president of Middlebury College. I have always cherished my association with Paul as one of the bright spots in my life.

Next in order came Eugene F. Saxton, another alumnus of

Doubleday, Page & Company. In Saxton I made one of my major errors of judgment, for had I taken heed to his counsel the whole later course of my publishing career would have been altered. He was and is a wise and capable publisher, adding to his rare gifts as editor a thorough knowledge of practical publishing and publicity. Our difficulty was a fundamental one. He had been educated in a Jesuit college, and there had been added to his own calm and somewhat reserved temperament the serenity, imperturbability, and silent strategy of the Jesuit. I, a Celt, was demonstrative, nervously active, and impatient of the highly meditative. At no time did there ever arise the slightest suggestion of religious difference, for Jesuit as he was and Irish Presbyterian as I was, we were too ardently concerned with the art of publishing to admit of disagreement or even discussion along religious lines. In my own defence I may be permitted to state that Saxton was not a happy man; just what experience or physical ailment gave him a morbid outlook I do not know. In any event, our minds did not meet in that unison so necessary to successful operation and the joy of working together. But even these rather slight and temperamental differences might easily have been composed but for later happenings. Never before or since have I had sounder editorial opinions or more sane suggestions for publicity or clearer vision as to costs and probable sales. The authors for whom we chiefly published were those to whom the mind of Saxton was specially attracted, and in that part of his work he was singularly happy. In a commercial sense perhaps he was a shade too precious, for we did require the sales of the more popular and less exquisite to swell our turn-over and increase our income. Here again was no serious situation, for it was one which easily yielded to the application of ordinary horse sense, with which essential both Saxton and I were measurably endowed.

It was during the first years of Saxton's association with me that the *Bookman* became available for our purchase. Because it had been founded by my idol, William Robertson Nicoll, and I always looked at it with covetous eyes, I was eager to become its publisher. After brief negotiations with Dodd, Mead and Com-

pany, the magazine became our property. I bought it knowing it was a losing property with a relatively small list of subscribers; but we all were hopeful that we might be able so to conduct it that our losses would be more than compensated by the inherent benefits to be derived. Saxton was particularly pleased, in his own quiet way, to have a finger in the editorial pie of the *Bookman*. I turned it over to his department, but his programme seemed to me to be too arid and circumscribed for popular acceptance, and in addition the two jobs of editing for the book-publishing department and the *Bookman* were quite too much for any one man; both were sure to suffer. I persuaded Saxton to give up actual editorship of the *Bookman*, to which he very reluctantly consented. A man was found for the *Bookman*, but more of him later. To conclude the *Bookman* story, we published it for ten years with great acceptance to an increasing public, but despite our best efforts and energies, it lost heavily. During the ten years it cost from ledger figures just around \$100,000, a great deal of money; and yet the indirect benefits partially offset this loss—and I have no regrets, for I am prouder of those ten volumes of the *Bookman* than of any other part of my publishing effort. As time went on I sensed a growing discontent on the part of Saxton. He was increasingly morose, but never did he make vocal protest until finally I approached him as to his discontent. It was a simple matter of economics. Content with his salary as such, he wanted a share in the business. This I was not quite ready to concede, and for two reasons. With all the confidence in the world in the business, I did not want the responsibility of Saxton's savings. Stanley Rinehart was entering my family and the business and there were practically no further shares available. Saxton did buy preferred stock, but this was limited in its earnings, and the arrangement, while appeasing him, did not satisfy him.

Robert Cortes (Bob) Holliday was the man Saxton and I chose to take editorial charge of the *Bookman*. He was a grand fellow, but totally unorganized. His head was for ever in the clouds, and more and more the burden of editorial responsibility for the magazine fell upon Saxton. Divided authority was ruinous to the motif

and spirit of the magazine; so after two years Holliday resigned. I was sorry to part with the cheery philosopher and quiet wit, but he was beyond hope of ever settling down to the discipline of an organization or the necessary fixed schedule of monthly magazine publishing. He was a free lance and unrestrained freedom of time and action he must have.

The *Bookman* was drifting; we were getting nowhere in particular with it, so I determined to divorce it entirely from our regular publishing operations and place it in charge of an editor who would be solely responsible for its contents. Inquiry following inquiry pointed definitely to a young man, by name John Farrar, associated with John O'Hara Cosgrave on the Magazine Section of the New York *World*. I conferred with my good friend Cosgrave. He was sorry to part with Farrar but totally unwilling to stand in the way of his finding a position so singularly fitted to his attainments and energy; and John Chipman Farrar became editor of the *Bookman*.

In addition to his economic discontent, Saxton resented the coming of Farrar. There was almost instant conflict, for temperamentally Saxton and Farrar were farther apart than were Saxton and I. The situation became intolerable; so when Saxton tendered his resignation I had no choice but to accept. Had I it all to do over again I would have strained every effort to compose the situation, for a combination of Stanley Rinehart, Eugene Saxton, and John Farrar would have resulted in one of the world's best publishing houses and I could have retired to a position of emeritus. Probably I was too stubbornly attached to activity. Up to this time the business had been almost entirely of my own building, and I was unwilling to let go of any considerable part of its direction. Saxton joined Harper and Brothers, where he is now the effective vice-president of that distinguished and prosperous company.

And now meet John Farrar. Young, not more than twenty-four. Slight, red-headed, very energetic physically and mentally. Fresh from Yale and the World War, he had literally fought his way through both. He took hold of the *Bookman* with extraordi-

nary zeal and vigour. He had ideas, hundreds of them—not all practical, but so many were good that the discard was negligible in point of value. His first important departure was to institute a department called the Gossip Shop, a magazine department by name, the soul of John Farrar as a matter of fact; for he is by nature and choice a gossip, not an idle prattler but as the Oxford Dictionary's portrait would be, "one who indulges in unconstrained talk or writing, especially about persons or social incidents." The Gossip Shop became the heart and core of the *Bookman*, for not only was it of itself highly important and interesting, but it also brought contributors and contributions to the major columns of the magazine. More than this, it brought books to the publishing department, for John Farrar was of a brilliant class of Yale, which numbered among it several of the best of present-day writers, notably Hervey Allen, Stephen Benét, Du Bose Heyward, Philip Barry, Donald Ogden Stewart, and others.

No mere magazine could hold or restrain the fiery John. He was ubiquitous, boundlessly energetic. For the first time in his life he was tasting of liberty and freedom of action. He was like a colt in a pasture, jumping fences into wheat-fields, corn-fields, and gardens. He became inordinately enamoured of the theatre. He wrote plays. So absorbed in the drama did he become that finally I was obliged to put it to him that he must choose once and for all, so far as I was concerned, between the theatre and publishing; for again the *Bookman* was suffering from inattention. Wisely, he chose publishing. As editor he refused to be harnessed or restricted. Freed from the absorption of the theatre, he approached editing and publishing with a renewed and increasing zeal and intelligence. His Gossip Shop and his editorial contacts for major articles broadened his circle far beyond the possibilities of the *Bookman*. More and more he was bringing newer and promising writers to the consideration of the book-publishing side of the business. It was a great pity that Saxton and he did not come into closer agreement; instead there was constant unexpressed friction. Shortly it became more and more obvious that it was possible to publish the *Bookman* only at a financial loss far in excess of compensating benefits. In

the days of rapid-fire publishing, a monthly magazine could not remain sufficiently current to become a reader's guide; such weekly literary supplements to the great dailies as the *New York Times* "Book Review" and "Books" of the *Herald Tribune* covered the ground most adequately. Nor was there a place for a literary review, for at best its circulation would be limited. From the economic side no aggressive publishing house, no matter how impartial it would be, could receive maximum support from rival publishers. It just could not be done. So after ten years I sold the magazine to a company not in any way associated with book-publishing. I parted with it with great reluctance, for it was a particular pride of mine. However, it had served its purpose. It broadened the scope of my company, and it gave to John Farrar an experience and a connexion of great value to my company—but of greater value to him as an individual. What he gained is now bearing rich fruit in his own publishing house. With Saxton's regretted withdrawal, Farrar became editor in charge of all publishing. Just about this time he made the wisest move in his brief and somewhat tempestuous lifetime. He married Margaret Pethebridge. Henceforward no one ever used the editorial "we" more accurately, for Margaret became his partner in all his literary adventures, and John assumed a great share of the domestic burdens, for not a child has been born to them that metaphorically he has not carried. He became very much the husband and Margaret the balancing gyroscope to the impulsive, impatient John.

Farrar is a brilliant, highly self-centred individual. He hitches his wagon to a star so long as that star continues to act as spot-light and enhance his brilliance. At the slightest sign of dimming, he seeks yet another star. His loyalty is first to John, then to "we." That he adjusts this loyalty to include his publishing associates of the moment is a part of his wise strategy. He lives in a stratosphere far above the earth and the clouds, a most practical dreamer. Some day he will return to earth, as all humans one day must do. The story of his joining with me and Rinehart and others of our company in Doubleday, Doran & Company is told in my chronicle "The Merger." Since his emergence his publishing company,

Farrar & Rinehart, Incorporated, has been one of the conspicuous successes of the present day. Alphabetical precedence has given his name a first place in the corporate name. The Rineharts, especially Stanley, are the chief owners and the vehicle by which Farrar's brilliance is minted into dollars and cents; for with all his flair and New England antecedents, he is the editor first, the merchant only in small degree. But it is wiser so. Stanley Rinehart is a merchant by instinct and development.

John Farrar has travelled far since his graduation from Yale. He will go a great distance, given health, his Margaret, Stanley Rinehart, and a mellowing of the ego.

Any brief review of my editors would be incomplete without mention of that singularly precious person Grant Overton, whose unobtruding wisdom and facile pen made him one of the best of publicity men, for he had the skill and the art adequately and accurately to interpret books and authors to the reading public. His masterly performance in *When Winter Comes to Main Street* stamps that book as the high-water mark in publishing promotion. Although it dealt entirely with the product of George H. Doran Company, it was so impartially done, the number and importance of its authors was such, that many smaller colleges used it as a text-book in their modern literature courses. Like John Siddall, Grant Overton suffered from an insidious malady which all too soon took him hence. Silently, he bore the knowledge and the agony of his disease, a hero to his latest breath.

PART EIGHT

Which Concerns the Ordained
and the Unordained

CHAPTER XL

THE DOCTORS OF DIVINITY

IN the course of my half-century of publishing activity, I have had the good fortune to come to know intimately literally scores of preachers, most of whom sooner or later became Doctors of Divinity. On the whole and taken by and large, they have been jolly good fellows, mostly very human when one persuaded them to forget the gown and the collar and the intoning voice. When I had my own business, I adopted for use in case of necessity a formula which worked excellently. As the preacher or the D.D. approached with a manuscript or the threat of one, smugly rubbing his hands and wearing his very best pulpit or bedside manner, I would greet him. With a deliciously arrogant modesty he would open the discussion with a dear old platitude such as "I know of the making of books there is no end, but—" The sequence varied with the individual, but the sum of it was practically the same. He had a message for the world, especially for those of his own faith or sect. His own congregation had begged of him to give to the wider world the blessing of his exhortations. If only one of every hundred of his connexional following bought a copy, the sale would be in the tens of thousands. Gradually we were approaching the point when our minds would meet. We were becoming author and publisher, instead of evangelist and eleemosynary director. Then it was my turn. Gently I reminded him that he was in a business office, and as greatly as an individual I desired to go about doing good, we must take a practical view. Doubtless one of the minor objects of his visit was to sell his wares to me and through me to a public. Somewhat hesitatingly and increasingly humanly, he would admit the harsh impeachment. He would relax, more often than not he would accept the proffered cigar. He

would become confidential, bordering on the intimate. He really needed the money to eke out his stipend. From then onwards I understood the preacher and the preacher understood me. Not all were alike. Not anyone in my present clerical portrait gallery comes under the implication of this prefatory statement. Merely I am disposing of a class of no special or outstanding interest as individuals.

There are some types which remain in my mind, and I venture a few etchings. My first intimate encounter with a D.D. was when I was very young. Regularly I had been taken to church by my father. The preacher, preceded by the sexton bearing the books, would ascend the stair to the high cupola-like pulpit. He would reverently bow his head for a few moments of quiet conversation with the Great Head of the Church. Then in all the majesty of his black silken robes, his long iron-grey beard almost covering the white cravat, he would raise high his hand, the congregation would arise while we listened to the short prayer of invocation. Altogether there was a simple grandeur which gave my young mind the impression that I was in the presence of God. Unfortunately I was to be disillusioned. In those far-away days there were two customs which have disappeared from modern Christian life. One was the regular pastoral calls of the preacher, who from his pulpit would announce the localities of his ensuing week's visitations. The other was that in Presbyterian and Episcopal homes the little brown jug and the pitcher of water were much in evidence. On one Wednesday afternoon quite late, there appeared the Rev. Dr. John Robb, minister of our church. My mother gathered together her flock and we entered the sacred precincts of the little-used parlour. Here was the preacher. Shorn of his pulpit habiliments he looked like my father or any other ordinary layman. He read from the family Bible. He prayed interminably in curiously muffled tones. He made a somewhat garrulous departure, patting my head and swaying just perceptibly towards his waiting carriage. Next day he called again to explain that he had been suffering from a severe cold, and the prescribed remedy had somewhat dis-

turbed him. But he was a grand preacher. From that day onward, a man and not a god appeared in the pulpit.

When I entered publishing by way of a religious book-shop, I met many D.D.'s. One of the first was the Rev. Charles Chiniquy, D.D., a French Canadian convert from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism. He was short, chubby, clean-shaven, and still looked every inch the priest. His book *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome* was the sensation of the day. He was denounced by the Romanist clergy but welcomed by the Protestant zealots, and always he was known as Father Chiniquy. He had nothing especial to distinguish him apart from the alleged revelations of his book. However, he was somewhat of a curiosity to my junior mind.

Each summer I was taken to a Believers' Conference, where gathered many of the most notable Fundamentalists from five continents. The president of this conference was the Rev. Dr. James H. Brookes, D.D., of St. Louis. He stood six feet six inches high, with a huge frame well upholstered by healthy flesh. He was as stalwart in body as he was in mind, a tower of physical and mental energy. If his views were narrow in modern acceptance, he clothed them with a reverence, consecration, and sincerity which no one dared gainsay. Dogmatic and uncompromising, he preached and lectured with great authority, reminding one of a combination of Moses on the Mount delivering the Ten Commandments and Jesus as he spoke the Sermon on the Mount. Off the platform, he was the gentlest, humblest of souls, the beautifully human sort to whom one instinctively would turn in case of distress. He had one great accomplishment. He could recite with perfect accuracy chapter after chapter from the Bible and page after page from some authoritative source. If he had not chosen the pulpit, he would have been one of the great lawyers of his day.

Quite on the other side of the shield comes Frank W. Gunsaulus, D.D., of Chicago, for long pastor of the Armour church in Chicago and president of the industrial school founded by the Armours. I do not think Gunsaulus ever gave a thought to doctrine or dogma. He was a modern in the days when it required great courage to come out from Confessions of Faith and the

Thirty-Nine Articles. He preached Christianity plus humanity as a regenerating force in a community, rather than individualizing his appeal. Later he took the pulpit of Central Church, also in Chicago. His was a winsome, easy-to-take Christianity, rather too well furbished for the solace of any save the well-to-do and the intellectually well equipped. He was a grand companion for an evening. He was a regular attendant, with Eugene Field, Francis Wilson, and others, at the famous Amen Corner in the McClurg book-shop at Madison Street and Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

It is a far cry from Frank W. Gunsaulus to John Roach Straton. Straton was a Fundamentalist rampant. Strung out round about Calvary Church there were lines whereon hung the soiled linen of Christianity, for almost nightly and three times each Sunday the Rev. John Roach Straton, D.D., made of his pulpit a laundry, wherein he laboured to expose to the view of believer and unbeliever alike all the weaknesses and the frailties of every other belief save his own rock-ribbed Fundamentalism, of the patter of which he was archmaster, for he was a real orator of the Virginian type. Not content with his own forum, he challenged one and all of the liberals to meet him in debate in Carnegie Hall, when he might recrucify his Master. The challenge finally was accepted by some one of New York's notoriety-seeking liberals. For a series of nights they battered one another like pugilists in a ring. In my absence, the manager of the religious-book department agreed to publish Straton's argument in a series of small books. Since these did not succeed as well as Straton had expected, he called one day to reproach me. I found he had a reserve of invective not necessarily piously Fundamental in its articulation. He had come from a ride in the park on the charger which had been a gift from his congregation. He was all toggled out as the perfect horseman, crop and all. He really was a fine specimen of a man. When he had somewhat exhausted his spleen, I had my turn. I tried to tell him politely that the man in the street or even the man in the pews was not concerned with the minor points of difference in Nonconformist belief; that he was so confusing the

minds of the public he hoped to win that he was creating scoffers, infidels, and unbelievers rather than believers and converts. I even went so far as to say that the fact of God was of greater importance than the miracles or the Immaculate Conception or the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. This drew upon me all the fire of his aroused Southern bigotry as he demanded of me in the phrasing of his Master, "What manner of man are you?" To which I calmly replied, "I am just a damn hypocrite of a Fundamentalist like the rest of you." In high dudgeon, he left me; but I accomplished what I was after. He removed the barnacle of his vituperations from my ship of publishing and I never met him again. He has gone where all good Fundamentalists go. I may never see him again.

In my earlier days there were two great tabernacles of religion: The Metropolitan Tabernacle of London, where Charles Haddon Spurgeon (not a D.D.) preached to the largest continuous audiences in the Christian world. The other was the Brooklyn Tabernacle, where the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., held forth to capacity audiences. There was a great difference in the method of the two men. Spurgeon, the simplicity of the gospel message; Talmage, rather sensational and dramatic. Spurgeon became the father of simple, direct, intelligent presentation and had many thousands of imitators and followers. His sermons and books sold more largely than those of any other religious leader of my knowledge. Talmage had his following also. His weekly sermon was the leading feature of the *Christian Herald*. His books sold enormously. It became true that there was more Spurgeon and Talmage preached from American pulpits than all other preaching combined. And why not? Better some good Spurgeon and Talmage than the indifferent maunderings of the average pulpiteer. I never met Spurgeon, although I published hundreds of thousands of his books. I did know Talmage; better did I know his son Frank DeWitt Talmage, D.D., of Chicago, who emulated his father. He lacked the magnetism of his father. There is a little story of the Talmages which always gave me a smile. There came to Talmage *père's* parsonage in Brooklyn a poor, dishevelled, dis-

sipated wreck who sought pecuniary aid on the plea that he was converted under the ministration of son Frank. "Yes," said the sage of Brooklyn Tabernacle, "you look like one of Frank's jobs."

There is a great and a good man in New York who has done wonders in reconciling two great bodies of religionists in Greater New York, and his influence has extended farther and farther afield. I mean the forceful Christianizing Rabbi Wise, whose Reformed Jewish Synagogue has for a quarter of a century been saying to the world that all men on earth are born free and equal in a religious as well as a political sense. He has had the wisdom to acknowledge the life and force of his fellow Jew Jesus Christ and to applaud not only his life but his principles. He has brought down upon himself the censure of his own sect's orthodoxy, but he has made New York and America more tolerant of Judaism, and the Jew more amenable to Gentile practice. More, he has been a great force in the turbulent municipal life of America's metropolis; he has ever been on the side of equity and purity. As Grover Cleveland will go down into history as one of the greatest of Republican Presidents, so Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, when the roll is called, will rank as one of the greatest of Christians of his day and generation.

Just one added word in memory of my dear friend Father Duffy. No record of representative divines I have known and met would be complete without him and his magnetism, devotion, and sincerity. Like Rabbi Wise, he belonged to no separated church or creed or religious body. Himself the most meticulously devoted of Roman Catholics, he made no exactions of those to whom he extended the beneficence of his soul. Everyone of whatever source, nationality, or creed mourned his passing and did reverence and honour to his work and service in the army abroad and to his parish, the City of New York. R.I.P.

In my day I have known but one woman D.D., the Rev. Laura Hulda Wild, D.D., from Holyoke, Massachusetts. As she stood in the pulpit, she was gowned as formally and conventionally as were the men of her degree. A rather strident New England voice failed to separate her entirely from the accustomed occu-

pants of the pulpits; so perhaps I have yet to know just what woman in the pulpit would mean. Certainly they cannot be worse than the average male incumbent. Poor souls, they do have a hard time of it.

One final figure in my catalogue of D.D.'s: the divine in business. He appears in many positions related to publishing, but nowhere else has he the opportunity for the exercise of his worldly wisdom as in the Methodist Church, and nowhere within that church is he more potent and forceful than at the head of its great machine. Of the great many heads of the partnerships and triumvirates in the book concerns, such as Eaton and Mains, Cranston and Stowe, Cranston and Curts, Curts and Jennings, and Jennings and Graham, I would single out the Rev. Henry C. Jennings, D.D., one time of Chicago, later of Cincinnati, finally senior of the three directing heads of the merged Methodist Protestant Book Concern with headquarters in New York. Later, as emeritus, he retired to the rural districts of Oregon, there to finish out a grand life as a man, a preacher, a Doctor of Divinity, and a publisher of note and distinction. Dr. Jennings attained his prominence by a shrewd and wise combination of statesmanship, piety, common sense, and—not the least important—worldly wisdom. He brought to the conduct of the vast enterprise of the Methodist Protestant Book Concern these qualities of head and heart and soul. He had risen from the ranks. He had been probationer, preacher, itinerant, and Doctor of Divinity. He sensed and realized the problems of every grade of progress, from the seminary to the episcopate. As publisher and directing head of the publishing enterprise of his church, he was conspicuous among a conspicuous many for his zeal, tolerance, progressiveness, and wisdom.

Willis Cooper was not a D.D. He was not even a Reverend. He was a merchant and a manufacturer who had acquired considerable wealth, a Methodist layman who gave to religious enterprise of his vision and executive genius. For his especial field of operation he selected the Student Volunteer Movement—an organization which prosecuted aggressively the work of home and foreign missions. For the indigent members of this organization

Willis Cooper personally financed a scheme to provide them with libraries of the best books on missions and missionary enterprise. This was but a small part of his benefactions. He gave direct pecuniary assistance to many a young man later to become a missionary, a medical missionary, or a Doctor of Divinity. He was a liberal subscriber to all the benevolent schemes of his own denomination and to public charities. In a word, he was an ideal Christian—and a man.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, December 30, 1903, he left his office in the building of the Methodist Book Concern in Washington Street, Chicago, en route for the Northwestern Railroad station and his home in Waukegan. As he passed the newly opened Iroquois Theatre around the corner on Randolph Street, he was attracted by the announcement of the fantasy play *Mr. Bluebeard*, being presented as a holiday attraction. It was after the manner of the great English pantomimes *Cinderella* and *Jack and the Bean-stalk*—innocent, sweet, rollicking, and entertaining. Cooper went all by himself to the play, seeking relaxation from stress and strain. It was the first production and the scenery, all new and freshly painted, filled the large stage. Suddenly a fire broke out; the fire-proof curtain was lowered quickly, but from some fault in its mechanism it failed to work and one side was stalled some four feet from the bottom. Through this chimney-like flue poured the poisonous gases generated by fire from the newly painted scenery. The fumes spread across the orchestra chairs and upward to the dress-circle seats, where Willis Cooper sat. When the fire had been subdued there sat the lifelike motionless figure of this adorable man. Death had been instantaneous, for the smile had not left his face. He was one of the six hundred and two who lost their lives in this holocaust. In his will he left a great part of his estate—more than \$1,000,000—to the purposes of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had met his death and his Maker in a theatre. His money was tainted. It could not be accepted and used by the Methodist Church. And this in the dark ages of the early years of the twentieth century.

CHAPTER XLI

THE EVANGELISTS

THEIR name is legion—at least at one time they were legion, for one does not hear so much of them nowadays. It is a far cry from the godliness, sanity, divine fervour, and shrewd common sense of D. L. Moody to the melodramatic insincerity and obvious quackery of Aimee Semple McPherson. My acquaintance with the evangelists began in my Tract Depository days in Toronto in 1884. Toronto, like Brooklyn, was called the City of Churches—no idle designation, for that beautiful red-brick city was dotted with scores of dignified church buildings. The stately spires reached what was then high into the heavens, giving a picturesque sky-line to the city; indeed, with its luxuriant growth of shade-trees, its low buildings, and this miniature forest of temple spires, it looked more like a large English village than a growing and thriving New World city. In a very genuine sense everyone was supposed to be Christian. Except in the Methodist and Primitive Methodist churches there could be heard no rattling of the spiritual sabres, but in these two there were the increasing calls to arms and to the means of grace, either for first conversion or for return from back-sliding. The Plymouth Brethren were instant in season and out of season. Their meeting-places were small and obscure, after the manner of the early Christians, but silently and unobtrusively, singly or in pairs, they went about their work of salvation. Sober, sad, and grim, they presented their ascetic Jesus for the acceptance of the multitude. They were all men; chiefly they wore untrimmed beards after the manner of Hofmann, and I do not recall ever seeing a woman member of their close-communication sect. Probably they followed the Apostolic injunction, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," for they were literalists. Their

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teaching was sound and convincing—Calvinist to the extreme. Once their work was done it was done for eternity.

In 1885 the great revivalists Moody and Sankey came to Toronto. Their brief visit of three days was more in the nature of stimulation for the churches than an evangelical campaign. I had a message to deliver to Mr. Moody. I did not come directly into contact with him, but a kindly soul took me by the arm and raised me to the platform where the enormous choir sat, and I had my first glimpse of the great evangelist in action. My only reward was to be chided for tardiness and delay. The next visiting evangelist was Sam Jones, the Georgian. He was accompanied by his singer E. O. Excell and his running-mate Sam Small. He held forth for a month in a huge skating-rink temporarily transformed into a tabernacle. His was a brand-new type of religion for Torontonians. He was melodramatic, dynamic—the more staid thought of him as vulgar. His singer, Excell, was a master of mass control; he might easily have become conductor of some mighty chorus. As it was he had the whole city ringing with the tuneful air of his new gospel song "He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star." Sam Small, tall, spare, and languid (a Texan, I think) was little more than a lay reader or at times pinch-hitter for Sam Jones. After a month of liberal gate-receipts they went on their triumphant way, leaving with Torontonians the sense that a great circus had come, spread tents, entertained, and gone, leaving the surface of the community unrippled.

The Salvation Army was at its maximum of strength as a militant religious force and held nightly street-corner meetings. Itinerant and local evangelists of the minor brackets also held forth on street-corners. Toronto was religious socially and municipally. A great and noble merchant and philanthropist, William H. Howland, was elected mayor in a special surge of moral and religious fervour. In the Council Chamber over the Mayor's miniature throne he had emblazoned in foot-high letters the scriptural injunction "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh in vain."

Born and raised in an Irish Presbyterian atmosphere, I heard

little of religion, but was expected to see much, for like the children of the household religion was to be seen and not heard. As art that conceals art is the acme of genuine artistic expression, so it was a religion that concealed religion that was the standard of my home. My father was a simple-minded, inventive genius of few words. I have never known him to use the words "very" or "indeed." His Aye was Aye and his Nay was Nay. He was a regular and faithful attendant at Sunday morning services. He chose for his church home one of the least prominent and superficially inactive of the many Presbyterian churches. Nothing seemed to disturb the even and controlled piety of that small but faithful few who regularly gathered for worship under the guidance of the Rev. John Smith, D.D. But one day Pastor John saw a great light—he had ministered faithfully to the few, neglecting the many. His remorse took the form of a new zeal and energy, yet he needs must call for help from outside. He invited Ferdinand Schiverea, the reformed Brooklyn blacksmith evangelist, to conduct a series of revival-meetings in the staid old Erskine Church. Father paid no attention to the week-day services and on Sunday morning, as was his wont, he appeared in his regular pew—now almost filled by strangers. Schiverea, rough and ready, more like a gangster than a preacher, held forth with a native if inelegant unction and zeal. At the conclusion he drew the net and extended the call for all those who wanted to be saved to rise to their feet. My outraged father took his hat and stick, rose to his feet, and stalked from the church. He wanted to be saved, yes—but from Schiverea. Next he tried another church—Cooke's Presbyterian, where a young Irishman, William Patterson, preached with Spurgeon-like simplicity and success, so much so that a new building had been rendered necessary to contain the crowds eager to hear. Partially to defray the cost of the new building, special Sunday services and collections were held under the leadership of imported talent. Unfortunately my father chose for the day of his first attendance one when the Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., of *The Lost Ten Tribes* fame, was the cheer leader. Father again left in spiritual rebellion and disgust—was there no place left for quiet unmolested worship!

Regularly from that day onward each Sunday morning he mounted his bicycle and took to the woods and wild flowers and the simple God of nature.

By and large I saw much of the evangelists and their *entourages*; always they had their leading singers, they were billed on the hoardings in the cities after the manner of theatrical companies—Moody and Sankey; Sam Jones and Excell; Chapman and Alexander; Torrey and Towner; and so on. There were many who rose high above the common level: Maud Ballington Booth of the Volunteers of America, an offshoot from the Salvation Army when Ballington refused blindly to obey the orders of his General father. She was the most finished, graceful, accomplished, and winning woman speaker I have ever heard from any platform; her mission was to the cultured and wealthy Christians in appeal for support of her all-American army.

The Maréchal—a daughter of General William Booth of the Salvation Army. She has a married name but she used it so seldom that few remember it or address her by it. She is known and dearly beloved as the Maréchal. She worked much in America. She had that gift of oratory which seems to be inherent in every member of the Booth family. She was simple, devout, sincere, and lovable. I published her book—her life-story, a book of inherent charm and credibility. She had little or no money but I trusted her implicitly, sometimes in very considerable sums, and invariably she paid. At one time we were alone in my office in New York. We were having some trifling misunderstanding concerning an account. She seemed perplexed. I had every confidence in our book-keeping but that meant nothing to this dear mystic. Suddenly she said, "Let us ask God about this." Down on her knees, with the further side of my desk as an altar, she supplicated her God—and mine—for a direct answer in settlement of our problem. What was I to do? I could not possibly disappoint her faith in an ever present Helper in time of need. I volunteered myself as the means of an answer to her pleading. The account would be settled her way—which to her was God's way. She was no mere strategist. She was a saint; I revere her memory.

There were a host of others, the great and dignified. There was one group best represented by M. B. Williams—a shrewd, punctilious, finely groomed and tailored polished gentleman from Georgia. You have never heard of him? Few in metropolitan centres or even cities of the second and third size ever did. He was what I called a high-grass evangelist. He chose for his operations the smaller cities and towns of the Middle West. He would descend upon these towns with all the fury of an avenging God—he would castigate, implore, plead. He would so work upon the emotions and the fears and the superstitions of the people of these towns that finally the entire business of the place would close down some week-day for prayer, supplication, and contribution to the work. It was M. B. Williams Day! A red-letter day for the community. A yellow-back day for Williams. Yes, he did exceedingly well, this merchant traveller for the Kingdom of God. He would come to Chicago—of all places—for rest, meditation, and prayer and the proper organization of his next itinerary. He must have checked all his religious paraphernalia in the luggage-room of his last small town, for I never could discover any great piety in my meetings with him. On the contrary, I found him a fine, almost a convivial, dinner and evening companion.

The intellectual group is best represented by the Rev. Reuben A. Torrey, D.D., a man of great vigour and personality. A Yale man, he graduated with honours from that university at the age of nineteen. He told me, and I have never heard him contradicted, that in point of years he was the youngest graduate from that great seat of learning. I have no knowledge of him from the time of his graduation until he appeared in Chicago in the nineties as pastor of the Moody Church and head of the Moody Bible Institute, a training-school for evangelists, also in Chicago. After that I knew him intimately under all conditions of life, and I could never find a flaw in him as a man or as a Christian. He was a forceful, incisive, logical, cultured preacher, exhorter, and teacher. He came from a distinguished Puritan New England family. With all his learning he remained, or had become, a Fundamentalist. I rather think his earlier intention had been to study law; certainly he had

every equipment for distinction at the bar. These same qualities he brought to the service of religion. He was a debater and an advocate to be feared. Of commanding presence and strong resonant voice, he dominated any audience or assembly. He was equally well at home and at ease with an audience made up of the slum people of Chicago or of the most intellectual of groups. His was a downright sincerity. With all his splendid intellectual development he was simplicity itself in his manner of living and in his approach to people. He was fearless physically and mentally. He was built like a prize-fighter, large-chested with tremendous chest expansion, arms of iron. He exercised daily and kept himself fit. At times when we would be having friendly contention about some publishing arrangement he would square off, defy my pen and my figures, and dare me to make physical settlement of our affairs. Needless to say, the settlement was quickly made at my desk, for I was only a golfer.

He wrote many books, all concise, clear, and convincing. Some of these books became, and still are, text-books in schools and colleges where Fundamentalism is taught. The extraordinary humanity and simplicity of the man is best illustrated by this little anecdote. Two of his younger children became dangerously ill of diphtheria. John Alexander Dowie was at the height of his alleged healing power. In his distraction Dr. Torrey called upon Mr. Moody and counselled with him as to the advisability of calling upon Dowie to exercise his divine (?) power of healing and save the children. Mr. Moody, with his usual far-sighted sagacity, demurred, for he could have no faith in Dowie, and the association of Torrey and Moody with a charlatan would have far-reaching and damaging effect on Moody's work, while it would only add to the fame and popularity of Dowie. But Torrey was distraught and almost beside himself in anguish. He asked of Mr. Moody, "Do you not believe in the prayer of faith and the healing power of God?" "Yes," replied Mr. Moody, "I do. I would pray to God, all the while running like lightning for the best doctor I could find. God heals by way of doctors just as efficiently as by direct supplication." Torrey ran for more doctors; the crisis came and passed.

The children lived. The integrity of the Moody work was maintained unimpaired. At a comparatively young age and despite his physical vigour, Dr. Torrey passed on. After all the years I can scarcely think of him as not here, for I expected he would long survive me.

Towering high above those of all men in and out of the church and religion stand the life and figure of Dwight Lyman Moody. So many "lives" have been written of him, so many studies made of him and his methods and his work, that I dare not add to the number. Before his mortal remains were cold in death his home at Northfield was filled with secretaries and typewriting machines and expert writers gathered to complete the authorized "life" by his son William Revell Moody. These were the days of house-to-house canvassing and selling by book-agents. Prospectuses were hastily prepared and advance sales well under way almost before the funeral day. Not far distant in another New England home was gathered another great corps of operators busily engaged under the editorial direction of the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., in preparing a rival "life," also for subscription sale by a publisher other than Revell. And so they cast lots for his garments. There are some things no biographer has yet stated; some interesting facts which I remember. Above all else I would like to do tribute to the memory of one of America's great souls—my great friend.

Naturally my first acquaintance came about through my association with Fleming H. Revell Company. From the outset, fortunately for me, he accepted me as a militant Christian, for I never could have withstood his penetrating cross-examination. Or perhaps, as in the case of the unjust steward, he heeded his Master's injunction, "I tell you, use Mammon, dishonest as it is, to make friends for yourselves so that when you die they may welcome you to the eternal abodes"—I quote from Moffatt's translation of the New Testament. At first because of the frequent absences of Mr. Revell and then later for other reasons, he chose to make his publishing arrangements through me. Mr. Moody was a New Englander and had all of the Yankee shrewdness. He

was a merchant by instinct—but a wholesale merchant. He thought and acted in terms of the many rather than the few. If he could fill vast auditoriums, why limit his activities to mere chapels? But let there be no misunderstanding—the individual in trouble or in doubt never failed in finding his sympathy and help. Material things were one matter, things of the soul and the spirit quite another. Not content with the speaking of the word, he developed broad and ambitious plans for the wide distribution of the printed message. He established the Bible Institute Colportage Association. He put at the head of its operations a young man, his son-in-law, a graduate of Trinity University, Dublin, by name A. P. Fitt. Mr. Moody's objective was twofold: the wider circulation in cheap form of sound religious books, and the giving of employment to a small army of men and women as colporteurs or itinerant booksellers. Both of these objects were achieved. Millions of copies of the Colportage Library were printed and sold. The work assumed large proportions as a publishing enterprise. Mr. Moody preferred to do all of his publishing through Revell; many of the books selected by Moody were Revell copyrights. Revell contended that as he was being invited to build up a strong competing organization, he was entitled to more than an ordinary profit. Mr. Moody, and especially Fitt, maintained that the Colportage work was benevolent and that Revell should not be extortionate. These two shrewd men—one calculating and mercenary, the other equally shrewd but grandly fair—met in silent conflict. Moody did not want an open rupture with his brother-in-law Revell, but the Irishman in Fitt was welcoming a fight in the cause of righteousness. The upshot of the struggle was that I became liaison between the contenders. I had many a battle with Revell over price-concessions to Mr. Moody and Fitt, but in the end succeeded in preserving the balance of equity and deterred Fitt from embarking, as he very well might have done, on a publishing operation on his own account. The result was satisfactory. Mr. Moody got cheaper books. Revell made handsome profit; the paper-makers, the printers, and the bookbinders held one side of the bag.

To keep in touch with Mr. Moody I had to go to New York,

Northfield, Chicago, Atlanta, Boston, or anywhere else in the United States he might be. Once when Mr. Moody was holding meetings in Tremont Temple, Boston, I had to go to him on important business. I called at his hotel but he was about to leave for Tremont Temple. I must go along. As soon as he got there he was busy with his Boston friends. Service-time arrived. Again I must come along. This time up to the magnificent pulpit of Tremont Temple. There were three thronelike chairs. Mr. Moody took the centre one and motioned me to the one at his right. And there I sat or stood throughout a rather lengthy afternoon service, fearful every moment that I might be called upon for prayer or testimony—but after all Mr. Moody was a very wise man. At another time he was holding meetings in Chicago at the Auditorium. No service was scheduled for Sunday afternoon. I asked him why. "Costs too much," he replied. "They ask \$350 for the Auditorium for Sunday afternoons, twice the week-day price, and I do not have the money available. You get the money and I'll do the preaching." "It's a bargain," I said. I went to my office, sent out forty letters by A.D.T. messengers to as many of my friends asking for \$10 from each for a men's service at the Auditorium the following Sunday. It is a fine tribute to Mr. Moody that within two hours I handed to him more than the necessary amount; the Auditorium was crowded that Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Moody did not permit collections at his services—all was done by voluntary and spontaneous contribution. These contributions came in great numbers and for many large sums. Everyone knew that their subscriptions went to the prosecution of the evangelical or educational work inaugurated by and carried on under the directive genius and inspiration of Mr. Moody. He was highly discriminating in his acceptance of donations. Their source must be sound to the point of purity. In one instance of my personal knowledge he received a cheque for \$50,000 from one of America's best-known merchants. To all outward appearances this man was a devoted, energetic, God-fearing, and God-serving man, consistent in his life and service, a philanthropist. He founded and was the main support of a large mission church in one of America's

largest cities. Mr. Moody returned the cheque with this message: "If you will confess to your God and inform your wife of your relations with another woman, I will be glad to have your contribution to my work." The cheque did not come back. That man's name disappeared from the list of Moody's supporters. I know for a positive fact, and it is common knowledge, that every penny of income, whether from direct contribution, royalties on his own books, royalties on his hymn-books—*Gospel Hymns* in America and *Sacred Songs and Solos* in Great Britain—went to the general fund for his work. Quite properly he used the income from these sources to defray the cost of travel and living as he moved about, but for his private living at his farm and home in New England he did not touch a penny. So meticulous was he, so frugal in his personal expenditure, that some of his most devoted followers made it their practice to send to Mrs. Moody annual cheques with the express proviso that these particular sums were for the personal use and comfort of the Moody household and family. Robert Scott, of Morgan and Scott, London publishers of *Sacred Songs and Solos*, sent a cheque, so long as he lived, for £1,000 each New-Year's Day for Mr. Moody's personal purse. But even these friends were not entirely immune from the generosity and zeal of his work. The sale of his hymn-books the world over was prodigious and the resultant income great. These were published under the editorship of Ira D. Sankey, Mr. Moody's colleague, coevangelist, and choir-leader.

Mr. Moody was the dynamic force back of every movement with which he was associated. The royalty income to the evangelists was divided between Moody and Sankey in equal parts. Mr. Moody hoped and expected that Sankey's share would be devoted, as was his own, to the furthering of the good work among that great public responsible for the production of the income. But this was not to be. Despite Mr. Moody's pleadings Sankey gradually obtained financial control of the Biglow and Main Company, the publishers in America of these hymn-books. He also further extended his commercial operations by becoming the American manufacturer and merchandiser of Dr. Deimel's

linen-mesh underwear. These adventures absorbed much of Sankey's time and militated against his fervour and zeal as an evangelist. Mr. Moody became alarmed. He could not countenance the slightest taint of undue worldliness or avarice on the part of himself or his coadjutor. The break came. Sankey disappeared into the world of material things and is remembered now only as Moody and Sankey, and then only by those of long and retentive memory.

It was but natural that in so great a work many zealous followers, speakers, teachers, and evangelists would be attracted to Mr. Moody and his work. Mr. Moody was human and could err in judgment, but if there ever arose a breath of scandal or reproach, the man or the woman involved was summarily dropped from further participation in the work. There was one outstanding example. An East Indian evangelist, by name simply David, had come to America on invitation of Mr. Moody, who had known of David's work in England. He was an apparently consecrated and obviously successful preacher and evangelist. In conversion to Christianity David had submitted spiritually but not physically. He still maintained his oriental attitude towards women. In small meetings with women he would take the simile of Christ using the clay to apply to the eyes of the blind and the resulting restoration of sight. But David went far beyond his Master. The clay of his body applied to that of the woman gave of perfection and sanctity. He acquired a devoted following. Indeed, he established a system of harems wherever he travelled. These moral irregularities came to the knowledge of Mr. Moody. He telegraphed David that if he did not leave America within one week, steps would immediately be instituted for prosecution. David disappeared across the Atlantic en route for India.

The story has been told so often that detailed repetition of Mr. Moody's educational work and efforts is not necessary. Denied in his youth the advantages of education, he was zealous that the young people of his day should be given opportunity of sound education up to the conclusion of preparatory days. He himself had made of the world of men and things a university. He

acquired a knowledge and a finish that made him one of the most cogent of reasoners and speakers. He had the gift of a simple, forceful, and compelling oratory. He never quite mastered the art of spelling. One day as he was addressing an envelope beside Mr. Revell, he hesitated and inquired, "Fleming, how do you spell Philadelphia—f-e-l or f-i-l?"

He founded these three institutions: the Northfield Seminary for Girls; the Mount Hermon School for Boys; the Moody Bible Institute at Chicago for the training and education of young men and young women for evangelistic work—and not infrequently as it happened for the ministry and the pulpit. The first two of these were near his home in Massachusetts, where, when not travelling about, he gave to those institutions his personal supervision. For a small annual fee, or on scholarship when extreme poverty intervened, boys and girls were admitted to the privileges and benefits of these schools. He engaged thoroughly equipped and qualified teachers. The study of the Bible was a part of the curriculum, but in all other respects these schools were modelled on the lines of the best preparatory schools of their day. Manual work was obligatory for the boys, household work for the girls. The graduates were wholesome, cultivated young men and young women. These schools still flourish and have become a lasting memorial to the sanity, far-sightedness, and holy zeal of their founder.

In dynamic force, energy, and personal magnetism D. L. Moody in my mind makes the third of a great trinity, the other two being Theodore Roosevelt and David Lloyd George. All three were great leaders of men—like them or not, agree with them or not, it must be conceded that they were prophets in their own eras. Had Mr. Moody continued in his first job in the shoe business nothing could have deterred him from becoming one of America's great merchants. But the Civil War intervened; he enlisted and became a lay padre to his comrades in arms. He emerged from the army fired with a zeal for the peace of the nation, for the peace of the souls of men. He was never a pacifist. He was a crusader. He would have been a great general in any time of national emergency. He was a patriot, for he yielded to Caesar

the things which were Caesar's. If I have not become too iterative I would once again stress his outstanding common sense as his greatest human quality. He was the creator of maxims. One of his choicest was, "If I want milk I go to a cow giving plenteously—if I want support I depend upon the liberal giver, not the miserly." To all walks of life this applied; if he wanted something accomplished he drafted the busiest workers, not the drones.

Like all great leaders, Mr. Moody became somewhat dynastic in his point of view—not from any sense of a dominating ego but rather from real desire to see his work carried on along the lines of his founding and success. As he approached the end of his life, he expressed the desire that his kingdom be divided into three principalities. To his favourite and adored son, Paul Dwight, he gave custody of the welfare of Northfield Seminary. To his older son, William Revell, the fortunes of Mount Hermon were entrusted. To his son-in-law, A. P. Fitt, was given the direction of the Bible Institute at Chicago with its colportage affiliations. Seemingly an equitable and fair division if any three could ever hope to succeed to the genius and energy of one so vital and dynamic. Discussion arose, as the eldest son, William, claimed right to the homestead at Northfield and its proximate Northfield Seminary. With great fraternal grace Paul yielded and accepted Mount Hermon, but the two institutions were so closely interwoven that W.R. found difficulty in distinguishing between the two; he exercised administrative authority over all. Paul, more teacher and mystic than administrator, yielded again to the stubborn insistence of his elder brother and shortly resigned from Mount Hermon, leaving a cleft that never was quite healed. W.R.M., more fiscally than spiritually minded, continued his somewhat abortive administration until a few years before his death. He was given Irish promotion to chairman of the Board of Trustees, the present effective administration was introduced, and the work goes bravely on—not exactly on the lines of the founder but in tune with religious thought and movement of the day.

Paul studied at Union Theological Seminary in New York, be-

came associate pastor of one of New York's leading Presbyterian churches, from which, as I have already noted, he graduated to become the president of Middlebury College at Middlebury, Vermont—a position which he maintains with great success and dignity.

At Chicago the situation was rather complex. Gifted and erudite as was A. P. Fitt, he had not acquired by heredity or even by absorption sufficient of the gifts of D. L. Moody to qualify him for so great an administrative position, for it involved the direction of such stalwarts as Reuben Torrey, James M. Gray, and others—trained leaders of American collegiate life. He retired to Northfield and applied his own real gifts to editorial work in the interests of all three institutions.

If Enoch walked with God, ambling somewhere in the shady glades of Eden, the third in the trio might well be Dwight Lyman Moody counselling as to how great the throng could be when final judgment should be decreed. He was a great man and a good—like Old John Brown, his soul certainly goes marching on.

PART NINE

Which Concerns a Series of Particular Events

CHAPTER XLII

THE SEA

SIXTY or more round-trip voyages across the Atlantic within thirty years means the spending of a minimum of a hundred and twenty weeks aboard ship. Translated into years, this becomes two years and one hundred and twelve days spent at sea, for the most part on luxurious liners and in goodly company. Too much and too important time to be ignored. My first voyages were on the White Star liners *Cedric* and *Baltic*; the latter with her 23,500 tons was the sensation of her day, not speedy, scarcely luxurious as measured by a very few later, but commodious, steady, and comfortable. That was not so very long ago in point of years, but in discipline and conventionality (I almost said and meant morals) it was ages ago, for card-playing was not allowed in the public rooms on Sunday, in fact a rural England Sabbath calm encompassed the ship. We might smoke only surreptitiously in the state rooms. Long tables in a dining-saloon where only strictly English meals were served and at limited stated hours. No state rooms with private baths. There was a stark simplicity about it all. It was not a floating hotel, but just a ship, an English ship where one felt relaxed and secure and at sea. The atmosphere of the leviathan of its day was cordial and friendly; the smoking-room, strictly reserved for men, became a club where men might meet and fraternize from early morning until at 10:50 each night the smoking-room steward would call, "Gentlemen, the bar will close in ten minutes." And it did. By 11:15 the smoking-room was in complete darkness, no dancing or *cabaret* disturbed the quiet stillness of the ocean night. The tempest might rage and the winds howl through the rigging, but the sturdy old *Baltic* ploughed her way over (not through) the waves, calmly indifferent to wind

and weather. In my several crossings on this good ship, I made friendships which have prevailed through the years. You need not be reminded, Messmore, that it was in 1906 we first met aboard the *Baltic*. It was on this same ship that two or three times I met H. Gordon Selfridge, as he was formulating and completing his plans for a highly successful invasion of London. He told us of his acquisition of property, the restrictions of building, his futile battle with the law of ancient lights, the mansard roof staggered back from the building line to give him requisite shopping-area. All of these things were baffling to this dynamic Chicago merchant, who hitherto had known only the sky as the limit. He was completely stumped when, after planning the floors of his building after the American model with floor-wide open spaces with only slight supporting pillars in the clear, he discovered that English law required a fire wall every forty feet. So on one voyage of the *Baltic* from Liverpool, Selfridge was on mission to Ohio, solely to arrange for the purchase of numberless sheet-iron rolling partitions to enable him to comply with London building ordinances, very generously modified to permit the use of this innovation from America. From that day to this, I have watched the career of Selfridge & Co. with great and absorbing interest. While it is true that Selfridge could not make his store truly American, and after a few months' effort he really did not want to, nevertheless he revolutionized West End London shopping and introduced some Selfridge-Marshall Field principles that have been adopted by all large and progressive London shops. Two of these are "The customer is rarely wrong" and "The visiting customer is a potential buyer and enjoys the freedom of looking about without being persecuted by salespeople."

It was on the *Baltic* in 1907 that I renewed my friendship with James Clarke, who was to be so closely identified with my entire publishing life.

In 1907 the Cunard Line launched their two great ships *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*, each of 31,500 tons, and with a luxuriousness and a speed never before contemplated. From that time onward I sailed on these two ships whenever possible. They were the most

comfortable ships afloat, their cuisine was a happy combination of American, French, and English, their speed saved two full business days each way; but chiefly I chose these two liners because after a very short time I discovered there was a floating Cunard community. So much so that in regular December and July crossings, I would meet the same travellers over and over again, until I found embarking on *Lusitania* and *Mauretania* was like going to my favourite clubs. Not only were the passengers familiar and the atmosphere friendly and welcoming, but the ship's company was made up of officers and stewards the finest afloat. To this day, I meet the stewards who thirty years and more ago cared for me; their greeting is always hearty, considerate, quite like that of an old retainer in one's own family, just familiar enough to make one feel entirely at home.

It is distressing to realize how quickly the years go by, and nothing has manifested to me more forcibly the evanescence of time and of man than the passing of the skippers of the great liners. On the Cunard I have seen these go by: Pritchard, Turner, Barr, Dow, Charles, Prothero, Diggle, Rostron, Irvin, Milsam, McNeil, and others whose names escape me; and on the White Star, Haddock, Smith, Ransom, and Hayes. The one whose retirement gave me greatest pause was S. G. McNeil, "Sandy" to his intimates. He was first officer on the *Lusitania* in 1908. I followed him as first he joined the Royal Navy for the war period, then as master of the *Andania*, and other of the lesser ships, and then as commander of the *Mauretania*, from which ship he reluctantly went permanently ashore some two or three years ago. The retiring age was then sixty-two. While I knew I was of those years, I was not willing that the masterful and virile Sandy should have grown older with me. Indeed the most saddening events of my life are the passings of my contemporaries. Of my old poker seven only three survive.

Somerset Maugham once said to me that he was much struck in reading the obituary columns of the New York papers by the relatively young age at which Americans died. Since then I have taken more notice, and have found how right he is. The average

age at death of the twenty-two Presidents of the United States, from William Henry Harrison to Calvin Coolidge, was (omitting the three assassinated) slightly over sixty-five years; so that the steamship company's retiring age of sixty-two would seem to have justification.

On one voyage on the *Adriatic*, as I boarded the ship Captain Ransom hailed me from the bridge. At once he confided to me that this was his last voyage, he would reach the age-limit on this crossing. He sent for Purser Shepard and ordered that I be given the best available suite on board. Then he asked that I spend all my time possible with him, either on the bridge, in his quarters, or in mine. He was desolated. Seemingly at the height of his vigour, he was being stripped of his gold braid and retired—well, at best to a little cottage and garden near the sea, where on his pension of \$1,200 a year he could gaze on his salty kingdom and mourn away the last of his days.

One day when I was in London with big "Bill" Tilden of tennis fame, we got to talking about years and he delivered himself of a grand piece of philosophy. He was finished with his amateur matches, saying that tennis was a young man's game, and then went on to say, "Today I played as good a game as I ever played in my life, but I cannot be sure of myself." So I suppose after sixty-two the directors of large shipping companies feel that they cannot be certain of a man or men.

On one *Mauretania* voyage from New York, George Ade came aboard, accompanied by John B. Drake of Chicago. They were much in the smoking-room and both very popular. One day Drake got into a big poker-game. The steward came to Ade and said, "You had better warn your friend he is playing with some professional gamblers." "No," retorted the fabler, "I'll warn the gamblers."

Apart from friendship, I have made some very valuable publishing contacts on these ocean voyages, not deliberately sought or planned, but there is something so fraternal about meetings at sea that friendships naturally succeed a week's intimate travel together. During four years of the war I crossed once or twice each

year, and these are among my most interesting recollections. On one voyage in 1915 were Frederic William Wile and Hamilton Fyfe, both associated with the Northcliffe press. The day after my arrival in London, there came an invitation to luncheon with Lord Northcliffe at his house in Carlton Terrace. All but Lord Northcliffe and one or two others were fellow passengers on our ship *Lusitania*. My neighbour at luncheon must have been a newspaper man, for in the succeeding day's issue of the *Daily Mail* appeared a résumé of our conversation, in which I had told of the books by English authors then most popular in America. I had mentioned all those authors I could think of. Unfortunately I had not mentioned V. Sackville-West or Marie Corelli. Next day I had a letter from the old Lady Sackville, complaining I had made no mention of her daughter's book and extending a command invitation that I lunch with her and James L. Garvin of the *Observer* to give an account of myself. I was obliged to decline, but that same evening I met Garvin at Arnold Bennett's and besought him to help me compose the situation, for I was devoted to Vita Sackville-West and would gladly have done anything to add to her popularity and her mother's peace of mind. The *Observer* had already reviewed Sackville-West's book and could not make further specific mention of it, but he would send an interviewer and I could refer to the book in such way as I might choose. Again I made reference to the popular English writers in America, and again I did not mention Marie Corelli. These interviews provoked two letters from Marie Corelli's agent, which quoted her as saying that since I had not seen fit to come to see her at Stratford-on-Avon (I had made the stupid trip twice,) and as I had not mentioned her among the leading English authors popular in America, she desired all contracts with me to be cancelled. A dispensation of Providence! Marie had come under official British censure for the hoarding of sugar and food. Her star, already much on the wane, was threatened with eclipse by the sentimental British public. Her sales had been falling rapidly and I was in a quandary with respect to my contract, which called for heavy advance payments. I controlled my desire to telegraph

acceptance of her mandate. Instead I wrote a letter of deepest regret, definitely accepting her cancellation. One of my most profitable visits to London, for Marie's pique saved me not less than \$20,000.

I was a passenger on the last completed east-bound voyage of the *Lusitania*. On board among others were Colonel E. M. House, Harry P. Davison, Jesse Jones, now chairman of R.F.C., Ivy Lee, Mark Sullivan, Thompson Seton, and the senior Senator from Iowa and at least two hundred others, chiefly Americans. All went well until we were off the Irish coast, then the ship began running in a zigzag course and from the foremast flew the Stars and Stripes instead of the Union Jack. The day before five ships had been submarined at the mouth of the Mersey. As was customary in war days, no lights were shown and passengers were obliged to remain indoors after darkness. About one o'clock in the morning, I met the skipper in the companionway of A deck, "Paddy" Dow, one of the oldest and most experienced of Cunard commanders. I cornered him and asked, "Skipper, why all this zig-zagging and flying of the American flag?" He replied, "I have been keeping my course and can come into port under any flag I choose, and next to the Jack I choose the Stars and Stripes." "Come across and tell me the real reason," said I. "I do not know you very well, and besides—" I interrupted him to say I was a damn good fellow and he had no need to fear. Then he exploded: "We may be blown to hell any minute. I cannot stop for a pilot and must go up the East Stack without lights; but for God's sake do not tell the women." Poor old Paddy. That voyage broke his morale and his nerve. He took us safely to Liverpool but I do not think he ever again sailed as master.

On February 2, the day after the declaration by Germany of unrestricted submarine warfare, I took passage on *S.S. Philadelphia* of the American Line because my family and business associates urged me not to sail on British ships. She was all lighted up like a Christmas tree, with six-foot letters on her side telling all the world that she was a neutral ship of American register. She was in charge of Skipper Lucas, his first major command. We left

Prince's landing-stage at Liverpool at 5 P.M. Saturday, February 3. On board were De Lancey Nicoll of New York, and Robert McKenzie of Edinburgh, the seventy-year-old associate of the house of Morgan and adviser to Scottish investors in American securities. De Lancey and I were old friends, as were he and McKenzie. So we settled ourselves for a symposium in the smoking-room. With the aid of Scotch and soda we became quite friendly, but our conviviality took the form of a rather animated discussion on the immortality of the soul, for in those days, the future life seemed to assume a new and greater importance. At best immortality is a negative sort of subject, and we had not at all exhausted our arguments when we were summoned to dinner at the captain's table, where we were joined by De Lancey's temporary wards, Miss Van Wyck and one other woman under convoy of the genial De Lancey. The immortality debate was adjourned until at eight o'clock, over cigars, coffee, and liqueurs, we resumed hostilities. McKenzie was that rather rare man among Scots, a professed infidel. De Lancey was a clever lawyer and of course a debater of quality and force. I was a simple Presbyterian with a legendary inherent belief in the Shorter Catechism and the Westminster Confession of Faith. I could believe, but I could not debate—merely be temporarily pious and emotional. We were getting nowhere in particular, so finally I said to the seventy-year-old McKenzie, "Is your mother living?" With great contempt he snorted, "Of course not." Then my clinching question, "And do you never expect to see your sainted mother again?"

Before he could respond, there was a swishing of the sea as we heeled to starboard as our helm was put over. Then a dull thud. Then an eruption on deck that sounded as though we had been blown to bits. We listed still further to starboard. There was neither panic nor pandemonium. But there was grave apprehension, and from out the state rooms, in all states of dishabille, came the early retirers, for it was now about 9:30. One poor soul, a woman member of the oldest profession in the world, had let her pocket-book slip from over her knee, and from her stocking had poured on to the deck all her savings.

The crew, a scratch crew, were completely disorganized and fled to the boats. Every steward had deserted his post, and for forty-five minutes we drifted aimlessly as a ship, as a ship's company, and as individuals. No one could tell us what had occurred or what might occur. One life-boat was successfully launched; the crew of four aboard her cut the ropes and left the rest of us to our fate. The sea was rough, black, and angry. We fired rockets, but no British ship dared to come to our aid and risk being torpedoed. There we were, left to our own devices and the contemplation of an immortality which seemed to be singularly immanent. In my wanderings about the ship, I fell in with a steward who said to me, "Mr. Doran, do you remember me? I am La Toy. I was your head waiter on the *Lusitania*." Gladly I remembered him. He gave me the number of his station and its location and assured me he would take care of me in the event of further disaster. From him I learned that we had come into collision with a British sailing-vessel bound from Ireland to Holyhead. After the first impact, the boom of the sailing-vessel had swept our deck, carrying off all the railings and boats on our port side.

After an hour, we were assured of safety. In three hours we began to steam slowly back to the Mersey. At ten on Sunday morning, we came to anchor opposite Prince's landing-stage. From up out of the bowels of the ship came a very weary, very bleary old boy, who rubbed his bloodshot eyes, looked out over the place where the rail had been, across to the city, and exclaimed, "Jesus Christ! haven't we left Liverpool yet!"

I never saw McKenzie again. By this time both De Lancey and he know all about immortality, while I am still in doubt as to whether McKenzie and I will meet and where.

Wednesday evening, following our unwilling return to Liverpool, we embarked on *R.M.S. Adriatic*, Commander Ransom on the bridge. The life-boats were all swung out on their davits. We wore life-belts for forty-eight hours, until we were outside the danger-zone. We breathed easily once more and finally recovered from our fear of submarines; but it was many a long day before I could hear with any degree of complacency any inordinate noise

or racket. By courtesy of the British Government, I was accorded passage on *R.M.S. Aquitania* when she was a troop-ship—in 1919, when she was transporting Canadian troops to Halifax. Gone all the glory of war. There were nearly 5,000 unhappy, discontented men returning to a greater unhappiness and discontent. Later on in London, when I saw the seemingly endless regiments of soldiers swarming up and down the Strand, awaiting demobilization, I conceived a violent hatred of khaki and war. Even then the returning soldier was a menace to the industrial peace of his own land. As late as 1920, the passenger service between England and America was still much disorganized and one could not pick and choose ships or routes. Thus it came that I sailed in January of that year on *S.S. Carmania*. We were off the banks of Newfoundland one evening, just at the dinner-hour. We were in a blinding snowstorm, driven by a great gale. The sea was very rough. While seated at dinner in the saloon, again there came the heeling over of the ship and the ominous swish, which from my *Philadelphia* experience I had learned to dread. I rushed up to the deck just in time to see a great monster with one green eye and one red eye bearing down upon us. There was a violent impact on our starboard quarter, a crunching of broken rails and plates. Suddenly we came to an abrupt stop. I turned to go to my cabin. Every officer and every steward stood to attention like men on a battle-ship or in an army. From first one and then another I made inquiry, always to be met with the one answer—"Waiting the captain's orders, sir." Such discipline and the promise of such efficiency! We had been rammed by *S.S. Maryland*, 9,500 tons, bound from Baltimore to Liverpool. The snow was so blinding that neither look-out could see a ship's length ahead. The gale was so fierce that fog-horns could not make themselves heard above its rattling. We were not on any one of the regular lanes of travel and it always seemed to me a strange dispensation of Providence that in all the wide expanse of the Atlantic these two corklike ships should collide. The *Carmania* was repaired by timbers and cement. We lay to while the *Coronia* caught up with us and together we limped in to Halifax two days late. A very

narrow escape, for had we been struck a hundred feet further forward, we should have been wrecked and no one of us could have survived that sea.

And I must not forget the surgeons, for the most part men of skill and attainment who seem to have gone to sea to escape some tragedy in their lives on shore. Especially I remember most affectionately and appreciatively Sydney Jones, first of the *Mauretania* and later of the *Aquitania*. For twenty-five years we journeyed together and developed a grand friendship. One year before his retirement in 1932, he married the sweetheart of his youth, now become a grandmother. He lives happily at Herne Hill, scarcely days older than when we first met.

I do not expect ever to cross the Atlantic again, and I want to make this expression of my debt to my old friends of the Cunard Line. While I always paid liberally for my passage, they gave me attention which no money could buy. To be afloat on a Cunarder is of itself a joy, to be an old-timer aboard is to be happily at home, surrounded by every possible luxury.

CHAPTER XLIII

PUBLISHING IN WAR-TIME

IN common with most Americans and thousands upon thousands of British outside the financial and munitions orbits, I had no thought or apprehension of war. True, in 1911 on *R.M.S. Lusitania*, Skipper McNeil, then first officer and later commander of *R.M.S. Mauretania*, was straining on the leash. Germany was building up her navy with new ships of short-distance steaming radius. From McNeil's point of view, these ships were for attack on near-by coasts, England in particular. He was for immediate battle and the smashing of Germany's sea-power.

hostilities. We proceeded to London, a London almost as tranquil as ever. There were some apprehensions, about equally divided between events in Dublin and at Sarajevo; but war, not the slightest fear of it. This was Tuesday, July 28, the day Austria declared war on Serbia. Just another one of those Balkan-states embroglios, so far as the man outside official circles was concerned. Next day apprehensions began. Russia, as the ally of Serbia and other Slavic states, was already involved. France next, and then the great problem. Would England be drawn in by reason of her *entente cordiale* with France? Suddenly the whole temper of London changed; it was divided between those who deemed war impossible and those who thought it inevitable. William Heinemann urged me to join him on a visit to the great Book Exposition at Leipzig. "What about war?" I queried. Nothing further from the German mind than war with her friend England, he insisted. He went. Within a week, he managed to escape to England from Holland on a tramp steamer, without even a toothbrush, a very sadly disillusioned British subject who still loved his Vaterland. Others felt as Heinemann did. England might be taking precautions of preparation, but merely precautions. Sane modern nations would not become involved in war.

Thursday, July 30, I gave the German cashier at the Savoy a London draft for £195 and also my letter of credit for £1,000, the former to be cashed and placed to my credit, the latter to go into the Savoy strong-box for later use. Next day I inquired concerning my cheque. It had not been cashed, but, taking me to one side, the cashier handed me my letter of credit and admonished me to get as much gold coin as I could. I went to Parr's Bank in the Strand and nonchalantly asked for £100 in golden sovereigns. There was hesitation. I must go to the head office of the bank for so large an amount. I insisted that my letter of credit called for gold on presentation. Finally we compromised on £50 in gold and £50 in Bank of England notes. From there I journeyed to the office of Hodder & Stoughton and requested of the crabbed old accountant that he give me gold for my notes. His contempt was superb. "Bank of England notes not good enough for an

American," he sneered. I got my further £50 in gold. Next morning I picked up my draft for £195. It was drawn by my friends the literary agency of Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son. I asked them to send it to their bank and get gold for me. The best they could do was £95 gold and £100 in notes. In one way and another I accumulated a total of 450 sovereigns. In the Savoy restaurant I tendered a £5 note in payment of a 30 shilling dinner-bill. Politely I was asked to sign my restaurant cheque, as was my habit. They were paying out as little coin as possible. Such happenings as this became convincing. Next day, Friday, July 31, the British Treasury declared a moratorium and all specie payments ceased. The August Bank Holiday followed, Friday night to Tuesday morning. In the calm of a summer holiday, England soberly reflected. Suddenly it dawned upon Britishers that something surely was amiss. To be deprived of their gold and silver was appalling. Tuesday, August 2, and the cosmopolitan Savoy became an English hostelry. Gone the German cashier and his Swiss and Italian assistants. Gone all the reception clerks of foreign origin. Gone every Swiss, German, French, and Italian waiter and captain and maître d'hôtel. Gone the exquisite cuisine. Enter roast beef, roast mutton, and cabbage, the one and only period when that restaurant was not the best on earth.

The British ultimatum had gone to Berlin. It lapsed at 11 P.M. London time, August 4. You remember again, Messmore, that you and I and Mary Lawton and one other whose name has escaped me climbed atop a taxi and drove to Buckingham Palace. The crowds were tremendous, the excitement at fever-heat. King George and Queen Mary appeared on the balcony of the palace. The crowd burst into one great chorus of "God Save the King," England's national anthem. Next "Rule Britannia" was tried, but that proved too ponderous for so volatile a crowd. When someone started the "Marseillaise" the whole vast multitude became electrified. The magic of the greatest martial air of the world transmuted that stolid English mass into a mad, wild throng of fighting Britishers. England was at war, alongside France. I was petrified. Here was I, an American citizen, who had forsworn all

allegiance to any foreign potentate or Power, especially to the sovereign of Great Britain, and yet my British extraction asserted itself and I could no more have denied my British sympathy than I could have denied my mother. I thanked God that I was not called upon to choose between my United States and England, and I felt a deep and understanding sympathy for all German Americans.

Wednesday, August 5, we awakened to a sobered world; for the whole world was out of joint. The City of New York owed London \$80,000,000 of a maturing bond-issue. This, the price of three days' fighting in 1916, threw the whole financial machine out of gear. American exchange in London soared to \$5.25. I always owed considerable money in London and a near-panic took hold of me. Obviously my place was in New York tending to my own affairs. The Savoy Hotel was headquarters for the hastily formed American committee to take care of American tourists who had hurried from the Continent. Some were in real distress. Many clamoured and insisted that the United States send war-ships to carry them home. I telephoned to my friends in the Cunard office at Liverpool and asked for accommodation on the first available ship west-bound. The old *Laconia* was sailing Saturday, August 8. The third class had been hastily made over into first, and I could have one of these cabins. Could I have a second one for my friend Messmore Kendall? A pause. Yes, that could be arranged, and that is how you and I, Messmore, had that exciting homeward-bound voyage on the first ship to leave British shores after the declaration of war. We proceeded to Liverpool, I weighted with £450 in gold sovereigns on my person. When I got on board I tried to put them in the care of my friend Charles Spedding, temporarily purser on the *Laconia*, but he had instructions not to accept the custody of any money or valuables. I had to carry that weight of gold around with me for eight days. I consoled myself that in New York I would be rewarded by getting \$5.25 for my \$4.86 sovereigns. Alas! gold was gold anywhere, and worth only its standard value as metal. English bank-notes, which I had despised,

would have been worth \$5.25 to the pound. I never was so tired of money!

We sailed out of Liverpool, a regulation Cunard liner. In our progress down the Irish Sea, the entire ship was repainted; the funnels were striped and the whole colour-scheme of the ship was altered to simulate that of the Swedish-American Line. All outside ports and windows were painted black. At night all doors were locked. Not a match might be struck or a cigarette lighted on deck. We moved steadily along, to all intents and purposes a great black hulk of an abandoned derelict. No wireless communication was permitted. We had such incoming messages as "Laconia, where are you?" The whole German navy was somewhere at sea. We were not to be trapped into giving our position. Reaching the Atlantic, we steamed north so far that while it was early August, we were forced to don sweaters and top-coats. It developed we were part of a convoy of five vessels, three bound for Canada and two for New York. Before leaving London, I had applied to Lloyd's for insurance on my life, but had been summarily declined. It was a weird and fearsome voyage. I was having my first taste of the penalties of war.

In the two days before I sailed, I was called (at the instigation of Hodder-Williams) into conference with members of the hastily formed Ministry of Information. I do not recall all the members I met, nor whether I met them then or later, but they were Sir Gilbert Parker and Colonel John Buchan and C. F. G. Masterman and my old friend Alexander Watt. Point-blank, I was asked if I could be depended on to do some publicity work for the British Foreign Office. I was over forty-five years old, too old for active service or I would willingly have enlisted; I welcomed this opportunity for service to the Anglo-Saxon cause, for I felt it was a common cause for all of us Anglo-Saxons, no matter where we lived. So began my war-time publishing.

Returning to New York, I found great activity in the publishing world. The first reaction was a demand for all books on Germany, Austria, and Russia. Many books long since looked upon as dead became alive. Next there came a perfect spate of reprints

of old-time books of military tactics, then reprints of the books of Nietzsche and other of the ferocious German apostles of armed force. Several of these I published because, in a negative way, they were Allied propaganda, for they were telling peace-loving Americans of the ruthlessness of the Hun, or the Prussian, or whatever other designation the German was known by. Whatever may have been our sympathies since then, recent events have not shown that the Germany of 1934 is any different from the old Germany of 1914; what was violent hatred in the heat of war has now become contempt, disdain, and distrust.

In late August of 1914 there came to me the first of the Ministry of Information commissions. The Germans had reached Lille, and the reports of their atrocities there were embodied in a book of ninety-six pages of which several thousands of copies were to be distributed by mail in the United States to a list of editors and others furnished by the Ministry. This was the beginning of four years of active service. I gave the right of way to the work of the Ministry. The production of their books and pamphlets had precedence over everything else in my organization. In the four years and a little more between August, 1914, and the Armistice, I distributed millions of books and pamphlets.

The plan was that all of these pieces of literature should be sent out over the imprint of George H. Doran Company without the slightest suggestion that they were of British or propaganda origin. I was to charge the absolute net cost of each piece of work, plus a commission of 10 per cent for my company's overhead expense. All postage was at absolute net cost. On each side we were as meticulous as bankers. We rendered our bills in great detail and they were audited by the accountants of Wellington House as carefully as though it was a matter of regular purchase of supplies. This involved considerable delay in settlement, and at times the Ministry would be indebted to my company for as much as \$200,000. As a matter of record and all things considered, I did this work at an actual net money loss to my company, to say nothing of the disturbance to my business as a whole. However, there were collateral benefits. The books and pamphlets were

written by some of the most notable of British authors, and some of their regular publication work came to us because of our service. Then too we became recognized as the foremost house for the publication of war books. On the purely personal side, it gave me opportunity for knowing the members of the British War Ministry, visiting generals, ambassadors, and other distinguished men and women who came to the United States to present the case for the Allies. But above and beyond all else, I had the gratification of being in actual service in the cause of my race, the Anglo-Saxon hegemony. Until the entrance of the United States into the war, my position was somewhat precarious, for while I moved in circles where the spirit and sympathy was all pro-Ally, still as a nation we were rather evenly divided or else so indifferent that special activity on the side of either the Allied or the Central Powers was certain to stir criticism and resentment. Many newspapers were so violently pro-American that they of necessity became anti-Ally. This was particularly true of the great Hearst chain, which in its effort to counteract the pro-Ally sentiment in the United States could easily have been successfully accused of being anti-British.

It would be wearisome, futile, and quite impossible to give in detail all the war-time activities of such a publishing house as mine. Most of them are no longer of interest; but a few instances may be worth recording. From the very outset of the war, the drama centred around the armies of the nations; it was a war of infantry, artillery, motor corps, and later tanks and gas, but chiefly on land so far as the great spectacle was concerned. The battles in the air were short, sharp, and decisive for the individual; but it was difficult to crystallize into narrative the escapades, the adventures, and the strategy of the Air Forces. Chief among all the airmen with whom I came into close contact stands out William A. ("Billy") Bishop, the young Canadian ace, who has been officially credited with bringing down nearly eighty German planes. His book is singularly straightforward and informing (as of its own day), but of necessity it is repetitive, for after all, the most he could say was, "I went up by order of my commander. I scouted

and brought down an enemy plane and returned to my hangar." But Bishop himself was a study. At the very outset of the war, he enlisted in a Canadian regiment and finally succeeded in becoming attached to the British Air Force. He was barely twenty-one at the time. A ruddy-faced, alert young man with nerves of iron and most penetrating steel-blue eyes, he was the calmest, most cold-blooded ace that ever flew the air or handled a rifle or a machine-gun. Affable, soft-spoken, genial, and most companionable as an individual, as a warrior he was murderously ruthless. It was some time in 1917 that the British Government withdrew him from the front and attached him to General Headquarters. Resplendent in the khaki and red uniform of G.H.Q., he was detailed to come to the United States to assist and advise with our army on air matters.

On one occasion on his calling at my office, I was on the point of leaving for an important appointment with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. It occurred to me that they should meet, so I asked Bishop if he would not join me in my call. He quickly and gladly assented. He was in full uniform, and with his swagger-stick was a very imposing and impressive person, a soldier every inch. To the minute, T.R. kept his appointment with me, and I asked if I might introduce my friend, Colonel Bishop. The formula was "Colonel Roosevelt, may I present my friend, the distinguished Colonel Bishop." T.R. gave one quick look, a hearty handshake, and then just this, "Dee-lighted, Colonel Bishop, and in what branch of the service are you engaged?" I had never known the great T.R. to make such a *faux pas*. He must have been entirely absorbed in his own immediate affairs, for here was a G.H.Q. man, a figure in the world for the moment at least almost as prominent as T.R. himself. Bishop flushed. T.R. went right ahead with the business in hand. Shortly Bishop and I left. There was nothing to say, and I said it.

After the war, Bishop told me that when a squadron was detailed for special service they would go into the air separately for their respective duties. At the close of the day, after the return from the flight, there would be the regular mess; if there were

vacant places, not a word was said. An extra bottle or two of wine, and then on to another day. Bishop had miraculous escapes. Now he is retired and makes his home in Canada. He is and for ever will remain one of my idols. He was the very essence of what I would deem the perfect airman, soldier, and patriot.

One morning in 1915, a most charming and attractive woman came to my office unannounced. Her card simply read "The Baroness Huard," with a Paris address. She was the daughter of the great American comedian Francis Wilson. She brought with her a manuscript which two publishers had declined. As I read it I was thrilled, and I arranged for its publication. I suggested the title of *My Home in the Field of Honor*. It was one of the most successful of war-time books, quickly achieving a sale of 100,000 copies. She signed her book by her own given name, Frances Wilson Huard. Francis père had been highly displeased by his daughter's marriage. Now she had brought added fame to his name. The Baron had done highly distinguished work in the French army, but there could be no reconciliation upon the part of Frances, who had become one of the most brilliant and eagerly sought platform speakers of the war period. She returned to Paris, and now lives in her villa in Versailles, formerly the home of Madame Du Barry, a pride to America and American woman-kind.

Some of Lord Northcliffe's war books were on my list. It has always been my opinion that the greatest, most forceful Englishman in the war days was Lord Northcliffe. He had foretold the imminence of war; he had preached and laboured for preparation. He had by far the most far-flung intelligence service emanating from England. He knew from first-hand information the desperate state of the British ammunition service. He was responsible for the elevation of Lloyd George to the Ministry of Munitions, and later for his selection as Prime Minister. He did not hesitate to criticize Lord Kitchener and the War Office. Flanders was not Khartum. This was 1915, not 1885. The survival of the British Empire was at stake, hence his mad concern. It is no secret that he was eager for cabinet position, but prejudice was too strong.

However, he was placed at the head of the British War Mission to the United States, a superambassadorial appointment. I had met him in England most casually. The first time I saw him here was at the War Mission Headquarters at Hotel Gotham. It was 6:30 in the evening, and he suggested a walk and a talk. We journeyed down the west side of Fifth Avenue to Thirty-fourth Street and back to Fifty-fifth Street on the east side. Northcliffe was constantly looking backward and was childishly annoyed that secret-service men were following him for his protection. Another day when I entered the reception-room of his Gotham Hotel quarters, he was walking across the room with a waste-paper-basket in his hands. He bade me follow him. Once in his own room, he fumbled all through the waste paper, telling me he suspected bombs. That was all. Otherwise he was his great sagacious self. Soon after, he returned to England and embarked on the world-tour that brought his life to a close. He was one of England's greatest men, a patriot who exhausted his strength and energy in a service that saved his nation.

The British Navy and the mercantile marine of England were perhaps the two greatest single factors in the defeat of the Central Powers, yet their manoeuvres and activities seemed to be dwarfed by the more dramatic and spectacular events on the battle-fronts on land. From the day when Winston Churchill as First Lord of the Admiralty in the Asquith cabinet held the British Grand Fleet in mobilization at Spithead in July, 1914, until the ships of the German Navy were delivered into the custody of the British at Scapa Flow, the sea-power of Britain held the enemy at bay. As a Grand Fleet the Royal Navy, if it did not give battle, kept the German Navy from activity. It blockaded German ports, it patrolled the seas, it reduced to final impotence the submarine menace, it kept control of the English Channel, and to our shame it did more for the safe transport of our troops than we ourselves were able to do.

In publishing, however, there was relatively small demand for books on sea warfare. Early in the war, I published two volumes by Lord ("Jacky") Fisher, the original big-navy man of Britain.

Neither this nor the story of British Navy activities by Admiral Jellicoe, who succeeded him, had a sale of any size either in America or in England. The same was true of Admiral Bacon's two volumes on the blockading of the English Channel. My conclusion is that the British Navy is made up largely of professional seamen and that it acts silently and in large units, giving little opportunity for the display of individual effort and exploit. And again, in her armies Britain had 13,000,000 men mobilized and 6,000,000 killed and wounded, a fact which touched the heart of the empire at every point; and yet these armies would have been impotent but for the Royal Navy.

One book of naval activity did have a considerable sale; Admiral Campbell's story of the mystery or "Q" ships. Probably the mystery was intriguing, and in addition there was a great deal of the personal adventure involved in the exploits of these rather freaky units.

It is rather interesting to compare the degree of popularity achieved for the solid work of Jellicoe, Beatty, and other of the great sea-lords with that of the spectacular figure of Lawrence of Arabia. So much has been written about Lawrence that I will venture only the simple story of my publishing relations with him. On the occasion of one visit to London, my friend Jonathan Cape, publisher of Bedford Square, asked me if I would join him in the publication of Lawrence's book. He had paid \$25,000 advance on account of royalties for world-rights in a book to be called *Revolt in the Desert*. I paid \$12,500 advance on account of royalties to be earned on the sale in the United States alone. In addition, I agreed to publish a limited, a very limited, edition of Lawrence's larger work, *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, of which the *Revolt in the Desert* was an abridgment. Just why the complete book was never offered for general sale I have not been able to understand, for it was neither too shocking nor too revealing for public consumption. Lawrence had a capacity for a superbly arrogant modesty that brought him into a limelight that would have gratified the soul of P. T. Barnum as one of the great publicity triumphs of all time. The publication of *Revolt in the Desert*

was a simple enough matter, just a straightforward publication after the manner of any novel or biography of distinction, with one slight difference. There was a *de luxe* illustrated edition of 500 copies. To all of this Lawrence gave little heed or concern, but he was different with *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. Here we were restricted to the publication of twenty-two copies. We were to produce these in *de luxe* fashion; special, hand-set type printed on hand-made paper with wide margins, binding in half-vellum, all this to be done at the expense of Lawrence, who exercised complete jurisdiction over the distribution of these copies. As I recall, these twenty-two copies cost Lawrence somewhere between \$3,000 and \$4,000. His instructions were that six copies were for himself, six were for me, and the remaining ten were to be offered for sale at \$10,000 the copy. Never was better publishing publicity conceived. Not a copy was sold, but they were all exhibited in leading book-stores throughout the country, and the public flocked to purchase the slightly abridged \$10,000 book for \$3. Frankly, so far as his book is concerned I never could understand the stampede for it. Interesting and somewhat spectacular, yes, but great or permanent, decidedly no.

In England *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* was sumptuously published, with many illustrations. Its sale was limited to 100 copies at 15 guineas the copy. Each copy was specially bound and no two were precisely alike in content. Lawrence himself produced the edition and dictated exactly those who might purchase copies. He spent thousands upon thousands of dollars of his regular royalty income in payments to his less fortunate artist friends for their drawings and illustrations. I bought one of these copies for \$500 from a favoured subscriber for a collector friend of mine who has one of the best Lawrence collections in the world—first editions, American and English, of *Revolt in the Desert*, regular and *de luxe*; first editions of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, American and English; proof-sheets of *The Seven Pillars* with the author's corrections; correspondence with Lawrence after he had become aircraftsman T. E. Shaw, R.A.F., when, like a prisoner, he was known only by number. There he has remained in brilliant ob-

scurity. Every once in a while he is reported on special service on the Afghanistan frontier or in India or Egypt. Like a volcano, he subsides and only a very thin trickle of vaporous smoke indicates his presence. Some day, if the Arabs or the Chinese or the Persians or the Indians should break loose, he may violently erupt; but twenty years is a long time for even such genius to survive and flourish.

Years hence, in some museum collection, later generations may find a copy of the \$10,000 edition of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, just to remind that new public of the apostle of self-abnegating publicity, the shrewdest and most penetrating stunt in the whole realm of publishing.

Quite another picture, a very brief one. General Booth of the Salvation Army had several children, Maud Ballington, Commander Eva, the Maréchale, and one black sheep, Herbert, who had been banished to Australia for insubordination to his father General. During the war, he came to America and brought to me one day a manuscript in which he demonstrated from the Holy Bible that the Kaiser and his programme of ruthless and complete destruction was right, and that he was following divine precedent, since the Almighty Himself had commanded that His hosts of Israel should engage in battle with pagan and unrighteous enemies, and that they should be utterly destroyed, slain without a trace. It was an ingenious book. Booth was a loyal patriot. He hoped the publication of his book would stimulate his own people to the German interpretation of the Divine Will. However, apart from the synthetic God of the Teutons, very little thought was being given to God or religion. The world was too full of venom and organized hate. The book never was published.

The most spectacular and most successful of my many war-book publications was *My Four Years in Germany* by James W. Gerard. It is an interesting story, somewhat technical, in publishing parlance, but I think worth the telling, for the figures involved are fantastic and possible only in a time of high emotional stress. The astute Cyrus H. K. Curtis of Philadelphia secured an option from Ambassador Gerard as he was writing his book on the Atlantic

Ocean en route for Washington to tell to the President the veritable inside story of his four years in Germany. In April, 1917, Curtis finally bought from Gerard all rights in his book in the English language for a period of months ending March 1, 1918, for \$75,000. Curtis published it in daily instalments in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, one of his newspaper properties. The circulation of the *Ledger* jumped by 300,000 copies daily. Later he syndicated it throughout the United States for a sum more than double his original purchase price. Through John C. Martin, publisher of the *Ledger*, I arranged for book publication, paying to the *Ledger* 40 cents on each copy sold. As we sold upwards of 190,000 copies before March 1, 1918, this meant an additional \$76,000 for Curtis. My problem then was to get Gerard to agree to a contract extending beyond expiration of the agreement with Curtis. Gerard agreed, but before the contracts were signed, I had to go to the hospital for an emergency operation for appendicitis. The day following the operation, as I was finally emerging from the ether, Gerard came to my bedside in the hospital and we completed the arrangement. We published the book in October, 1917, to day and date at exactly the psychological moment, for American war-spirit was at fever-heat. Our first edition was 50,000 copies, but we had to delay publication another week while we printed a further edition of 25,000 copies to meet the advance demand. Then occurred what never before had happened to any book within my knowledge. On the morning of publication, there were queues formed outside book-shops awaiting opportunity to secure copies of this book. Within a week over 90,000 copies had been sold. I went to Philadelphia to see Mr. Curtis and put this proposal to him. If, as I had every reason to know, he believed in *Saturday Evening Post* advertising, then why not join me in an experiment? A page advertisement in the *Saturday Evening Post* at that time cost \$4,000. He had 40 cents a copy from the sale of the book. My suggestion was that if in the two weeks following the appearance of the advertisement we had not sold 10,000 additional copies, we would pay the \$4,000. If we sold more than 10,000 copies, there would be no advertising charge. The adver-

tisement appeared about December 1. The result was astounding. In our book-store in Chicago by actual count one morning fifty-seven purchasers for the book came with the advertisement in their hands. By March 1 we had sold nearly 200,000 copies. Mr. Curtis grandly vindicated his confidence in his journal. In June through Grosset & Dunlap there was issued a reduced-price edition of which 175,000 copies were quickly sold. Altogether the total sale exceeded 500,000 copies. A fair book, a plain unvarnished statement, it was one of the greatest pieces of propaganda ever put out. Warner Brothers made a dramatic motion picture of the book. The income from this again was very large.

Gerard was a shrewd lawyer. His contract was our regular form, which provided that he or his accountant might have access to our books of record. He is the only author who ever exercised this provision of his contract. His accountant spent two weeks carefully checking our records and figures. In the end it was discovered we had overpaid Gerard by \$120 and he had to pay his accountant a tidy sum for services. It was a gratifying outcome; it consolidated a friendship between Gerard and me.

It would be unnecessarily boring to catalogue the many and important books we published in those four years. There were President Wilson's *State Papers* in two volumes; Theodore Roosevelt's two great books; Josephus Daniels wrote of the American Navy in the war; Newton D. Baker of army activities. Floyd Gibbons wrote of his dramatic experiences at the front, and his escape from the torpedoed *Laconia* while in transport. Father Duffy told the padre's story of the grand old Sixty-ninth, a book I was proud to publish, for I revere the memory of that grand man. Joyce Kilmer's poems and essays were published somewhat in memoriam of that precious soul, whose life was so unnecessarily and ruthlessly snuffed out by a German sniper. Carl W. Ackerman, a German American, wrote with clinical accuracy of the German psychology. The book of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and that of King Albert of Belgium had enormous sales in Great Britain, and a finely complimentary sale in America. On these two

all income above actual cash costs went to the funds for the benefit of British and Belgium soldiers.

The public was not interested in the books about failure. Marshal French's book scarcely survived its first month. Ludendorff's book was a great failure. The greatest disappointment to me was Ian Hamilton's (now Sir Ian) *Gallipoli Diary*. Here was a book of real adventure from the day Kitchener sent for Hamilton until his return from his forlorn campaign in Sulva Bay and at Salonika. As a piece of literature, it is superb.

November 12, the day after the Armistice, the Ministry of Information came to me to discuss the distributing of some 750,000 pieces of literature remaining on hand. They had an elaborate plan for their use which would have involved the expenditure for mailing of at least \$20,000. I demurred. I pointed out that two days before Britain and the United States were Allies; on this day we were again separated nations. It would be bad psychology for the British to impose their propaganda after the war was over. More than that, the American people would resent this trespass upon their judgment and opinion. But the director of the Ministry was obdurate. His concern was not so much for propaganda, but his Scottish soul could not endure the wanton destruction and pulping of 750,000 books and pamphlets. He failed to reckon the futile expenditure of an additional \$20,000. I was so concerned that I went over the heads of the Ministry and made direct appeal to the special ambassador to the United States, Lord Reading. He was coming to New York on his return trip to London. He received me at the Plaza Hotel. I presented my case. He agreed with me on every point. He authorized the destruction of every remaining scrap of propaganda, and further he authorized and even insisted upon the burning of all correspondence and records relating to my association with the Foreign Office, Wellington House, and the Ministry of Information.

The war was over; a strange and almost appalling calm came over the publishing situation. The vitality had evaporated from books which a few hours before had seemed of tremendous importance. So completely had I become absorbed in what was to

me real war-work that I was overcome by a great sense of desolation and vacuity. Nothing since has served so to stimulate my interest and energy, although from 1918 onward my publishing business doubled and trebled, owing in no small measure to the impetus gained by the extraordinary activity of these war years. Before the British War Mission disbanded and returned to England, I was offered, in company with five other Americans, the British decoration of C.B.E. (Commander of the British Empire). The government at Washington forbade the acceptance by American citizens of any such decorations from foreign governments, and the British Government withdrew its offer. A great friend of mine urged my repatriation so that I might still have the decoration. I had no real desire for it for myself. I had had sufficient recognition in the lasting friendships which I had formed and in the consciousness that I had honestly striven to do my bit, but for my grandson I should have liked to have this tangible evidence that I had done my best for the survival and the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon, his race and my race.

ADIOS

SO, my dear Messmore, here is my book—a poor thing but mine own. For all your sound counsel I am greatly your debtor. If I have not followed your advice in every instance, you have been generous enough to accept my point of view, if at times with reluctance. Our points of variance have been simply those of two artists painting the portrait of one person. In broad outline they agree, but in some of the details of pose and countenance there are marked differences. A necessary situation if either one of us were not to become merely the rubber stamp of the other. When you do your reminiscences you can do your own portraiture, even as I now have attempted mine—comparisons will be interesting and perhaps we will not be so far apart in our interpretations.

In my life there have risen to the topmost surface three great world-events and in this order of their importance: The Birth of Jesus Christ, which however badly I have followed, established for all Victorians a standard of conduct and morality; the Discovery by Columbus and by me of the Land of America, which has given me opportunity for such personal expression as I am possessed of; the Great War, which in 1914 with great hobnails strode across the pathway of my life, and because it was a tangible thing its impression on me has been very great. It has been the greatest single and imposing event of my lifetime, and of necessity has assumed a large place in my *Chronicles*.

As I conclude my book—in many ways concluding also my real activities—I am reminded of Eddie Knoblock's play *Kismet* and Otis Skinner's superlative performance of Hajj, who, taken from the steps of the temple at dawn, is whirled through a life of magnificence of which he had never dreamed. He played his part and in the short space of one day experienced all the thrills of a lifetime. My day extended for fifty years. It has been given

to me to know much of the joys of life and living. I have been permitted to live in the reflection of many of the great minds of my day. Sheer exhaustion brings pause. Like Hajj I return to my temple steps. Also like him I give a loud sigh of relief and with him I exclaim: "Renunciation! There's a sweet smack to it! A taste of having lived! And I have lived today. . . . My say is said!"

Chamiza Plaza

Santa Fe

New Mexico

Mcmxxxiv

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